THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° [illegible] by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 20, 1913

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MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

FORTY WINKS

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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MUTUAL MOVIES

This Sign Always Means a Good Show

FOR years the "Movies" have been growing into the life and affections of childhood, manhood and womanhood in America. The wonderful pictures have been the marvel and delight of young eyes and old. They have fascinated, entertained and educated millions of people, as nothing has ever done it before.

The whole world lives and breathes on the film, and the whole world is thrilled and amazed by what is seen. The child who has never been ten blocks from home, now sees the elephant in his native jungle, the Japanese dragging his rickshaw, or the King of England chatting with the Czar of all the Russias.

The marvelous Photo Plays bring the greatest artists of the stage to delight those who desire to spend an evening of real pleasure for five or ten cents.

And now you may know where the *good show* is *before you go into the theatre.*

MUTUAL MOVIES are conceived and produced under the direction of the best and highest-priced dramatic talent in the world. The cleverest artists on the motion picture stage—the most beautiful actresses and the handsomest and most daring heroes—are under contract with the MUTUAL; for the production of

The Most Thrilling Pictures from the Great West
Exciting Dramas That Make the Heart Throb
Side-Splitting Comedies That Lighten Dull Care
Mystery Plays That Fascinate and Thrill
Romances of Love That Melt the Heart
Great Feature Plays Remembered for a Lifetime
Sweet Childhood Stories That Mothers Love

EVERY human emotion is pictured with realistic art and fullest depth of feeling. MUTUAL MOVIES satisfy the artistic eye; they thrill; they entertain and instruct; they bring laughter and delight to all.

On a great ranch, in the Far West, there is maintained one of the greatest companies of motion picture artists that the world has ever known—an *infinitely greater and more heroic company* than any stage in the world ever demanded, before MUTUAL MOVIE realism made such heroes and heroines imperative. Here the great *wild west* is portrayed in all its fiercest life-endangering reality.

The MUTUAL MOVIE artist is infinitely greater than any other stage artist, because he or she must fascinate you, and tell the whole dramatic story to you *by actions alone.*

There are no words to help you—*and none are needed.*

There is no straining of the ears to hear—for the *whole graphic story is fully and heartfully told to the eye alone.*

And the *funny pictures* are simply *side-splitting.*

One great MUTUAL Company, in particular, has *beaten the world* in the production of Picture Farces and Comedies. The lovable *fat man* who rolls down a precipice, is kicked down stairs, who falls head over heels—bombastic, awkward, in love with every pretty girl; getting the worst of it often, and the best of it sometimes—*how you will learn to look expectantly for his appearance.*

You'll find him ONLY at theatres showing "the Sign of the Wing-éd Clock."

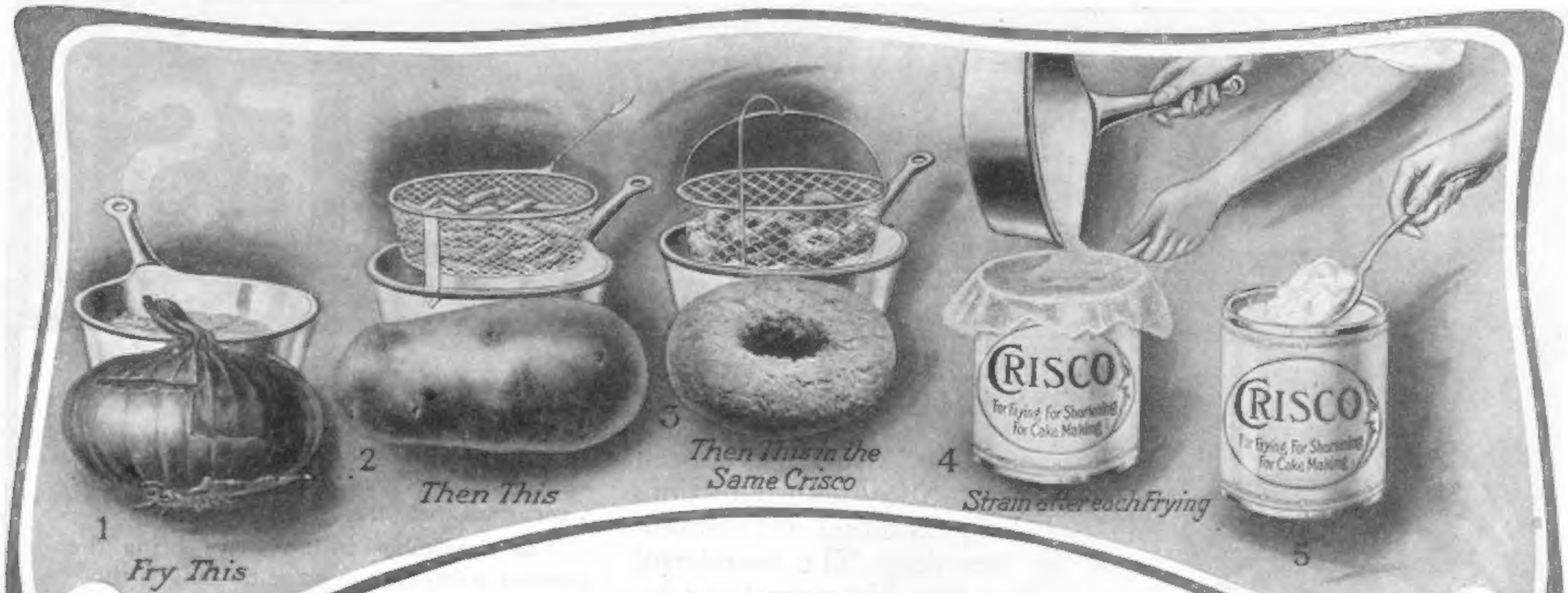
FOUR weeks ago today we told you here the story of one vitally interesting picture

Our MUTUAL Girl

The charmingly sweet girl from the country, with the bloom of the violet on her cheek, and the first dream of romance in her heart—who comes to New York, and sees the things that make her eyes snap wide open—meets the charming and famous personalities that everybody wants to know—and YOU meet them with her. Luciles, the Famous Dressmaker, shows her choicest products. Billy Burke, DeWolf Hopper and other famous stage people meet her.

Whatever the subject—you will always be sure of a GOOD SHOW
if you find a theatre that displays the witching words—

"MUTUAL MOVIES" *and "The Sign of the Wing-éd Clock"*



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The test of frying fish, onions, potatoes, etc., has been made many times, not only by Domestic Science experts, but by housewives as well. It clearly illustrates Crisco's great economy. The use of Crisco does away with the bother of keeping different fats for the preparation of different foods.

You will notice that your fried foods lack that "greasy" taste; that the *true* flavor which hitherto has been *hidden* now pleases your sense of taste; that Crisco foods are more digestible.

CRISCO
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Crisco does not smoke at frying temperature. Do not, therefore, wait until it is "smoking hot." Test for proper frying heat with a bit of dough, a crumb of bread or piece of potato. Crisco frying makes for a sweet, smokeless kitchen. It also does away with burned specks in fried food.

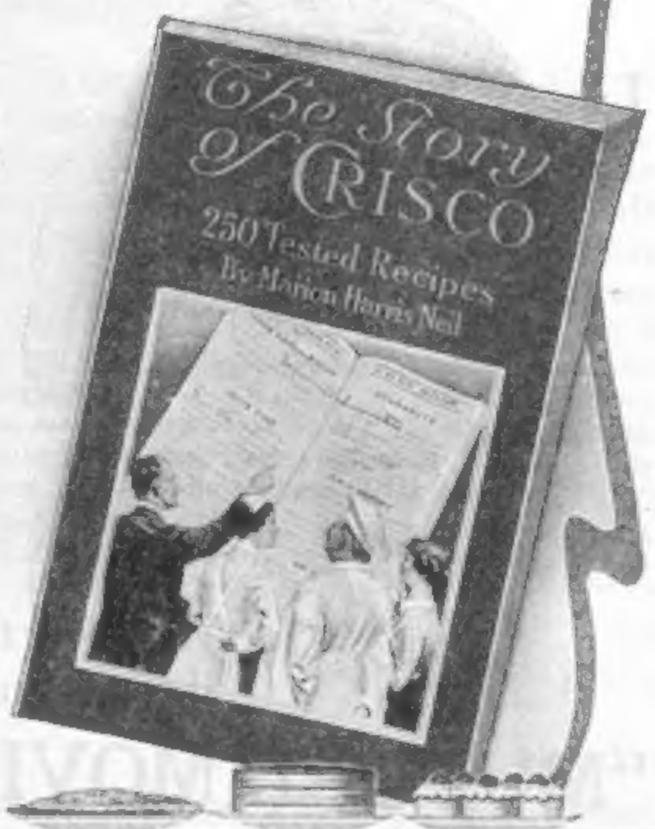
There is little absorption of Crisco because the intense heat of which it is capable, instantly forms a crust upon the food; then the inside *bakes* without soaking. The frying heat should be carefully regulated.

In shortening with Crisco in place of lard, use *less* Crisco than lard, as Crisco has greater shortening powers. You can learn to make more flavory pastry, richer pastry, and, what is most important, pastry that is more *digestible*.

Crisco also is most satisfactory for cake making, sauces, puddings, etc., in place of butter. Cream it as thoroughly as you would butter and add salt, one teaspoonful for each cup of Crisco. It gives a delightful richness at half the expense.

New Crisco Cook Book Free

It contains 250 Tested Crisco Recipes, by Marion Harris Neil, and tells more about Crisco's interesting discovery and manufacture. It is free. The quality edition, bound in stiff boards and cloth, contains in addition a "Calendar of Dinners" (365), also by Marion Harris Neil. This gives a recipe with each of the 365 Dinner Menus, a total of 615 Tested Neil Recipes. Sent upon receipt of five 2-cent stamps. In writing for either, address Department K12, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.



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The Business of Going to Sea

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPTAIN HENRY GUNDERSON had been the superintendent and general manager of the Pacific Cosmopolitan Steamship Line for twenty years. He was publicly known as a quiet, civil man whose decisions were quickly given and never reversed. Full-Steam-Ahead Gunderson the papers sometimes called him. Among steamship men, brokers, underwriters and seafarers he was respected as a man with but one fault—his persistence in giving Captain Frederick Thompson command after command when Thompson's record was black from Cape Nome to the Gulf of San Juan del Sur, and from the Golden Gate to the dreary rocks of New Zealand.

Today Gunderson sat in his office waiting for Thompson. On the desk before him lay two papers—one contained the finding of the local inspectors clearing Thompson of all blame for the loss of the passenger steamship El Rey; the other was the written appointment of the same Frederick Thompson to command the flagship of the Pacific Cosmopolitan's fleet. The secretary, who had just laid these papers before his chief, could hardly refrain from remarks, though he worshiped his superior and in thirteen years of service had never made a single comment on any one of the many things he knew and saw.

"Look here, Griffiths," Gunderson said testily; "I don't like your manner this morning. I suppose you think I'm crazy to give Thompson the Del Norte—eh?"

"You know what the papers said about that last—er—accident, sir."

"I guess I do," was the reply; "and I have an idea what they'll hint at when this announcement goes to them. Son"—the secretary was fifty and bald—"going to sea is a business. Most people think it's something else. It's just plain business. Sending ships to sea is just plain business too. And it's good business to give Cap'n Thompson the Del Norte."

Griffiths sniffed and returned to his desk. He felt he ought really to tell his chief that in appointing the unlucky skipper to the finest vessel in the big line Gunderson was risking his own position and the reputation of the company; but Full-Steam-Ahead had already made up his mind. The secretary therefore was silent.

Captain Thompson entered the office with a firm, steady step, nodded to the secretary and shook the superintendent's hand. He was a rather elderly man, with a close-clipped mustache over very full lips. His eyes were blue, of that tint known as violet, and his whole air was that of a man who was prepared to make the best of a bad business.

"Glad to see you, cap'n," the superintendent said cordially. "The inspectors have just handed down their decision about the El Rey. You're held blameless and complimented as well for handling the situation as you did. Just what I told you. Nothing to it! Gabriel himself couldn't have done better than you did."

"If Gabriel was a seafaring angel he never got to Heaven on such compliments," Thompson returned a little bitterly.

"And he never had to send such ships to sea, cap'n," Gunderson added with a bitterness all his own. "Well, the El Rey got off our books without costing us a life. And the line owes its thanks to you. You've got 'em. Also you've got the Del Norte. Hall takes the San Juan instead."

"You're—you're giving me the Del Norte?" Thompson inquired, his blue eyes a very dark color indeed.

"Yes—sails tomorrow for Honolulu and Hongkong."

For a moment the newly appointed master of the flagship sat in silence. A slow red crept under the grayish bronze of his skin. He brushed his short mustache with a slightly unsteady hand.

"So I've got a real ship at last!" he uttered presently. "Captain Gunderson, you and I've never had any words; but I guess you know how I've felt sometimes when you've handed me the various packets I've commanded in this company. And right here I want to tell you that I was going to resign this morning. And here I've got the biggest and best liner of the lot! I—I take it kindly of you, Captain Gunderson."

The superintendent fidgeted.

"Look here, Cap'n Thompson," he broke out; "as you say, neither of us has said a word about things before. You put the Maracaibo ashore below Mazatlán fifteen years ago. You and I knew she wasn't seaworthy——"

"Her rudderpost had rotted off," Thompson said quietly.

"We never said anything about it," Gunderson continued. "Then I gave you the Portland and you abandoned her off Blanco——"

"The boilers——"

"I know—I know. And then I put you in command of the freighter Ohio, and you put her ashore down off Waialua——"

"I beached a sinking ship," Thompson said with the air of a man glad for once to ease his mind.

"I know all that," Full-Steam-Ahead Gunderson said with a very flushed face. "D'ye suppose I'd have kept giving you ships if I hadn't known you would hang on and do your best and save life when nobody else could have done it? Say, what do you think I am anyway? A fool? Say, do I look, walk and drink like a man who would put precious property and more precious lives into the charge of a man who couldn't keep a ship afloat or off the rocks or from burning up? Why, we gave you the El Rey just because I didn't dare trust her to anybody else!"

"That was why I came here this morning to resign," Thompson answered. "Now look at what I've been thinking all this time: I came into this line from the White Star with as clean a record as any skipper breathing. I got an old packet that almost cost me my ticket—it did cost me my fair reputation. What could I do? Masters that lose their ships in one line don't get positions in another.

"You had me. If you didn't give me a ship nobody else would. So I took the one you tossed to me as one would toss a bone to an old dog. And before I could make a round trip in her she fell into a wreck-heap right in a gale. I hadn't a pound of steam; I was on a lee shore; and there wasn't any help within five hundred miles. I saved my two hundred passengers—and my certificate. That was all I saved. I was a ruined man; but you gave me another ship; and when its cargo took fire—as you knew it probably would—I managed to get into port.

"Then I knew that I never could get a ship except with the Pacific Cosmopolitan. I was a broken skipper. So I went along and took your rotten old droghers and kept 'em going when I could, and saved what I might when I could not. I've been before the inspectors a dozen times. The newspapers hold me up to public scorn. I'm blamed for this, that and the other thing. You've had the worth of a million men out of me. You've taken my reputation and my good name. So I came down here this morning to resign. I—I just left my ticket right on the bulkhead of the old El Rey. I said then that I'd done all I was going to.

"And now you've handed me the big ship of the line—one of the best afloat. I don't give a continental for the company! I wouldn't take the Del Norte as a gift from the directors. But you've known what I've been up against, and now you're playing fair with me. I'll take her. She'll be the first decent packet I've commanded for fifteen years."

"I'll Jump Later!"

Clear to the end Gunderson listened, his face flushing now and again. And when Thompson had finished he glanced at his eyes; at the full, red lips; at the air of competence, of ability, of absolute and unswerving seamanlike honesty of the man. He said nothing for some moments. Then he said curtly:

"I'm giving you the Del Norte because—well, because I daren't trust her with any one else, cap'n."

Thompson leaned forward with an alertness that spoke of long years of instant thinking and decision.

"Look here, captain," he said earnestly; "I resign. I've done all the dirty work I'll ever do for this company. I don't know what the trouble is with the Del Norte. It must be pretty serious when Hall won't take her out—Hall, who's the favorite of the directors, and the big man with the passengers, and the captain with the engraved cups under glass in his cabin. Let that go. But I have a word of advice to you, Captain Gunderson: You're a good seaman and an honest man. Why don't you quit this dirty work of sending rotten ships to sea and then hiding the rottenness as best you can? Why don't you quit—be an honest man?"

For one long second the eyes of the two men met. Griffiths, at his desk in the corner, dared not look up. No man had ever spoken like that to his chief.

"I say: Quit and be honest," repeated Thompson, his full lips straightening into a firm line.

"I can't," Gunderson replied very quietly. "And I'll tell you why."

"Don't tell me anything about your sending the Del Norte to sea," was the interruption. "I don't want to know what's the matter with her. If I did I'd go to the papers and tell 'em, little cause as I have for liking any newspapers. There'll be a thousand passengers on that packet when she sails tomorrow; and you'll sit here and let 'em sail off, knowing that—that——" Thompson threw up his hand in despair of being able to finish.

Gunderson looked round at his secretary.

"Griffiths," he said gently, "please bring me the list of stockholders and the passenger manifest of the Del Norte."

Then he turned again to Thompson.

"I'd like just to show you something, cap'n," he said very slowly. "You've been badly treated. You've been sent to sea in rotten ships. You blame me for taking my money and sending those rotten ships out; but just because I sit here and you're on the bridge doesn't quite clear me, does it? And you wonder why I do it. I'm going to show you that it's business. I wish sometimes I could show everybody something of this business of going to sea and of sending ships to sea; but most people wouldn't understand."

Griffiths laid a small book and a huge sheet of bond paper on the desk and retired. Gunderson took up the book and opened it.

"I read this and study it like most men do their Bibles," he remarked. "It's the list of the folks that own this company, with their addresses—and who they are."

"A lot of rich men!" growled Captain Thompson.

Gunderson put on his spectacles and looked over them at his visitor. "I'll just read you a few extracts, cap'n. It won't do any harm. Maybe it'll explain just why I've been kind of keeping silent and holding my job down."

He cleared his throat and read:

ANDRUS, HANNAH. Fifty-four years old. Widow; lives in Salt Bluff, Nebraska. Four shares. One unmarried daughter. Owned shares eleven years. Dividends paid to date, $1556.34.

"Now I never met Mrs. Andrus, widow, aged fifty-four," Gunderson went on conversationally; "but I happen to know that those four shares is all she has in the world. I've had several letters from her. Some day she hopes to take a trip on one of 'our' steamers. Three years ago a bridal couple from Salt Bluff came into the office with another letter from her. She had told 'em about the line and how good it was, and how safe the ships were, and how nice it was to travel on them." He shoved the book over to Thompson and said abruptly: "Look it over yourself, cap'n."

Thompson hesitated. Then he took the book and opened it. He saw that it was all in the superintendent's handwriting. There leaped to his eyes this:

BOSCOWITZ, H. Old man living in Highland Mills, New York. Two shares. Held them eight years. Rheumatism. Cannot walk. Memo—Send him folders each month, as he likes to read about strange places.

BARNES, MARY T. Age six years. Orphan. Third grade. Send big map every Xmas, so she can learn geography. One share. Marysville, California.

BARTLEY, J. J. One hundred and twenty shares. Banker and broker in Chicago. Aged forty-five.

BOWES, JONATHAN. Aged sixty-six. Asthma. Six shares. Held them since 1882. Wife will inherit them. Poor. Lutheran. Scioville, Kansas.

Captain Thompson turned several pages. He saw this:

TURBELL, MANNIE. Girl. Eighteen years old. Supports mother. Two shares, left her by Uncle Will. Engaged to be married. Gives shares to mother. Lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

So he turned page after page. Here and there he noticed an entry—Died—with a date and a reference to another page whereon was written the name of the heir to the stock. He turned the pages steadily in a businesslike way, without glancing up. When he had finished he said mildly:

"I don't see your name here, captain."

"No—I never owned any stock; but you see who owns the line. The figures show they own three-quarters of the total—those people whose names are in that book, with only a few shares to each name. And there's nobody just to look after them but me. The directors are all right. They see that the company makes money. They pass resolutions. But it's those people in that book who really own it. There's a girl in Oklahoma who wants to get married. She's working now to get ahead a little. She can't get married if Pacific Cosmopolitan stock doesn't keep on paying dividends. See? And she wrote to me about it. I told her I'd stay on the job. I've been on the job for twenty years now, keeping these people's ships going—saving their money for 'em. You see, it's business. Wrecks cost money. If we lose too much these people will lose everything. See? And they trust me—just as I've trusted you, cap'n. Between us we've pulled some awful hard money home for 'em."

Thompson nodded.

"But the directors—why don't they get new ships and make repairs when they should, and keep the property up?"

"Directors!" laughed the superintendent. "Why, they don't know anything about ships. You and I do. They tell me that such-and-such a ship has just come in from a long trip, and it's outrageous for me to say she isn't fit for another. They say other lines use cheap coal—why can't we? Other managers make out with cheap repairs—why don't I? What do they care about the girl in Oklahoma or the poor man in Kansas? Nothing! So I just felt that this was a part of my job—to see that they didn't lose out. They're the owners, after all, even if they don't vote at the meetings or know that the Del Norte sails tomorrow noon, with a ——"

Thompson held up his hand in protest.

"I've resigned. I've given these people here the best of my life. I'm done. I don't want to know what's the matter with the Del Norte. It's not my business."

Gunderson shook his head.

"You'll see it pretty soon. All this going to sea is just a business. Now, you're a shipmaster. I come to you and I say: 'Cap'n, the Del Norte is going to sail for the Far East at noon tomorrow, with four hundred and thirty-six first-class, two hundred and eight second-class, and five hundred odd Asiatic steerage passengers. I want you to take her because I trust you, and because I know you'll save lives if anything happens, and that you won't let anything happen if skill and vigilance can prevent it.' And you say: 'All right, Captain Gunderson—I'll take her.'"

There was a long silence. At last Thompson sighed. Gunderson quietly handed him the typewritten notice of his appointment and called his secretary.

"Just get all the papers ready for Cap'n Thompson, Griffiths. I'm going down on the pier with him and we'll be on the Del Norte."

The superintendent picked up his hat and the passenger manifest and nodded that he was ready. Once aboard the big liner, Full-Steam-Ahead led the way to the captain's cabin, stopping to speak to the chief officer and inform him that there would be a new skipper. Inside the cabin he faced Thompson and said quietly:

"This is the stiffest job any man ever had, cap'n. She's got eight hundred tons of condemned ammunition for'a'd, a green crew, the rottenest coal ever put in a bunker, no wireless worth while, and a cool million dollars' worth of freight."

Thompson's face flushed angrily.

"It's against the law to carry explosives—and I've forfeited my ticket already."

"Government business, cap'n. Uncle Sam is shipping this. Even our president went out of his way to argue with those Government people; but some clerk or other in Washington had made out the order; and so, of course, it's got to go on the Del Norte."

"I know what that condemned ammunition is," the captain responded bitterly; "it's the stuff that's got too unsafe even for a battleship to keep in its magazines. It's so risky that only a fool would handle it on a freighter. And I've got over a thousand lives aboard this packet!"

"And bad coal," said the superintendent. "You'll have bunker fires of course. I stowed that ammunition as far away as I could; but ——"

"And the wireless is no good?"

"Might carry a hundred miles in first-class weather. Best I could get 'em to put in at short notice."

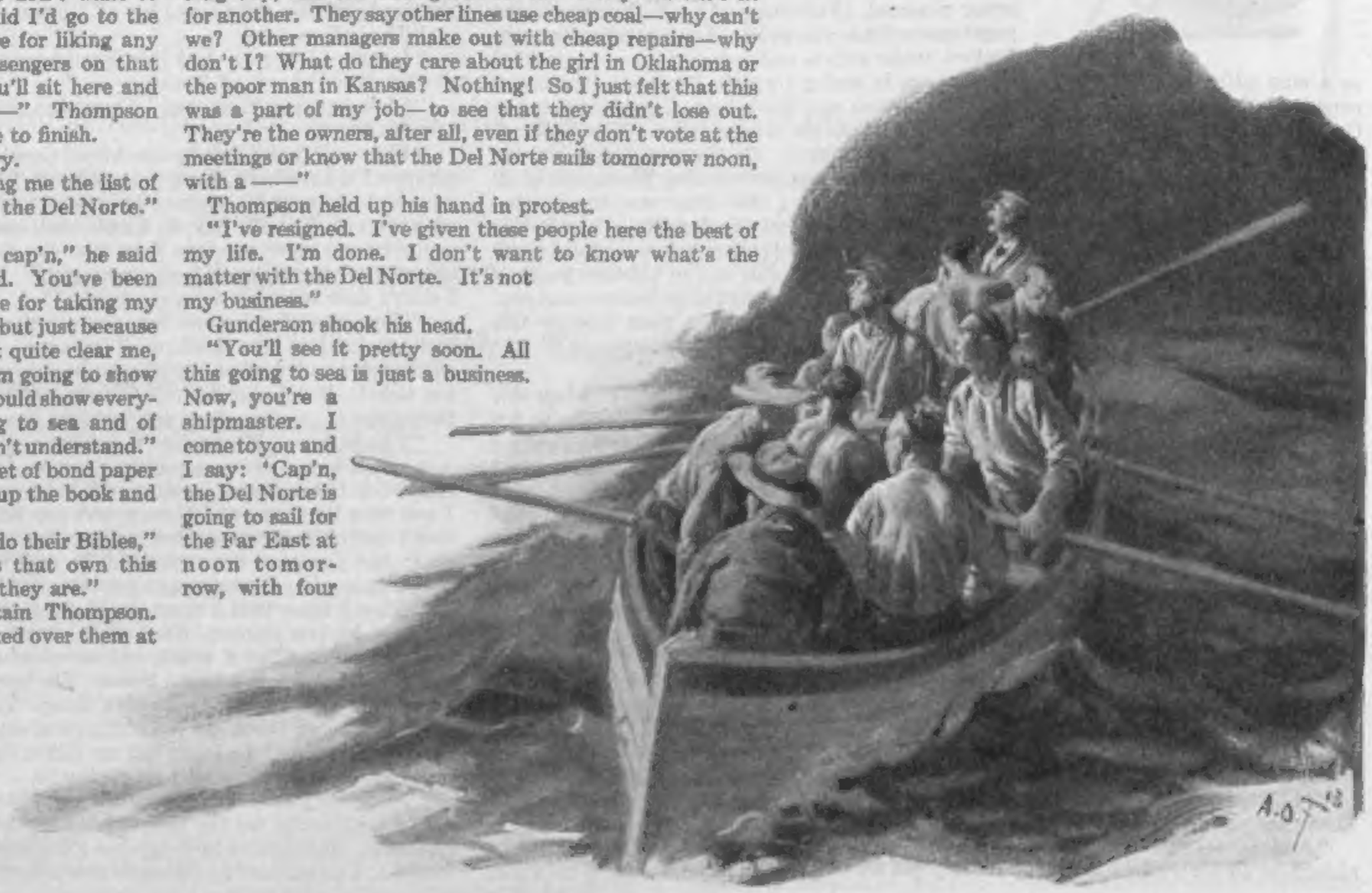
"Who's my mate?"

"Parkinson. Good man. I like Parkinson. He 'tends to business, never talks to passengers and is on the job day and night. Best man I could give you."

"Who's on the passenger list?"

Gunderson tossed the manifest on the desk and smiled. "Nice lot of tourists—two hundred in one party—pretty girls and nice fellows—lot of folks like you and me. That's one reason I wanted you to take the ship." He dropped his voice. "I'll hardly sleep while you're at sea, cap'n. I'd take her myself if there was any one to hold down my job while I was gone."

So the big Del Norte steamed out of the Golden Gate and pointed her lofty prow toward the west with Frederick Thompson on the bridge, quietly getting acquainted with his new command and paying no heed to what he knew was in everybody's mouth. He had seen the morning papers.



Burned deeply into his memory were their veiled scoffs at himself and their open wonder that so many capable captains had been passed over to put him—Thompson, of the El Rey—in charge of the finest of the Pacific Cosmopolitan's fleet.

Only to his chief officer, the silent Parkinson, did he have a word to say:

"What do you think of the stuff for'a'd, Mr. Parkinson?"

"Nothing's a crime any more at sea, sir," was the reply.

"Government business," Thompson explained gently. "We must handle her carefully. How's your crew?"

"Chinese, off the freighter Alki, sir. Boat and fire drill will be a holy show!"

"Two drills a day," Thompson said curtly. "I'll make inspections twice a day and you will do the same."

"Yes, sir." He glanced keenly at his superior and left.

"Good man, that!" Thompson said to himself.

For six days the big liner progressed across the calm Pacific to Honolulu, her passengers passing the time gayly, all serene above and below decks, and only three men never resting from their vigils for an instant—the captain, the chief officer and the chief engineer. The three of them constantly met each other on inspections and each of the three secretly watched that neither of the others relaxed for a moment. It was when the liner at last lay safely alongside her pier in Honolulu and the passengers were ashore on various errands of amusement that Thompson allowed himself an hour of rest.

That night when the big ship started out on the second part of her voyage he sighed many times. Then he gave the course to the officer of the watch and went to his room. He had yet eleven days at sea. Twice fires in the bunkers had been reported and extinguished. It was inevitable that the filthy coal in use would sooner or later take fire again. He wondered when.

It was just ten o'clock the next morning when the chief officer stepped on the bridge and briefly reported in a low tone that there was a fire in Bunker Number Ten.

"A bad one?" Thompson asked quietly.

"Not so far, sir; but the chief engineer is worried. He says he's afraid it may heat the bulkhead and ignite the next bunker. That one, sir, is next to Hold Number Two."

The captain nodded thoughtfully.

"Keep about there yourself, Mr. Parkinson. Let me know if everything is not all right."

At noon the fire was reported out; but before nightfall a second had been discovered. It, too, was extinguished. Then the chief engineer himself came to the bridge. Beneath the bright stars and with the music of the band in their ears they spoke their minds.

"The bunkers are rotten with heat," said the engineer. "The Chinese firemen are getting out of hand."

"We're forty-eight hours from Honolulu," said Thompson. "I'm going to have a look-see myself once more. If I don't like the way things look I'm going to turn back."

"This is no freighter," the chief responded, pulling at his beard nervously. "We've mails, passengers and treasure aboard."

"I don't propose to take any more risks than I have to," the captain replied. "Of course——"

The chief engineer smiled—a smile that twisted his harsh features into something very like a grotesque mask.

"Of course! You and I'll have to stand for it. I'll do my share."

"I'll do mine," Thompson returned. "I guess I've stood the gaff often enough to be ready for it again. Now let's go down and have a look-see."

In the engine room the assistant on watch received them with a brief:

"It's getting hotter all the time, sir."

They passed into the great boiler room and both men halted a moment to watch the stokers at their work, swinging their bare bodies over shovel and bar, feeding the blazing furnace-mouths with the raw, dusty, crumbling coal. The chief glanced at the throbbing steam gauges and shook his head. "No power!" he muttered.

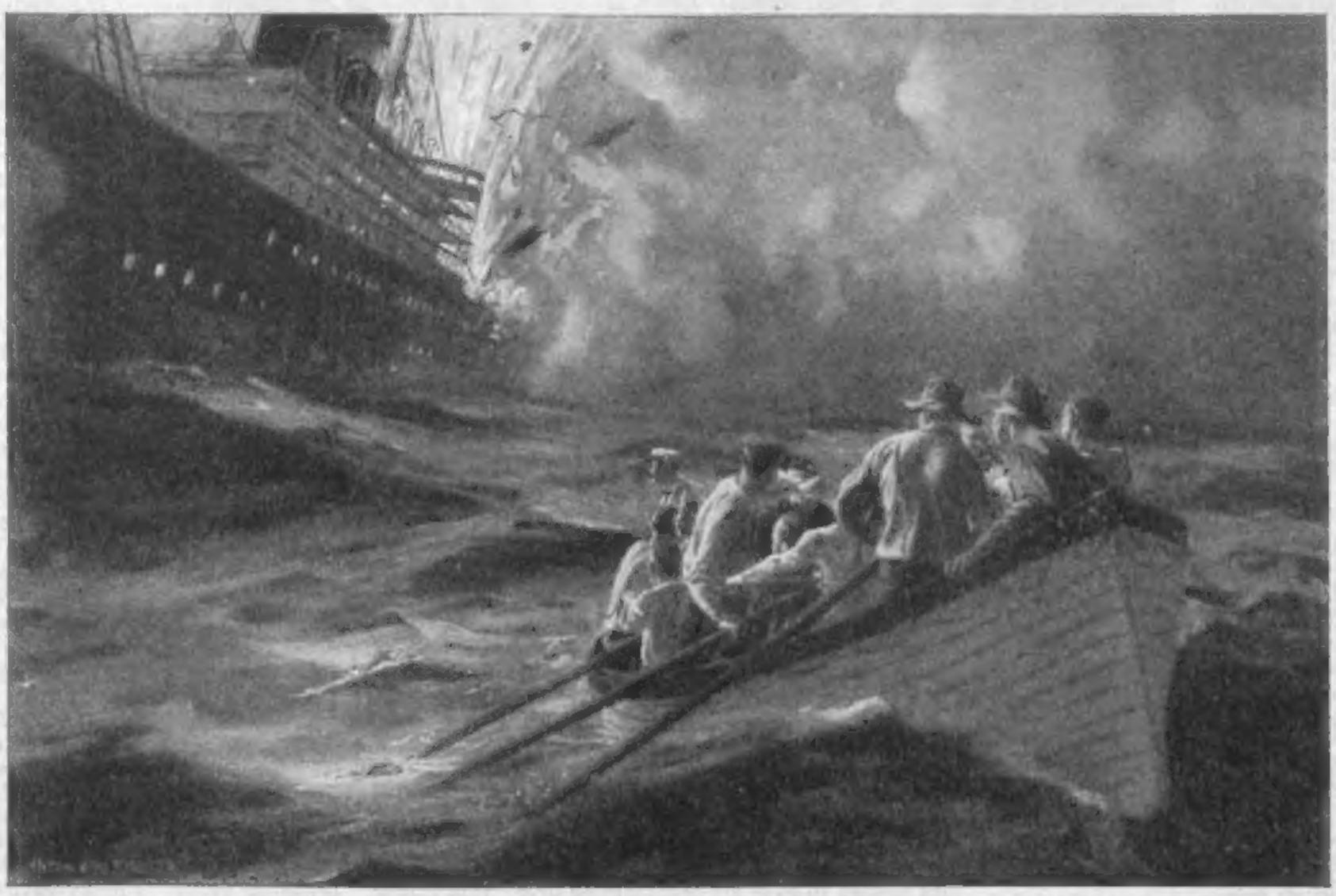
They passed on between the great boilerheads and into the first bunker. A couple of coalpassers were choking over their task. The air was foul with gas and there was a fetid breath from the dark depths that made Thompson sniff anxiously. He laid one hand on the steel wall ahead of him. He took it away quickly.

"Yes," muttered the chief engineer to the captain; "it's heating up everywhere. It isn't so much the fires themselves that bother me—it's the steady increase in the temperature down here. I've done all I dared so far as pumping water on the coal is concerned. And the steam jets are worse than useless."

"I might flood Hold Number Two," the captain reflected soberly; "but I doubt whether that would do more than give the ship a list."

"It would take a mighty lot of pumping," was the reply.

They passed on into the very depths of the huge ship's fuel supply. And in that murky blackness, broken only by the dim glow of an electric lamp here and there, the two men listened, standing quietly with their strong legs apart, their feet firmly planted on the plates.



Mr. Parkinson Saw a Great Geyser of Many-Colored Flame Rise Like a Fountain From the Del Norte

To their ears came the multitudinous sounds of the steamer—the steady beat of the engines; the putt-putt of the feed pumps; the clang of the furnace doors; the dull murmur of all the life and activity above them. But undershot through all this they heard other sounds—the puffing of little jets of gas in the steel-walled bunkers; the whir of little flames; the beelike buzzing of infinitesimal disintegration.

Choking and coughing, Captain Thompson and the chief engineer retired slowly, staring back at the little drops of light that represented the lamps. They inspected the coolies passing coal, went through the roaring fireroom and stopped in the engine room.

"I shall return to Honolulu," said Captain Thompson heavily.

"Forty-eight hours?"—the chief engineer questioned the huge fabric of his machines. "Can we make it? One flash—a single explosion there in the coal ——"

"We'll make it all right," was the response. "It's ten o'clock. I'll just quietly swing the ship; and then you had better—you had better turn your engines over a little faster."

The engineer wiped his beard with a red handkerchief and whistled to his assistant. To that perspiring mechanic he said curtly:

"I'm just putting it in the order book to turn up to one hundred and eighteen."

"With this coal, sir?"

"With this coal," said his superior calmly. "Take the fireroom. I'll handle the machines."

"The pumps are all right?" Thompson asked as he prepared to leave for the bridge.

"Yes. I've been overhauling 'em myself today."

Once again on the bridge the captain of the Del Norte sent the watch officer for the mate. When he arrived Mr. Parkinson was surprised to hear his commander say:

"I shall return to Honolulu. I'll swing the ship immediately. Tell the bosun and make all preparations for fighting fire. We shan't tell the passengers yet."

"That bad?" Parkinson murmured thoughtfully as he departed to find the Chinese in authority over the crew. "The old man wouldn't turn back unless he had to, seeing he's been in so much trouble lately. Maybe he's lost his nerve!" He dismissed this thought quickly—whatever had been the criticisms of Frederick Thompson, no one had ever questioned his bravery.

The captain himself leaned over the traphatch and gave the order to change the course. Fifteen minutes later the Del Norte was headed back for port. Her engines were driving her along at a speed that shook her whole fabric.

"I am glad there isn't much sea on," Thompson remarked to the chief officer as the dawn lit the sky. "Bucking these big fellows holds us back as it is."

"No sea for small boats, either," was the calm response. "I've made ready to swing 'em, sir."

"Good, Mr. Parkinson. Now you please send word to the wireless operator that I'd like to see him."

Sparks appeared, hastily buttoning his jacket.

"Son," said Thompson, "you haven't much of a machine aft there, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Have you been in communication with any ships during the night?"

"Not one, sir. None due round here just now."

"Can you get Honolulu?"

"No, sir. Been trying all night. I wanted to get the night news."

"Try your best all the time. When you get Honolulu tell them to wait. It's S O S."

The operator nodded capably.

"Shall I send out a general call, sir? Might pick up somebody, you know."

"Not yet a while," the captain returned.

At noon Captain Thompson took his observations as usual and came down himself to post the ship's position on the saloon stairway mirror. He noticed with concern that quite a crowd had gathered and that the passengers who composed it were evidently anxious.

"They know we're returning," he thought to himself, and carefully gummed the slip of paper to the glass instead of putting it high up in the usual frame. Beside it he posted a second slip of paper, which read:

"Owing to an accident to the ship's machinery I have turned back for Honolulu. Will arrive there at eight P. M. tomorrow.

"FREDERICK THOMPSON,
"Commander."

He then took occasion to speak cheerfully to one or two prominent people and joked about the accident.

"You'll have another chance at the sights of the islands," he remarked in leaving.

After this and a bite of luncheon on the bridge Captain Thompson wrote out two messages, which he personally took to the wireless room.

"This S O S you will send only in case of need," he directed. "The other one you will send as soon as you get into communication with any station. I shall have to leave this largely to your discretion, as I have many things to attend to. I have jotted down here our position for each hour and half hour during the next eight. Use whichever you think best."

On his way back to the bridge he paused and sniffed at the mouth of each ventilator-hood. At one he paused a moment and shook his head. Then he passed on to his own room, where he found the chief officer.

"The fire has got us," said Mr. Parkinson quietly. "I have closed the compartments and bulkhead doors already. The crew is at work 'tween-decks and helping shift enough

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A WEEK ON THE BIG TIME

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Hello, Goldie, Ain't You Out Pretty Late?"

TRIPPIT and Dailey had a top-line act; wherefore Johnny Trippit abode in a hotel close to Forty-second Street and Broadway. Goldie Dailey had tried the tinseled glory of this establishment; but, finding that thrift and comfort were best served elsewhere, she returned to her former quarters in Mrs. De Shine's West Thirty-eighth Street boarding house for the vaudeville profession. The move separated the team socially.

Johnny was making acquaintances in the Comedy Club and buying elaborate dinners for gentlemen who would suggest ever so lightly the possibility of a membership in the Lambs and Players. He had gone to Larchmont for a sail in some one's yacht, stayed up all night to get out early for golf at the Van Courtland links, and he owned two automobiles.

"He's never once taken me out in those machines," said Goldie to Mrs. De Shine as they cleaned their diamonds in Goldie's room one October midnight. "Since we put our own version of the tango into the act he's talkin' about becomin' a society man from teachin' some of 'em a few steps, an' says he could soon have a fine drag with the first fam'lies—an' maybe go into the Street before long."

"Them people will learn all he knows an' slip him the ice pitcher if he expects a pleasant look later," said the landlady, polishing a diamond bird and trying it against her red-satin kimono.

"He believes in his heart he's too classy for vodeville now, Maggie. Imagine him askin' me if I met him with the daughter of that college professor—she's got a harelip an' she won't get the tango in forty years!—askin' me not to yell out at him familiar! He took her slummin' to Chatham Square an' Chinatown 'cause she wanted to see a gunman, an' says there were some very ancient Trippits; he's goin' to get it looked up by an expert, an' have a crest on his cars."

"Misguided fool!" said the landlady disgusted.

"He only cares for himself—though he used to be nice," said Goldie.

"Was that the hall door closin'?" asked Mrs. De Shine. She looked out and, hearing steps ascending, called: "That you, Mr. Jaycox? Any better luck?"

"Not much—thanks. Are you quite well this evening?" responded a male voice.

"It's William Jaycox, the Australian Boomerang Thrower; an' he's havin' an awful time gettin' bookin'," whispered the landlady. "He's not a table boarder, but I let on I'm just goin' down for a snack every night, an' he gets filled once a day that way."

Spying Goldie, the ascending boomerang thrower delicately stared into the upper darkness; but the landlady said kindly:

"Me an' Miss Dailey—I think you folks ain't met before?—are goin' to the kitchen to rustle a bite. Come on down!"

William Jaycox accepted; and as the three went softly downstairs Goldie noted that he was tall and a trifle stooped of shoulder. He had not the cockney speech she had always supposed belonged to a true son of Britain. His was a cultivated voice. She liked it. He had mild brown eyes that sparkled when the landlady produced a boiled ham and recklessly sliced it. Goldie brought a prune pie from a cupboard and William cut thick slices of bread. Goldie and Mrs. De Shine pretended fierce appetites. William ate steadily, replying between bites to the questioning of his hostess.

"I did try film studios and rehearsed two days with a company in Westchester, but they said I haven't a film face. It comes out blurred," said he. "I've had a long siege of it hunting a job."

"Well, horry some more carfare off me for tomorrow an' don't weaken, for the dear knows we've all been there," encouraged the landlady. "Your shoes are lookin' pretty tough."

Goldie had made a cup of fresh coffee for him, and as she put it on the table she asked whether that was the only suit he had.

"His trunk's held at Gray's across the street for a bill of over fifty," explained the landlady; "but clothes do make a difference, for without a front them bookin' agents are awful arrogant."

Goldie turned her back, investigating a pink-silk stocking. William was amazed to feel a warm ten-dollar bill in his hand.

"Don't you mind takin' it a little bit," said Goldie. "Us in the business has got to help each other. You eat some hot grub on that—an' there's more where it came from. You look awful pale, you poor boy!"

William flushed and choked in his coffee.

"I'll repay it shortly! Mrs. De Shine and you are—are ——"

"I hate bein' thanked an' I ain't been on the big time long enough to have my heart frosted over," said Goldie. "Have some more coffee?"

"I shall jolly well find a position tomorrow," said William. Goldie smiled at him. The trousers of his suit were bulgy-kneed and the coat was out of shape; his gray tie was frayed from a scarfpin, the present location of which was easily imagined. "I had my oldest clothes on when Mrs. Gray locked me out," he said in answer to her look.

"Did she keep your boomerangs too?" asked Goldie.

"Everything!" he answered.

As they climbed upward she whispered:

"I'll stake you till you catch on, an' not a soul but Maggie'll ever know it."

She was busy next day, but left some money with the landlady, which was to relieve the unfortunate boomerang thrower's needs. Trippit and Dailey opened at Gugenheim's Varieties. It was Monday, and Goldie walked up Seventh Avenue, going to the morning rehearsal. The week's bill flared from a twelve-sheet, and five minutes after reading it she was in the private office of the elder Gugenheim, demanding an interview.

A tall and bony woman of middle age sat in the best chair, holding an irritable dachshund in her lap. She was richly garbed in maroon peau de suède trimmed with fur. She must be Thaïs Creighton, whose name was on the bills in the place that was really Trippit and Dailey's. Old Mr. Gugenheim came in, regarding Goldie sourly and Thaïs Creighton with a wry smile.

"Well, ladies?" he said.

"There is no footbath in Rudolph's room; and until I know he has every comfort it's impossible for me to play," said Thaïs Creighton with a noticeably English accent.

"My son does all that," said Gugenheim hastily. "Sam'll fix him. I got to be going, ladies."

"Wait!" said Goldie. "My name is Miss Dailey; an' if I can't get any privacy, then publicly I wish to ask if Trippit an' Dailey are toppin' this bill or are other parties not more'n a mile away? An' if that party is, will you kindly read our contract an' say if you think Johnny and I are goin' to take the little end of it? 'Cause you're some wrong if you got that notion!"

"You'll have to see Sam," said the old man; and he escaped while both artistes glared after him.

Goldie was angry and her blue eyes proved it. Mrs. Creighton looked at her, then smiled supercilliously. The dog in her lap growled at Goldie.

"We certainly don't stay in second position for you or anybody!" declared Goldie.

"Please go away! You bore me frightfully," said Mrs. Creighton.

She turned her maroon back on Goldie, who, quivering, declared:

"I don't care if you were fifty well-known British actresses playin' a few weeks in vodeville just for a vacation—you'll not get away with this, ma'am!"

"She is only a noisy American soubrette. She cannot hurt you, precious," Thaïs maliciously assured the dog.

Goldie haughtily left them. Johnny Trippit, trig and handsome in a fall suit of dull green, with a green velours hat, and scarf and gloves of a warm tan, was awaiting her on the stage. Goldie felt that her costume was as striking as his, for her black-and-white striped velvet, draped in the latest mode, and the small black hat resting on her yellow hair, were unduplicated models. She told Johnny of her reception in the manager's office.

"Lemme 'tend to it, kiddo. We'll put a crimp into her," he promised. "Her property man's been beefin' round about that same Rudolph; but when I make a spiel to Sam Gugenheim, he better jump through—for we're in a position to dictate."

Goldie thrilled under his forceful manner.

"Wait'll you see what a stuck-up thing she is," she said. "I bet the stage hands won't have any use for her. An' a dachshund's the most demeanin' kind of a dog, I think—you never know if they're goin' or comin'."

Mrs. Creighton did not appear at rehearsal; but her leading man came, conferring with the stage manager and orchestra leader. Johnny gave the leading man several hard, disdainful stares, and requested Goldie, as a special favor to himself, to refrain from noticing any of the Creighton company.

They talked with the theater's property man about the setting for their act; and as Goldie carried no maid one was engaged from a group of colored women who temporarily served one or more feminine performers. The songs were rehearsed, the business discussed with the leader, and the electrician consulted about the light effects.

Next there was the question of dressing rooms, and Goldie heard that Thaïs Creighton was already in numbers one and two, while Miss Dailey was listed for three, a little room up a flight of stairs, with no running water, and one window opening on a blank wall only a foot distant. Johnny was to dress with the comedy acrobats.

"Leave it to me! We'll get our due if I got to lick Sam!" said Johnny, and Goldie felt that her cause was safe with a young man of such determined bearing.

She went to the theater later, expecting that the signs would be changed and the exclusive player from the legitimate well subdued; but the signs remained as they had been, Johnny was not back of the stage, and neither Gugenheim was in the building; and as it took her some time to put on the blackface makeup she used, she left a message for Johnny with the sympathetic doorkeeper and retired to number three. Nina Devine, the Modern Venus, was concluding her turn as Goldie sought Johnny.

"Where were you? What happened?" she whispered eagerly; but the drop fell on Venus and they had to dance out in her place—Johnny on his hands in that sterling feature, the reversed buck, in which he danced on his hands, keeping time with his elevated feet, and Goldie entering in the same acrobatic posture from the opposite side. They were too early for the applause that was ordinarily theirs, and two bows were as much as the limited clapping called for.

Feeling that Johnny should be unhampered while protecting their mutual rights, Goldie swathed her sweating self in a bathrobe and stood in an entrance to regard Thaïs Creighton in her sketch. The characters were a British army officer, a duchess who had eloped with him, and a German spy who shot the duchess. The audience did not seem to understand all of it, but they liked the star, who was magnificent in a clinging robe of lavender.

A rope of emeralds gleamed on her bosom, flashing bracelets clasped her arms above and below the elbows, and a tiara sparkled in her black hair. Goldie had never viewed similar grandeur, nor did she consider that such an elopement costume, designed for wear in the private railway carriage the hero had ordered, was out of place. Artistic license! Thaïs Creighton had known a king so intimately that she had dropped a spoonful of ice down his royal neck, thus assuring herself of a stage career. The king had soon forgotten her, but a loyal British public never forgets anything, and it went to her mediocre plays; and she made American trips at a marvelous salary; and the smartest society was not averse to inviting her to join it.

Goldie climbed to number three and thoughtfully regarded herself in its mirror. With a real pang she wished that a girl in a minstrel act might sport a tiara. All the money in the bank under her name would not buy one like the Creighton's, who was elderly and bony, but had a regal way about her as if from a touch of the old king's mantle.

The audience had been vociferous when she had died with her great eyes on the anguished officer, crying in her deep voice:

"Tell His Majesty I have saved his papers; so I have not died in vain!"

These mysterious papers were referred to at intervals during the action of the sketch, and her plays invariably had something about the king. Poor king, moldering these many years! She had put on the deepest mourning at his death. All the cable notices mentioned it and that she closed her theater in London for a month. Vaudeville audiences were agape to look at her, and play and plot were unimportant. And was not a woman who, lacking most other assets, could live splendidly for twenty-five years on the ghost of a royal romance remarkable enough to merit their looking?

Goldie had a feeling that Johnny would be ineffectual against this worn charmer, this tiaraed old beauty with her lucrative past. She was bold with a boldness Goldie could not understand. Suddenly Johnny, having rapped, was in the little room, and Goldie cried:

"Did she insult you? Then, what is it—— If our contract makes us the headliners she can't—eh?"

"Well, it's like this, Goldie: She's a fine woman when you meet her like I did—not a bit uppity an' sneery like you got the idea she was. An'—an'—her agent told her she was to get the star room; in fact they had to send out an' get a bunch of pale blue—she's fond of blue because the king was, you see—an' frame number one up with this brocade an' stuff, so it'd be more like home to her. They put in flowers, too, of course. One of her temperament needs things right. So I says: 'Why, cert'nly'—we understood, an' I explained about me teachin' that mob over on Fifth Avenue. An' she thinks there's a field for me in London—how different these here people playin' this bill seem after a little talk with her!"

"So Trippit an' Dailey ain't the headliners this week—that's what you mean, ain't it?" Goldie stammered.

"Privately she concedes we are; but it's a mistake on her part—or some one's. Our agent says he booked us as per contract; but, as Sam Gugenheim says, we get our headline salary, an' it avoids trouble."

"She's got you for a mark, ain't she?" said Goldie, clenching her hands. "You see me humiliated by her, an' you're goin' to be a reg'lar lifesaver; an' instead you're tied to the chariot wheels! I hope it runs over you!"

"Now, kiddo ——"

"That'll do, John Trippit! But I wish I had a fella with a little spirit for a partner!"

One week's inconvenience out of a whole season might be borne with equanimity, but Thaïs Creighton and Company were booked for seven weeks—over the same big time with Trippit and Dailey. Johnny vaguely insisted that everything would be satisfactory if Goldie would only wait. Bessie Banana, of the Bounding Bananas, Sultan and Sultana of the Air, reported that Bill Banana had seen Mrs. Creighton reclining in Johnny's limousine, with Johnny stroking her white hand, allowing traffic policemen and others to view the proceeding and apparently glad to be noticed.

"Every woman on the bill's been treated just disgraceful, but the men get lovely remarks from her," said Bessie. "Though she was short with Bill when he said we had London time next summer an' he'd look her up. An' that dog's the last straw!"

"He better not make another pass at me like yesterday mat'née—or I'll get a warrant out!" declared Goldie.

Rudolph, the dachshund, had not endeared himself to stage employees or performers. He occupied number two dressing room, with the trunks of his mistress; and Goldie's temporary maid had discovered that Rudolph was bedded on a sealskin wrap, and that his food was weighed by a valet, and his coat scented with the same perfumery that made fragrant the garments of Mrs. Creighton.

Bill Banana, an indefatigable scout, met Johnny leading Rudolph through a cross street, while the animal's owner rode in the Trippit limousine, coming to the curb frequently to note the effect of exercise on Rudolph. On the third day of his slavery Johnny commenced to use the broad *a* in his speech, and Bill Banana claimed to have watched him taking tea at five in a hotel facing the park, with Mrs. Creighton and Rudolph so close that Bill had felt himself blushing.

"It's only professionally that it matters to me," said Goldie at midnight to Mrs. De Shine; "but he told Nina Devine he figures on going into the legitimate—an' it's so hard for an ambitious genius to be tied to a plodder's level. An' who's he crackin' at but me?"

"Men ain't fit to tie our shoes—not none of 'em!" said the landlady bitterly. "When De Shine wasn't drinkin' he was a fond, sweet guy; but how often was that? I was in the bronze livin' pictures when they was first showed at the old Bella Union in San Fran; an' honest, dearie, they was times when he was carryin' on so awful that I dunno how I ever stood on that block an' kep' my poses! He had a ring made out of a pearl pin I once give him, an' didn't I glim a little snip of a brunette waitress wearin' it! I merely remark on it to prove to you that the hull of 'em are base."

"He—he —— I'd 'a' been happily wed to one of the Lanigan Brothers but for a mistaken sense of loyalty to John Trippit!" said Goldie.

"Listen, dearie; I don't want to be pryin', but was you an' him never engaged?"

"Oh, I never was anything to him but a dancin' partner."

Goldie tried to look quite calmly at her friend, but she reddened, and Mrs. De Shine nodded until her three chins shook.

"Heaven knows the teams an' singles what have come an' ast me if I seen any way out, Goldie," said she. "He ain't doin' anything orig'nal. Speakin' of males reminds me that I took a chance on William Jaycox, an' went over to Gray's for his bill; an' he's simply elegant since he's able to dress up again, but still he can't ketch on."

Goldie remained uninterested. After a pause the landlady asked where Thaïs Creighton stopped.

"The papers been ravin' about her clothes an' jewelry," she proceeded while Goldie sprawled listlessly on the bed. "That William's got a thinkin' head on him! He was sayin' how, if he was in your place, he'd begin goin' out with a swell fella, an' worry Mr. John some."

"Johnny wouldn't care," sighed Goldie. "I don't know any one to go with. They're all on the road."

Mrs. De Shine laughed, which made Goldie sit up and observe her closely as she said:

"If parties was told William was an English earl, or sumpin like that, they'd fall for it. He's got an air to him that b'longs in a Frohman comp'ny, an' with his nice things on he's sort of perked up an' confident. If I was you I'd make a deal with him to go out to some suppers where her an' Johnny are goin' to be; an' I'd just be so took up with William that I'd be dead to the world. Then I'd get into the picture with some new diamonds; an' by that time somebody'd be havin' a fit to know what was comin' off."

"Oh, I know that's the way they always get 'em back in stories," sighed Goldie.

"Goldie, I got things up on the fourth floor rear that no one's ever seen! I been buyin' jewelry wherever I'd see a bargain. You begin with William; an' when you git a present in a pretty case behave like you was tickled foolish. Show it to all the folks in the showshop an' thank William like it was on the level—see?"

"I could have him send me flowers—she gets 'em nearly every performance!" exclaimed Goldie. "An' I could pay for the meals myself, an' cabs; I'm sick of savin'—what does it get you? I do feel kind of like goin' out an' sittin' round restaurants instead of home to bed early so as to give the old public my best dancin'. What's the public done for me? But I'll do it—only 'cause we've got an act that draws seven hundred a week an' it's too good a combination to be broken up!"

The boomerang thrower left Mrs. De Shine and Goldie at three, and he had an engagement. He was to be Lord William Rainforth, a suitor so jealous that she on whom he showered his wealth feared to speak to another man.

"An' if he's about you got to call me dearie—an' so on," prompted Goldie. "But Johnny'll get on if you don't behave like it's real."

"I understand," William had murmured. "Good night—darling!"

"Mercy!" said Goldie when he had shut the door. "I guess he'll do for the part. He did that almost as if he meant it. But, say, Maggie, Johnny Trippit ain't got a suit to his name as swell as that blue he had on—an' spats! John wouldn't have the nerve to wear 'em."

Johnny Trippit was not quite at ease in the Grand's elaborate Indian tearoom. His riches were too new for him

"Are My Feelin's Anything to You or Are They Not?"

"Don't You Mind. Us in the Business Has Got to Help Each Other"

not to feel wonder at the thick carpets, the waiters who did not importune one to purchase celery at a dollar a portion, or lobster and expensive food in chafing dish or casserole, appearing affronted if the customer's taste was simpler. Thaïs had ordered a highball, tea and hard biscuits, and sat for two hours without a waiter hovering about looking as if they had better buy more or depart. It was the difference between Broadway and upper Fifth Avenue.

A lady who was studying the tango under Johnny's expert guidance came in and bowed to him, and the head waiter, who had personally served him on the previous afternoon, remembered that he wished no ice in his highball or lemon in his tea, and brought some sugared cakes for Rudolph lying panting and distrait on a chair between Johnny and Thaïs, who was relating little stories of the nobility and enjoying Johnny's artless wonder. He felt an impatience with vaudeville and a surging desire to be out of it and into this rarer atmosphere.

Thaïs had kindly said that, with training, he would soon have the *bel-air*, and that he had *bel-esprit* already. She observed him curiously—this vaudevillian with his broad shoulders, his auburn hair and rather too theatrical clothes. If he had not brains, at least his mind moved, his thoughts were all in motion, and his slang was quaint and amusing. Of his own accord he had moderated his use of slang after his first tea in the Grand.

Johnny was assured that this was his chance to leap into a higher circle; and if the chance came unexpectedly—farewell vaudeville and Goldie. She could not soar. She had been bred in the theater—her mother a burlesquer, her father a famous clogdancer. She had become a headliner through her professional connection with him. That was enough. He patted the weary Rudolph, glancing at Mrs. Creighton to see whether she saw the caress—and found her lorgnettes on a tall, clean-shaved man in the afternoon dress of a gentleman of leisure.

Johnny had never been in a frock coat and top hat in the daytime except when he twirled the Hindoo devilstick with Smoke's Minstrels. He decided to see his tailor.

"Extraordinary!" muttered his companion; and Johnny agreed, for Goldie was taking the other chair and the frock-coated man seemed tenderly devoted. After gazing up at him sweetly, Goldie produced a glittering pair of lorgnettes and indolently surveyed the room, resolved to bow ever so little. Why was she here when there were plenty of Broadway places for her to patronize? Her glance passed him as if he were a vacant chair—and he was startled. Did she not see him? Her escort handed her a morocco case and Goldie opened it.

"He's giving her a bracelet," said the observant Thaïs.

Johnny saw the bauble flash on Goldie's arm. Then the two leaned toward each other, talking, talking, talking! Their tea cooled, and neither stopped talking.

"I positively can't imagine where she met him!" said Mrs. Creighton.

Johnny was making the round of Tenderloin restaurants that night when he saw Goldie with the same man. He sat where one mirror sent their reflection to another. The man's evening clothes were superbly cut and he treated the arrogant waiter as Johnny yearned to be able to. Waiters got intimate with Johnny despite his ardent hope that they would not. He tried to think of an excuse that would take him to Goldie's table. She would have to introduce that fellow then. He paid his check and strolled over to them.

"Hello, Goldie, ain't you out pretty late?" he inquired.

"No!" she answered shortly.

"Huh! Did you tell the leader we was switchin' our second song tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Goldie.

The tall man gave Johnny a shriveling look, which braced rather than tamed him.

"Say, if you 'n' your friend'd like a bottle of wine I'm willin' to spring myself," he observed.

"Lord Rainforth can buy his own wine—an' mine too. Good night!" snapped Goldie.

Johnny retreated; and as he went he heard:

"Whoever is that bounder, dearest?"

"She's grabbed a lord!" gasped Johnny.

The next night a stand of violets and orchids was brought down the aisle as Goldie responded to the encore of her solo buck dance. When she came out, hand in hand with Johnny, to take a final bow, a great heart of roses and carnations and a sheaf of chrysanthemums were set on the stage. When Johnny exclaimed at these offerings Goldie smiled and bore them away. After each show an automobile waited for her, and Lord Rainforth was at the stagedoor. On Friday night a splendid diamond pendant decorated the front of her yellow satin suit, and Johnny danced on his hands with his mind so engrossed with other matters that he failed to keep correct time with his feet, and Goldie rebuked him. The Modern Venus and Oceanic the Sand Picture Man were present when Johnny said:

"You're sluffin' your own stuff, Miss Dailey, an' if you don't can this settin' round to two an' three G. M. there won't be any punch to your performance!"

"Are you my guardian?" demanded Goldie.

Oceanic told a stagehand and the Modern Venus tattled it to John and Jessie Ginger, That Different Duo. More flowers arrived for Goldie at the night show, quite dwarfing the American Beauties that discretion made Johnny send to Thaïs Creighton. It was said back of the scenes that the Creighton had gone into a tantrum over Goldie Dailey's flowers, and slapped Sam Gugenheim when he asked what he could do if Goldie's friends wanted to honor her.

"Say, this here is a matter of business with me," said Johnny angrily. "You're Dutchin' me with a lady who can do me a lot of good; an' she's right when she says that if any one gets a cartload of flowers it ought to be her! Tell whoever's doin' this stunt that it's time to chop it!"

"I asked Lord Rainforth to send her some, but he says she's too old," said Goldie.

"An' he's a—a —— Seems like you forgot you was drawin' forty a week when we signed up!"

"No, I ain't; but pull all the I-knew-her-when stuff you want to. I don't care!" It was old Mr. Gugenheim who gave the order that no flowers were to be delivered to any performer on his stage.

Johnny and Goldie addressed each other only during their act. Before the Saturday matinée there was a nine-foot horseshoe of violets, with a C in roses in the center, standing in the lobby. Bill Banana had passed the shop while Johnny Trippit was selecting it. A similar horseshoe with a large D in orchids was immediately received at the front of the house and refused entrance by the elder Gugenheim.

An hour passed. Then Goldie traversed Longacre Square, seated beside Lord Rainforth in the usual automobile. Johnny's was the car immediately behind them, and he was escorting Mrs. Creighton and Rudolph—the latter bored, the former apparently in ill humor. There was always a crowd round Gugenheim's at matinée time, but today men and women jostled for a place before the window of an adjacent shop. In the morning the window had held but a To Let sign. Now Johnny's impression was that a florist had hurriedly set up his wares. The window was abloom with blossoms. Traffic was held up and the traffic policemen were staring with the rest. Johnny's car was halted directly in front of the display. A placard in white letters on a black ground announced:

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

Professional jealousy on the part of an English actress now in vaudeville made the management of Gugenheim's Varieties refuse to allow Miss Goldie Dailey to receive floral offerings while playing that house. Her friends have hired this space to store the tributes the talented dancer gets at every performance!

Goldie Dailey! Queen of the new tango and champion lady buck dancer of the world! Levey's Bronx—next week.

"A reporter's been an' got a late photo of Goldie to use in the Sunday paper," said Bessie Banana to Jessie Ginger. "I hope Lord Rainforth's real rich—so many ain't; but we can hope for the best, for she's a darling girl."

"If Trippit should suddenly realize what he's losin', there might be bloodshed yet," said Jessie. "She's the hardest worker an' as good a stepper as he is."

"Bill's secretly guardin' her," said Bessie. "We're all sore on Trippit."

Binns and Binns, the comedy acrobats, with whom Johnny was dressing that week, were on Johnny's side. Sam Binns attacked the Sand Picture Man verbally, then physically, after an argument each considered he had won; and the stage doorkeeper and the property man had to tear them asunder. Bill Banana and Johnny stopped borrowing cigarettes, and only grunted when they passed. Goldie remained queerly reticent toward Bessie Banana, her best friend, and Bessie could learn little of Lord Rainforth and his circumstances—except that every day Goldie displayed a gift which had come from him.

"What name do you call him?" Bessie asked; and Goldie said:

"William."

"Gee! Right to his face?" cried Bessie. "It must be glorious to live as he does—and not have to work at all."

Goldie had been thinking of William and of the work he did not do; and, having repaired to the Grand's tearoom between shows, she said abruptly:

"Listen to me, William Jaycox! Are you tryin' to get your act booked or are you just satisfied with the twenty-five a week I'm payin' you to be a bunk lord? For this can't go on; it's too expensive, an' I'm gettin' more used to wearin' Maggie De Shine's beautiful jewelry all the time an' it better be given back."

"You'd like to keep the things?" he asked.

"I'm human! But I got to save my own money for my old age, 'cause there's too many performers round lookin' for people to get up a benefit for 'em now. And I think it's hardly manly for you to stick round these swell places an' pay checks and autos on my money."

She was disappointed when William failed to blush under this taunt.

"You said I was the exact type you needed and you employed me to make love to you when a certain chap was about," he reminded cheerfully.

"But you—you've been—keeping it up when he wasn't about!"

"Only to maintain the proper gait," protested William; and the next instant he said in a whisper: "You little love!"

"Here, I want that stopped this minute!" said Goldie with the blush that should have tinted William's cheek.

"But it looks to me as if I'm encouragin' you to loaf by takin' up your afternoons an' evenin's—an' you with two board bills you can't settle! An' as I've got to really like you, since I know you better, I want to find out what's preventin' you from bookin' that act—an' also what's a boomerang like?"

"You throw them," he answered.

"Well, how? How big an openin' do you need for the act?"

"Oh, quite large," said William vaguely.

"Is there any comedy feature to it? Audiences on this side are so different from the English ones. Johnny and I were a frost until they got on to our stuff in London. You should have some good pictures to show the agents; and I believe if I could see you work I could tell what's holdin' it up. We'll hunt a hall on the West Side, so you can rehearse it; an' I'll help you, William, I truly will—for vodeville's no cinch if you haven't a novelty. You don't juggle them, do you?"

"Not as a rule," said William, and he rudely stared at the menu with an absent-minded air.

"Even if you are English you needn't be that stupid!" Goldie exclaimed; and William, flushing at last, sat erect while she proceeded:

"Do they go 'way out over the audience?"

"Goldie, if I matter enough to you for you to bother so over a bally old act, I'll take a job that'll —— Well, I will—that's all!"

"But I don't want to be a headliner on the big time when you're doin' four a day on some dinky circuit!"

(Continued on Page 35)

"We Certainly Don't Stay in Second Position for You or Anybody!"

EVERY MAN'S CASTLE

By BENJAMIN A. HOWES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

AFTER the fire—six weeks after—when, with scars healing, he left the hospital to view the blackened hole in which had disappeared a house, some cherished heirlooms and a slowly garnered library, his first thought was of a home in which that frightful experience could not be repeated. He had visions of smoke pouring up stairways, of cries, of searing surfaces stumbled against in the choking gloom, of curdling fear for wife and children.

"Do you intend to rebuild at once?" asked his friends.

"Not until I can put a quietus on this conflagration business," was his answer. "An Englishman's house is his castle, is it? Well, no American's is, so long as it can all go up in smoke in twenty minutes, the way mine did!"

He meant to build a house that could not burn; but, having a shrewd business sense as well as affections and nerves, he proposed to get away from his terrible memories in the most efficient manner. He studied the literature of fireproofing as practiced under city regulations; he followed up engineers, manufacturers, contractors and architects with bulldog tenacity, and he finally built himself an absolutely non-combustible house that was economical enough in design not to call for an outlay disproportionate to his means and to his scale of living.

That scale of living happened to be a pretty liberal one, however, and his particular equipment, which combined a roomy structure of reënforced concrete and Spanish tile, with many special designs and devices, could not well be adopted by the man of very moderate or modest income who has also had the experience and consequent dread—or the dread without the experience.

There are many men who never go on a journey, or are caught in a thunderstorm or a high wind away from home, without a bit of a chill as to what may be happening back there; just as there are men who have so much faith in the excellence—or in the absence—of their electric and heating installations, in the watchfulness and good judgment of their households, or in the efficiency of their fire protection, that they never worry about fire. These lines are addressed to the man of moderate income who does worry about fire but has not yet got round to informing himself, as did my persevering friend, as to what would give him and his complete safety at a reasonable expenditure for his general financial situation.

This is not a plea for the unburnable house. I have expressed myself in a previous article on the subject of the too-great proportion of capital sunk by the struggling breadwinner in a fireproof building beyond his means.

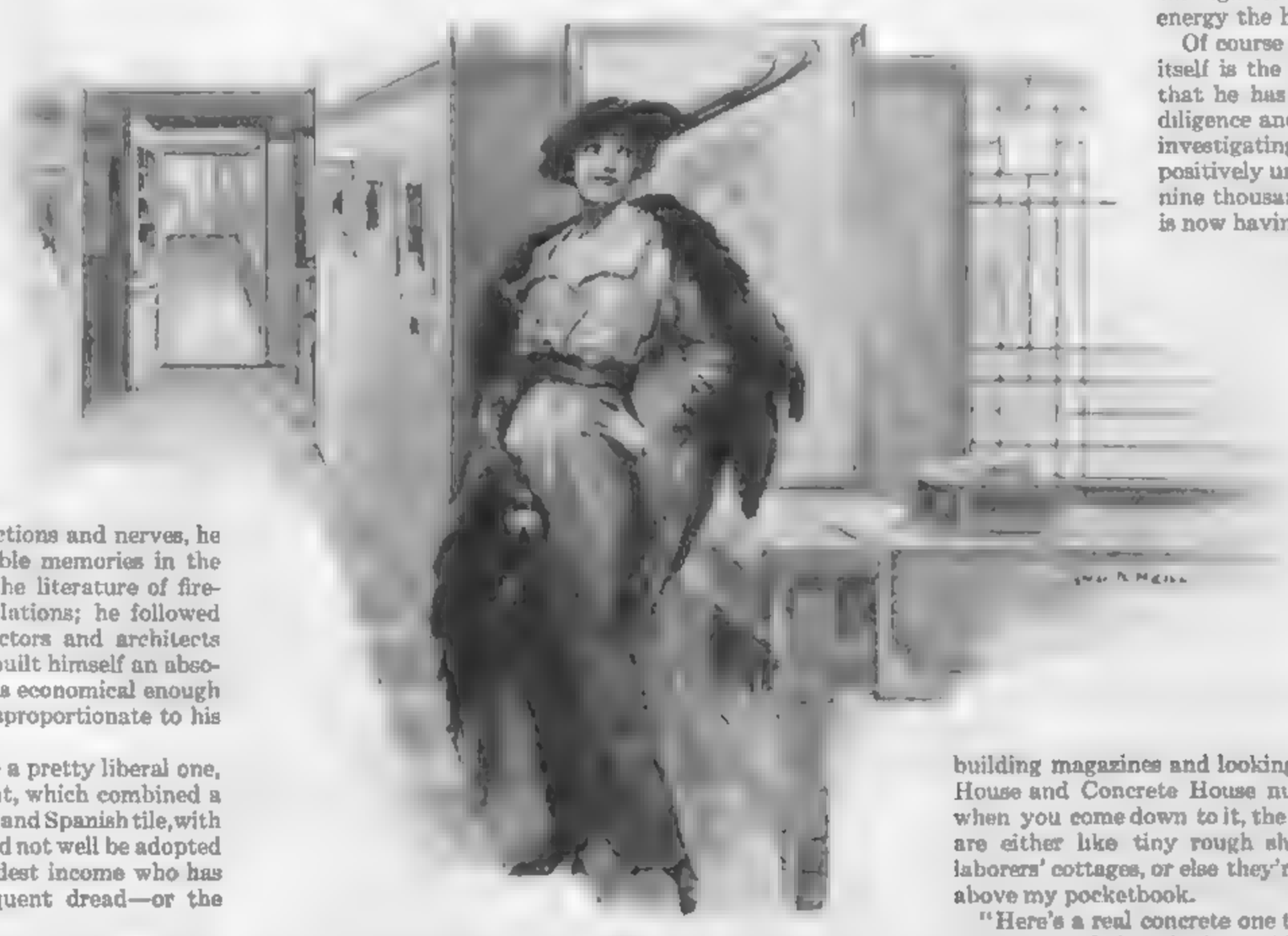
Carson and His Building Problem

BUT for the man who needs and wants safety from fire above all, to the extent of consciously sacrificing to it other things, such as spaciousness of house and grounds, it is intensely worth while to consider at length what combination of design and materials will best serve his particular need.

The problem is an interesting one because there are so many more people who can put, say, two or three thousand dollars cash into a house, and pay six hundred dollars or so interest as rent, than can expend several times that sum; and more especially because the first tentative gropings of such people for information about really fire-safe houses usually first unduly encourage and then discourage the undertaking completely, for reasons I shall try to explain.

In the present state of building practice and real-estate development such a man needs more than the persistence of my prosperous acquaintance to get what will relieve his mind and at the same time not cripple him financially.

My friend Carson is a case in point and the first of several instances to come to mind. He now lives in a rented frame house, for which he pays fifty dollars a month, in one of those aristocratic suburbs where you send down the chauffeur for the morning and evening mail because that is the only way of getting it. Carson, to be sure, has no chauffeur; but that is a detail. The fire equipment of that village is quite as aristocratically rural as its post office; but the service lacks the romantic verve of the old New England hand-engine company; in fact Carson tells me that a stunning house on the next street not long since burned to the ground because the man who keeps the horses for the engine could not be reached by telephone in time.



Mrs. Carson Profited by a Study of Dutch and Italian Interiors

Carson says he is not a prayerful man, but every time he has to take a business trip, thinking of his rather frail wife, and the boy, and their one dunderheaded servant, he comes pretty near being so. So he has now managed by strenuous effort to get three thousand dollars in hand to finance a house of his own that, as he says, will at least let him sleep soundly while he is away from it.

This is the way he is doing it: In the first place he proposes to live on in the same village, which is beautiful and pleasant in every way, and will certainly remain so, because it is far outside the ten-cent zone of travel from the city, and at the same time has admirable, though expensive, commutation service. His property, therefore, will not shrink in value. He has chosen a generous plat of land, though not one of the development company's show lots—about twelve thousand square feet—of which the price is three thousand dollars. The really liberal company will let him keep the whole of that on second mortgage, and suggested a quarter where he gets a loan of fifty per cent of the whole operation on first mortgage; so that his undertaking will stand about as follows, supposing he puts nine thousand dollars into his house alone:

Land	$ 3 000
House	9 000
Grounds—possibly a garage	1 000
Total	$ 13 000

Since his land is on second mortgage with the real-estate company and he gets a loan of sixty-five hundred dollars—fifty per cent of the whole—he has, with his three-thousand dollar nestegg, ninety-five hundred dollars to meet a cash outlay of ten thousand dollars. He used his three thousand dollars to cover the first cash payments on the house, until it was sufficiently far advanced to get the first payments under the loan. By the time he is ready to expend that last unprovided-for five hundred dollars he will have been able to get that much in hand again. Thus his budget for the first year will be:

6 per cent on second mortgage of $3000	$180.00
5½ per cent on first mortgage of $6500	357.50
Broker's commission	90.00
Taxes and water-rate—probably	140.00
Total	$767.50

This is over against probably six hundred and twenty-five dollars, which he is now paying for rent and water. Minus the broker's fee, it is six hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents—an increase that will be further diminished by his smaller heating bill and will certainly be justified in view of the increased advantages of the new house. Carson says he expects to increase his income much more than that through the saving in nervous energy the house will give him.

Of course the safety of the house itself is the motive for all this; so that he has put his very greatest diligence and business acumen into investigating the possibilities of a positively unburnable house for his nine thousand dollars. The house is now having its final touches, but it was early in his researches that I began to hear about it; in fact it was when he burst in on me, boiling with indignation, that I first had to take notice.

"Here! You ought to know about such things!" he cried. "Isn't there in this country a really fireproof house for a man like me? I've been scouting among the old volumes of the house-building magazines and looking up all their Fireproof House and Concrete House numbers; but I declare, when you come down to it, the actually fireproof ones are either like tiny rough shooting boxes or farm-laborers' cottages, or else they're plainly far and away above my pocketbook.

"Here's a real concrete one that was a bitter disappointment. I thought it would suit me, price and all, as described in one magazine; but I found when I inquired that it was one of some fifty houses, all built at approximately the same time in the same place by the same company, using certain patent devices—which they control. And how does that help me with my single plat up at Harrowcliff? . . . And even such houses are about as numerous as snakes in Ireland. Ninety-nine in a hundred of the others have tucked away in one corner of the description a word to the effect that the floor construction and roof timber are wood—and the stairs, of course! I know all about that. My cousin lived in one of those outside-fireproof, inside-tinderbox houses, and now his youngest girl will never walk again since the fire."

The Fireproof House of Dreams

"DON'T get stampeded, old man!" I interposed. "What do you mean by fireproof anyway? Don't you know that there is no literally fireproof material? There is even no literally fire-safe house; for, even if its materials will not take fire, there is inevitably a vast amount of furniture and hangings that will burn. Of course no house with wooden stairs and floor construction offers any real protection against fire; also of course the word semi-fireproof ought to be barred from decent speech. I prefer unburnable to fireproof anyway—it makes no claim beyond the exact truth; but the fact that you do not often find unburnable houses in 'Concrete Numbers' does not prove that your problem is insoluble."

"And I've been collecting booklets from the fireproof-material people," he swept on, unheeding; "but each one cries up his own wares and knocks the other kinds, and makes claims I know can't be true. Combining their information I'm doomed to live either in a splintering pile or a crumbling mudcake. As for the real books on fireproof work, I won't say they don't give splendid mathematical tables for calculating strains and mixing concrete, and making stucco that'll stick to any old thing; but I'm no builder's foreman! When I know what I can and ought to build, the other fellow can build it."

The case was clearly one for arbitration. I have given Carson's fulmination at length because it is just what I hear three hundred days in the year from men of moderate means and active intelligence, who want to build in unburnable construction. To make a long story shorter, this is how it finally worked out:

First of all Carson found an architect who was honestly interested in the new types of construction, which was not so easy as it sounds, as any one with experience can testify; for up to the present time, though any architect is glad to

make a house as safe as possible after he has developed the design from the other point of view, there are not many who are willing or perhaps able to design economically in unburnable materials from the first. The *rara avis*, however, was tracked down and sketched a tentative design that, with slight variations, would be suitable either for concrete, stucco or soft-texture brick.

Then Carson sat down to this design with his architect, myself assisting, to find out exactly how much of a house could be built for his inflexible nine thousand dollars. There were several acceptable types of unburnable construction, we told him. Reënforced concrete throughout, except for tile partitions; or local stone; or outside walls of eight inches of brick (two bricks thick) furred with two-inch terra-cotta furring blocks, or four inches of brick laid and bonded integrally with six-inch-thick terra-cotta building blocks, used both for airspaces and for strength. With terra-cotta tile partitions and reënforced concrete floors, with "fillers" of terra-cotta tile (combination floors), and asbestos-shingle or slate roof, his nine thousand dollars would give him a two-story-and-a-half house in any of these materials of about seven hundred and twenty square feet ground area—say, twenty-four by thirty feet, or twenty by thirty-six. This estimate would cover every scrap of household equipment that is fastened in place, together with decoration.

"That's not very large, is it?" was Carson's rather dismayed comment.

"Well, then, there's exterior plaster on hollow tile or metal lath—called stucco, you know," went on the architect. "The plaster on metal-lath walls will be less expensive, but you will need a steel frame to carry your tile and concrete floors. However, with asbestos or slate on a timber roof you can probably come out with a two-story-and-a-half house, forty by twenty-five feet, which certainly ought to give you plenty of room."

Facers in Making Home Fireproof

"I DON'T want any timber in my roof at all," put in Carson. "I don't want a single structural member to be of wood."

"In that case there won't be any advantage in using metal lath, for the entire steel frame will make it cost just as much as the more permanent materials. Plaster on metal lath is really economical only for the wooden-frame house, and that you aren't considering. We'll cut that out. Let's see what you can do in stucco on hollow tile. That will give you a bit more space than either of the brick styles, or the concrete or stone—say, eight hundred square feet ground area; but, of course, you will have to figure more depreciation—especially for this climate."

"What do you think of a bungalow?" Carson asked at this point.

"Would your wife or your servant sleep on the ground floor when you are away?—and you have to be away so often. Then, I take it, you need three bedrooms besides the servant's room; and to get that amount of floor and outside wall space and roof in any of the constructions you demand would cost even more to build—and, as you know, much more to heat. Then your land would count for a great deal less in available space and in effect."

At the end of the discussion he had rather a facer. We told him he would succeed in keeping within his limit of cost only if he could employ local builders, because to import city workmen into his somewhat distant suburb would add a large item of expense. He ought, then, to choose the type of construction in which the builders of that section were skilled.

After a good deal of inquiry and subterranean investigation of the local talent, most of which was Carson's job, we came to the conclusion that the neighboring small builders did mighty poor work, both in cement and concrete; but that they did brick and tile work pretty well, and stone masonry excellently, inasmuch as their workmen were mostly Italians from families brought in a generation before to work the marble quarries.

Many of these boasted of houses built all or partly of stone; and, in fact, stone work was a traditional occupation. Moreover there was any amount of field stone easily and cheaply available, especially from the old stone walls with which the country was covered. This was particularly good because it split easily into long and thin shapes. Carson made the discovery then and there why many of the field-stone houses he remembered were unhomelike in appearance—because they had been built in a country producing only spherical boulders—niggerheads—instead of lozenge-shaped or rectangular ones.

That is probably the reason they build of brick in New England the same grade and type of houses they use local stone for in Pennsylvania. All the signs for Carson, anyway, pointed to local stone as the material for the outer walls; and he gladly acquiesced, even though it meant a house of slightly smaller interior dimensions. This was owing to the fact that the economical thickness of the stone wall is sixteen to eighteen inches, in place of the eight inches of brick.

"What about those combination stairs and floors? Are the local fellows up to that?" was his anxious inquiry.

"Well, you can have some one up from the city for a few days when the construction gets to that point—and, so far as finish is necessary, they won't show anyway," we suggested.

So the type of construction was settled and the definite plans were ordered. There was where the architect came in strong. He took that seven-hundred-and-twenty-square-foot problem and wrestled with it like Hercules with the giant. The result was the prettiest possible stone cottage, that looked like a real cottage and not a mansion of arrested development. And when it was finished it suited the dimensions of Carson's plat a very great deal better than the immensely more ambitious intentions of the neighboring houses suited their plats of about the same size. He had a charming little country place and they had suburban villas spilling over bounds.

This is anticipating the story, however. Even for the Carsons, with minds firmly fixed on the completely unburnable as an ultimate result, the ways and means in details were often matters of perplexity. What worried Mrs. Carson much more than it did himself was the problem of the interior. Carson had said: "No wood except doors and the minimum of trim." But she, conventional as most women, could not imagine a house in which a good part of the effect of the interior did not come from handsome hardwood floors, wainscoting, panels and stairways in wood, graceful balusters, and so on. She had supposed that cement and plaster and tile meant either a kind of barbaric richness suitable only for palaces, or a sort of roughness and cottage simplicity to which she did not intend to be condemned.

"I'm going to have my house dainty and nice, even if it does have to be small!" she protested.

"No; you're going to have it comfortable and in good taste," retorted the architect. "That's where you Americans will have to change your ideas a whole lot if you are going to make your unburnable houses a success. If you're going to deny and cover up their structure you will have an esthetic mongrel. Better make the most of its real qualities instead of treating them as defects. In the great houses that is almost always done; but there are heaps of ways to make a small house homelike without dressing it up in paper and wood."

Mrs. Carson had plenty of natural artistic sense; and, following some further suggestions, she profited much by the study of various Dutch and Italian interiors, and some smaller English manor houses of the Cotswold type. The first time she went to examine the Dutch pictures—especially the two or three Vermeers—in the art museum she began to understand the studied severity and restraint of the backgrounds and the possibilities of elegance in clear-cut contours, and blacks and grays and whites in stone and plaster.

What May Be Happening Back There?

The problem would have been simplified, of course, if the budget had allowed expensive flooring and rugs everywhere. Mrs. Carson would have liked tile—ceramic tile—floors or terrazzo in all the rooms. They did manage red Welsh tile for the small entrance hall and an attractive terrazzo for the living and dining rooms. Terrazzo is a mixture of cement and marble chips, which is polished after it has been laid; and most people who have seen only the sickly yellow or dull gray mixtures in most office buildings and banks, where terrazzo is used at all, do not realize that one can choose one's own ingredients for the hash. Carson's architect had lately put a floor of green marble chips in white cement in a large country house, and Mrs. Carson was delighted with the combination, as the prevailing tone of her furniture and hangings was green.

The rest of the house, including the kitchen, was floored in a magnesium composition of the type used in hospitals, which is washable and as warm to the touch as wood. Mrs. Carson at first objected to the colors, the best of which was a pale brick-red.

"But, after all, hardwood or varnished floors are a frightful amount of work if they are kept in good condition," she finally admitted with resignation.

Dressing the Rooms Simply

THE treatment of the plaster walls was another subject of discussion. The architect had specified a very simple trim in a medium-dark stain, with the idea of using a patent plaster of warm gray in all the rooms, thus making a great saving in decoration. With it there need be no question of painting; and if it were dented or chipped the raw spot would be of the same tint as the surface, while the rooms could be papered at any time. Mrs. Carson said rather plaintively that she had always meant to have Colonial bedrooms, with fresh white paint and quaint papers.

"We can manage that if you really wish it," said the architect.

"No, I can see it wouldn't suit the downstairs rooms very well—and then of course it takes a lot of work to keep white paint in order. I can get color from bright washable rugs and chintz hangings and covers." It was easy to see she was learning. "I know our upholstered furniture isn't quite going to suit this living room; but fortunately the wood is dark, what there is of it. The straight chairs are well enough, though; and I'm going to get a lounging chair or so of wicker stained in gray, with green loose cushions. And I can see how our two or three good rugs are going to show up in this room three times as well as they did in our old fussy, papered parlor. The Dutch pictures taught me that much!"

(Continued on Page 30)

Carson Found an Architect Who Was Honestly Interested in the New Types of Construction

OTHER PEOPLE'S SHOES

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Those Little Dollar-Ninety-Eights Look Swell on Your Feet, Miss Ruby"

AT THE close of a grilling summer, that had sapped the life from the city as insidiously as fever runs through veins and licks them up—at the close of a day that had bleached the streets as dry as desert bones—Abe Ginsburg closed his store half an hour earlier than usual because his clerk, Miss Ruby Cohn, was enjoying a two days' vacation at the Long Island Recreation Farm, and because a staggering pain behind his eyes and zigzag down the back of his neck to his left shoulderblade made the shelves of shoeboxes appear as if they were wavering with the heat dance of the atmosphere and ready to cast their neatly arranged stock in a hopeless fuddle on the center of the floor.

Upstairs, on an exact level with the elevated trains that tore past the kitchen windows like speed monsters annihilating distance, Mrs. Ginsburg poised a piepan aloft on the tips of five fingers and waltzed a knife round the rim of the tin. A ragged ruffle of dough swung for a moment; then she snipped it off, leaving the pie pat and sleek.

Then Mrs. Ginsburg smiled until a too perfect row of badly executed teeth showed their pink rubber gums, leaned over the delicate lid of the pie, and with a three-pronged fork pricked out the doughy inscription—ABE. Sarah baking cakes for Abraham's prophetic visitors had no more gracious zeal.

The waiting oven filled the kitchen with its gassy breath; a train hurtled by and rattled the chandeliers, a stack of plates on a shelf and a blue-glass vase on the parlor mantel. A buzz bell rang three staccato times. Mrs. Ginsburg placed the pie on the table-edge and hurried down a black aisle of hallway.

Book agents, harbingers of a dozen-cabinet-photographs-colored-crayon-thrown-in, and their kin have all combined to make wary the gentle cliff dweller. Mrs. Ginsburg opened her door just wide enough to insert a narrow pencil, placed the tip of her shoe in the aperture and leaned her face against the jamb, so that, from without, half an eye burned through the crack.

"Abie? It ain't you, is it, Abie?"

"Don't get excited, mamma!"

"It ain't six o'clock yet, Abie—something ain't right with you!"

"Don't get excited, mamma! I just closed early for the heat. For what should I keep open when a patent-leather shoe burns a hole in your hand?"

"Ach, such a scare as you give me! If I'd 'a' known it I could have had supper ready. It wouldn't hurt you to call upstairs when you close early—no consideration that boy has got for his mother! Poor papa! If he so much as closed the store ten minutes earlier he used to call up for me to heat the things—no consideration that boy has got for his old mother!"

Mr. Ginsburg placed a heavy hand on each of his mother's shoulders and kissed her while the words were unfinished and smoking on her lips.

"It's too hot to eat, mamma. Ain't I asked you every night during this heat not to cook so much?"

"When it comes to the table I see you eat. I never see you refuse nothing—I bet you come twice for apple pie tonight. Is the hall table the place for your cuffs, Abie? I'm ashamed for the people the way my house looks when you're home—no order that boy has got! I go now and put my pie in the oven."

"I ain't hungry, mamma—honest! Don't fix no supper for me—I go in the front room and lay down for a while. Never have I known such heat as I had it in the store today—and with Miss Ruby gone it was bad enough, I can tell you."

Mrs. Ginsburg reached up suddenly and turned high a tiny bead of gaslight—it flared for a moment like a ragged-edged fan and then settled into a sooty flare. In its low-candle-power light their faces were far away and without outline—like shadows seen through the mirage of a dream.

"Abie—tell mamma—you ain't sick, are you? Abie, you look pale!"

"Now, mamma, begin to worry about nothing when——"

"It ain't like you to come up early, heat or no heat. Ach! I should have known when he comes upstairs early it means something. What hurts you, Abie? That's what I need yet, a sickness! What hurts you, Abie?"

"Mamma, the way you go on it's enough to make me sick if I ain't. Can't a boy come upstairs just because ——"

"I know you like a book; when you close the store and lay down before supper there's something wrong. Tell me, Abie ——"

"All right, then! You know it so well I can't tell you nothing—all I got is a little tiredness from the heat."

"Go in and lay down. Can't you tell mamma what hurts you, Abie? Are you afraid it would give me a little pleasure if you tell me? No consideration that boy has got for his mother!"

"Honest, mamma, ain't I told you three times I ain't nothing but tired?"

"He snaps me up yet like he was a turtle and me his worst enemy! For what should I worry myself? For my part, I don't care. I only say, Abie, if there's anything hurts you—you know how poor papa started to complain just one night like this—how he fussed at me when I wanted the doctor. If there's anything hurts you ——"

"There ain't, mamma."

"Come in and let me fix the sofa for you. I only say when you close the store early there's something wrong. That Miss Ruby should go off yet—vacation she has to have—a girl like that, with her satin shoes and all—comes into the store at nine o'clock 'cause she runs to the picture shows all night! Yetta Washeim seen her. Vacation yet she has to have! Twenty years I spent with poor papa in the store and no vacation did I have. Lay down, Abie!"

"All right, then," said Mr. Ginsburg as if duty were a geological eon and throwing himself across the flowered velvet lounge in the parlor. "I'll lay down if it suits you better."

Mr. Ginsburg was of a cut that never appears on a classy clothes advertisement or in the silver frame on the bird's-eye maple dressing table of sweet sixteen or more; he belonged to the less ornamental but not unimportant stratum that manufactures the classy clothes by the hundred thousand, and eventually develops into husbands and sponsors for full-length double-breasted sealskin coats for the sweet sixteens and more.

He was as tall as Napoleon, with a round, un-Napoleonic head, close-shaved so that his short-nap hair grew tight like moss on a rock, and a beard that defied every hirsute precaution by pricking darkly through the lower half of his face as phenomenally as the first grassblades of spring push out in an hour.

"Let me fix you a little something, Abie. I got grand broth in the icebox—all I need to do is to heat it."

"Ain't I told you I ain't hungry, mamma?"

"When that boy don't eat he's sick. I should worry yet! Poor papa! If he'd listened to me he'd be living today. I'm your worst enemy—I am! I work against my own child—that's the thanks what I get."

Sappho, who never wore a gingham wrapper and whose throat was unwrinkled and full of music, never sang more surely than did Mrs. Ginsburg into the heartcells of her son. He reached out for her wrapper and drew her to him.

"Aw, mamma, you know I don't mean nothing; just when you get all worried over nothing it makes me mad. Come sit down by me."

"Tonight we don't go up to Washeims'. I care a lot for Yetta's talk—her Beulah this and her Beulah that! It makes me sick!"

"I'll take you up, mamma, if you want to go."

"Indeed, you stay where you are! For their front steps and refreshments I don't need to ride in the Subway to Harlem anyway."

"What's the difference? A little evening's pleasure won't hurt you, mamma."

"Such a lunch as she served last time! I got better right now in my icebox and I ain't expecting company. They can buy and sell us, I guess. Sol Washeim don't take a nine-room house when boys' pants ain't booming—but such a lunch as she served! You can believe me, I wouldn't have the nerve to. Abie, I see Herschey's got fall cloth-tops in their windows already."

"Yes?"

"Good business today—not, Abie?—and such heat too! Mrs. Abrahams called across the hallway just now, she was in for a pair; but you was so busy with a customer she couldn't wait—that little pink-haired clerk, with her extravagant ways, had to go off and leave you in the heat! Shoe-buttoners she puts in every box like they cost nothing. I told her so last week too."

"She's a grand little clerk, mamma—such a business head I never seen!"

"Like I couldn't have come down and helped you today! Believe me—when I was in the store with papa, Abie, we wasn't so up-to-date; but none of 'em got away."

"I should know when Mrs. Abrahams wants shoes—five times a week she comes in to be sociable."

"I used to say to papa: 'Always leave a customer to go take a new one's shoes off; and then go back and take your time! Two customers in their stockinged feet is worth more than one in a new pair of shoes!' Abie, you don't look right. You'll tell me the truth if you don't feel well, won't you? I always say to have the doctor in time saves nine. If poor papa had listened to me ——"

"I'm all right, mamma. Why don't you sit down by me? Don't light the gas—for why should you make it hotter? Come sit down by me."

"I go put the oven light out. Apple pie I was baking for you yet; for myself I don't need supper—I had coffee at five o'clock."

Dusk entered the little apartment and crowded the furniture into phantoms; a red signal light from the skeleton of the elevated road threw a glow as mellow as firelight across the mantelpiece. Mrs. Ginsburg's canary rustled himself until he swelled up twice too fat and performed the ever amazing ritual of thrusting his head within himself as if he would prey on his own vitals. The cooler breath of night; the smells of neighboring food; the more frequent rushing of trains, and a navy-blue sky, pitmarked with small stars, came all at once. In the hallway Mrs. Ginsburg worked the hook of the telephone impatiently up and down.

"Audubon 6879! Hello! Washeims' residence? Yetta? Yes, this is Carrie.—Ain't it awful! I'm nearly dead with it. Yetta, Abie ain't feeling so well; so we won't be up tonight.—No—it ain't nothing but the heat; but I worry enough, I can tell you."

"Mamma, don't holler in the telephone so—she can't hear you when you scream."

"It's always something, ain't it?—That's what I tell him; but he's like his poor papa before him—he's afraid no one can do nothing but him; his little snip of a clerk he gives a vacation, but none for himself.—I'm glad we ain't going then; you always make yourself so much trouble.—It's too hot to eat, Abie says.—Beef with horseradish sauce I had for supper too—and apple pie I baked in the heat for him; but not a bite will that boy eat! And when he don't eat I know he ain't feeling well.—Who? Beulah?—Ain't that grand!—Yes, cooking is always good for a girl to know even if she don't need it.—No; I go to work and thicken my gravy with flour and horseradish.—Believe me, I cried enough when I did it!—Ach, Yetta, why should I leave that boy?—You can believe me when I tell you that not one

night except when he was took in at the lodge—not one night since poor papa died—has that boy left me at home alone. Not one step will he take without me."

"Aw, mamma!"

"Sometimes I say: 'Abie, go out like other boys and see the girls.' But he thinks if he ain't home to fix the windows and the covers for my rheumatism it ain't right.—Yes; believe me, when your children ain't feeling well it's worry enough."

"Aw, maw, I can take you up to the Washeims' if you want to go."

"You ought to hear him in there, Yetta—fussing because I want to keep him laying down.—Yes, I go with you; tomorrow at nine I meet you down by Fulton Street.—Up round here they're forty-two cents.—Ain't it so?—And I used two whites and a yolk in my pie dough.—Yes; I hope so too.—If not I call a doctor.—Nine o'clock!—Goodby, Yetta."

"Maw, for me you shouldn't stay home."

Mrs. Ginsburg flopped into a rocker beside the flowered velvet couch:

"A little broth, Abie?"

"No."

"When you don't eat it's something wrong."

"You needn't fan me, mamma—I ain't hot now."

Insidious darkness crept into the room like a cool hand descending on the feverish brow of day; the red glow shifted farther along the mantel and lay vivid as blood across the blue vase and the photograph of a grizzled head in a seashell frame. Mrs. Ginsburg rocked over a loose board in the floor and waved a palmleaf fan toward the reclining shadow of her son until he could taste its tapebound edge.

"Next week tonight five years since we lost poor papa, Abie—five years! Gott! When I think of it! Just like his picture he looked up to the last, too—just like his picture."

"Yes, mamma."

"I ain't so spry as I used to be, neither, Abie—or, believe me, I would never let you take on a clerk. Sometimes I think, when the rheumatism gets up round my heart, it won't be long as I go too. Poor papa! If I could have gone with him! How he always hated to go alone to places! To the barber he hated to go, till I got so I could cut it myself."

"Mamma, you ain't got nothing to worry about."

"I worry enough."

"You can take it as easy as you want to now—I even want we should have a better apartment. We got the best little business between here and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street! If poor papa could see it now he wouldn't know it from five years ago. Poor papa! He wasn't willing to spend on improvements."

"Papa always said you had a good business head on you, Abie; but I ain't one, neither, for funny businesses like a clerk. And what you needed them new glass shoestands for when the old ones ——"

"Now, mamma, don't begin on that again."

"When I was down in the store papa used to say to me: 'Wait till Abie's grown up, mamma! By how his ears stand out from his head I can tell he's got good business sense.' And to think that so little of you he had in the store—such a man that deserved the best of everything! He had to die just when things might have got easy for him."

"Don't cry, mamma; everything is for the best."

"You're a good boy, Abie. Sometimes I think I stand in your way enough."

"Such talk!"

"Any girl would do well enough for herself to get you. Believe me, Beulah Washeim don't need a new pair of shoes every two weeks for nothing! Her mother thinks I don't notice it—she's always braggin' to me how hard her Beulah is on shoes and what a good customer she makes."

"Beulah Washeim! I don't even know what last she wears—that's how much I think of Beulah Washeim."

"Don't let me stand in your way, Abie. Ain't I often told you, now since you do a grand business and we're all paid off, don't let your old mother stand in your way?"

"Like you could be in my way!"

"Once I said to poor papa, the night we paid the mortgage off and had wine for supper: 'Papa,' I said, 'we're out of debt now—*Gott sei Dank!*—except one debt we owe to some girl when Abie grows up; and that debt we got to pay with money that won't come from work and struggle and saving; we got to pay that debt with our boy—with blood money.' Poor papa! Already he was asleep when I said it—half a glass of wine and he was mussy-headed."

"Yes, yes, mamma."

"A girl like Beulah Washeim I ain't got so much use for neither—with her silk petticoats and silk stockings; but Sol Washeim's got a grand business there, Abie. They don't move in a nine-room house from a four-room apartment for nothing."

"For Beulah's weight in gold I don't want her—the way she looks at me with her eyes, and shoots 'em round like I was a three-ringed circus."

"You're right—for money you shouldn't marry neither; only I always say it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich one as a poor one. But I'm the last one to force you. There's Hannah Rosenblatt—a grand, economical girl!"

"Hannah Rosenblatt—a girl that teaches school! She pushes on me I got to get educated yet."

Mrs. Ginsburg rocked and fanned rhythmically; her unsubtle lips curled upward with the subtle smile of a zingaro. The placidity of peace on a mountain-top, shade in a dell and love in a garden crept into her tones:

"I just want you to know I don't stand in your way, Abie. You ain't a child no more; but while I'm here you got so good a home as you want—not?"

"Sure!"

"Girls you can always get—not? Girls nowadays ain't what they used to be neither. I'd like to see a girl do today for papa what I did—how I was in the store and kitchen all at once; then we didn't have no satin-shoe clerks! Girls ain't what they used to be; in my day working girls had no time for fine-smelling cologne water and ——"

"All girls ain't alike, mamma—satin shoes cost no more nowadays as leather. We got a dollar-ninety-eight satin pump, you wouldn't believe it—and such a seller! All girls ain't alike, mamma."

"What you mean, Abie?"

Mr. Ginsburg turned on the couch so that his face was close to the wall and his voice half lost in the curve of his arm.

"Well, once in a while you come across a girl that ain't—ain't like the rest of 'em. Well, there ought to be girls that ain't like the rest of 'em, oughtn't there?"

Mrs. Ginsburg's rocking and fanning slowed down a bit; a curious moment fell over the little room; a nerve-tingling quiescence that in its pregnant moment can race the mind back over an eternity—a silence that is cold with sweat, like the second when a doctor removes his stethoscope from over a patient's left breast and looks at him with a film of pity glazing his eyes.

"What you mean, Abie? Tell mamma what you mean. I ain't the one to stand in your light." Mrs. Ginsburg's speech clogged in her throat.

"You know you always got a home with me, mamma. You know, no matter what comes, I always got to tuck you in bed at night and fix the windows for you. You know you always got with me the best kind of a home I got to give you. Ain't it?"

His hand crept out and rested lightly—ever so lightly—on his mother's knee.

"Abie, you never talked like this before—I won't stand in your way, Abie. If you can make up your mind, Beulah Washeim or Hannah Rosenblatt, either would be ——"

"Aw, mamma, it ain't them."

Mrs. Ginsburg's hand closed tightly over her son's—a train swooped past and created a flurry of warm breeze in the room.

"Who—is—it, Abie? Don't be afraid to tell mamma."

"Why, mamma, it ain't no one! Can't a fellow just talk? You started it—didn't you? I was just talking 'cause you was."

"He scares me yet! No consideration that boy has got for his mother! Abie, a little broth—you ain't got no fever, Abie—your head is cool like ice."

"You ain't had no supper yet, mamma."

"I had coffee at five o'clock; for myself I never worry. I'm glad enough you feel all right. It's eight o'clock, Abie—I go me to bed. Tomorrow I go to market with Yetta."

"Aw, mamma, now why for do you ——"

"I ain't too proud—such high-toned notions I ain't got. For what I pay forty-two cents for eggs up here when I can get 'em for thirty-eight?"

"Be careful, mamma; don't fall over the chair—you want a light?"

"No. Write me a note for the milkman, Abie, before you go to bed, and leave it out with the bottles—half a pint of double cream I want. I make you cream potatoes for supper tomorrow. I laid your blue shirt on your bed, Abie—don't go to bed on it. It's the last time I iron it; but once more you can wear it, then I make dustrags. I ironed it soft like you like."

"Yes, mamma."

"Put the cover on the canary, too, Abie. That night you went to the lodge he chirped and chirped, just like you was lost and he was crying 'cause me and him was lonely."

"Yes, mamma. Wait till I light the gas in your room for you—you'll stumble."

"Say, Have We Got Any More of Them 4567 French Heel, Chiffon Rosette?"

"It's too hot for light—I can see by the Magintys' kitchen light across the airshaft. What she does in her kitchen so late I don't know—such housekeeping! Yesterday with my own eyes I seen her shake a tablecloth out the window with a hole like my hand in it. She should know what I think of such ways."

Mrs. Ginsburg moved through the gloom, steering carefully round the phantom furniture. From his place on the couch her son could hear her moving about her tiny room adjoining the kitchen. A shoe dropped and, after a satisfying interval, another; the padding of bare feet across a floor; the tink of a china pitcher against its bowl; the slam of a drawer; the rusty squeal of spiral bedsprings under pressure.

"Abie, I'm ready."

When Mr. Ginsburg groped into his mother's room she lay in the casual attitude of sleep, but the yellow patch of light from the shaft fell across her open eyes and gray wisps of hair that lay on her pillow like a sickly aura.

"Good night, Abie. You're a good boy, Abie."

"Good night, mamma. A sheet ain't enough—you got to have the blue-and-white quilt on you too."

"Don't, Abie—do you want to suffocate me? I can't stand so much. Take off the quilt."

"Your rheumatism, you know, mamma—you'll see how much cooler it will get in the night."

"Ach, Abie, leave that window all the way up. So hot, and that boy closes me up like ——"

"When the lace curtain blows in it means you're in a draft, mamma—halfway open you can have it, but not all. Without me to fuss you'd have a fine rheumatism—like it ain't dangerous for you to sleep where there's enough draft to blow the curtain in."

"Abie, if you don't feel good, in two minutes I can get up and heat the broth if ——"

"I'm grand, mamma. Here, I move this chair so the light from Magintys' don't shine in your eyes."

"What she does in her kitchen so late I don't know. Good night, Abie. In the dark you look like poor papa. How he used to fuss round the room at night fixing me just like you—poor papa, Abie—not? Poor papa!"

"Good night, mamma."

Mr. Ginsburg leaned over and kissed his mother lightly on the forehead.

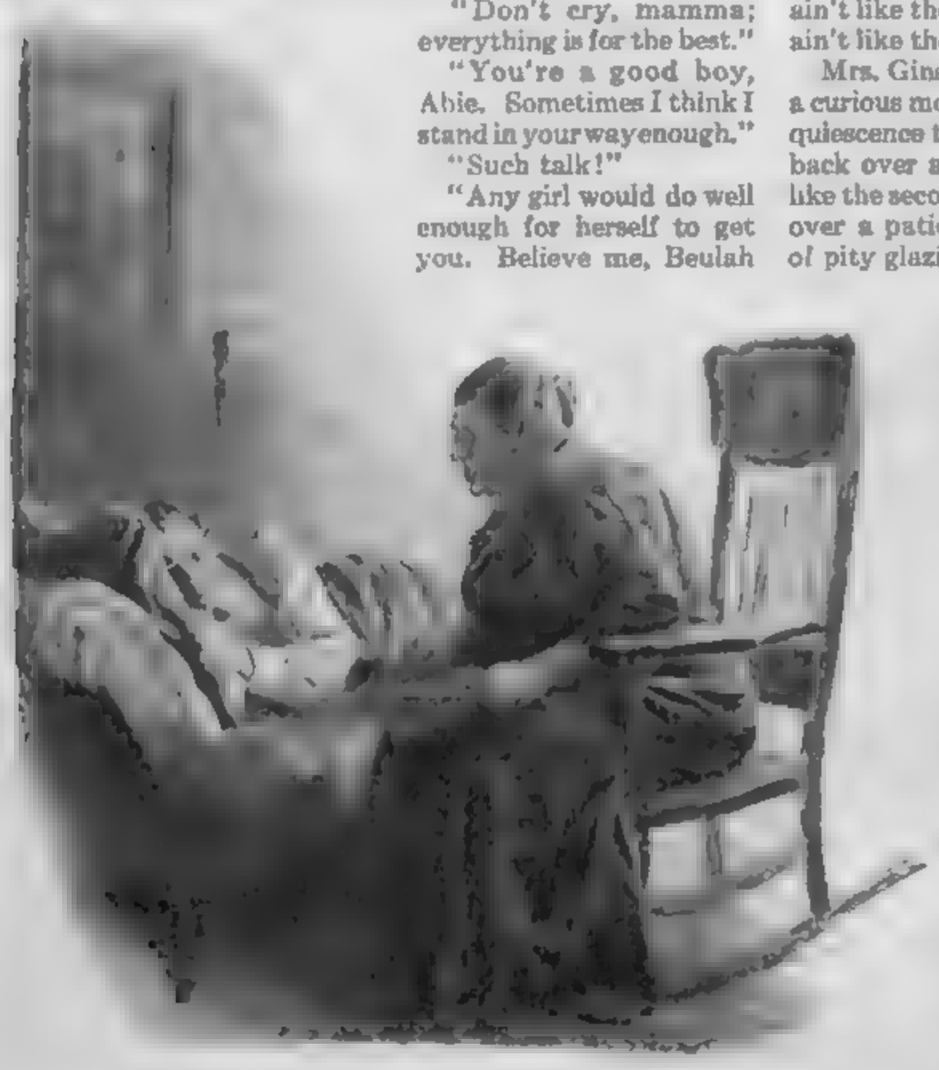
"Double cream did you say I should write the milkman?"

"Yes—and, Abie, don't forget to cover the bird."

"Yes. Here, I leave the door halfway open, mamma. Good night."

"Abie! Abie!"

"Yes?"



"What You Mean, Abie? Tell Mamma What You Mean"

"Oh, it ain't nothing at all, Abie—never mind."

"I'm right here, mamma. Anything you want me to do?"

"Nothing. Good night, Abie."

"Good night, mamma."

At eight-fifteen Monday morning Miss Ruby Cohn blew into the Ginsburg & Son's shoe store like a breath of thirty-nine-cents-an-ounce perfume shot from a strong-spray atomizer. The street hung with the strong breath of Mayflower a full second after her small, tail-heeled feet had crossed its soft asphalt.

At the first whiff Mr. Ginsburg drew the upper half of his body out from a case of misses' ten-button welt soles he was unpacking, and smiled as if Aurora and Spring, and all the heyday misses that Guido Reni and Botticelli loved to paint, had suddenly danced into his shop.

"Well, well, Miss Ruby, are you back?"

Miss Cohn titillated toward the rear of the store, the tail of a cockatoo titillated at a sharp angle from her hat, a patent-leather handbag titillated from a long cord at her wrist, and a smile iridescent as sunlight on spray played about her lips. She placed her hand blinker-fashion against her mouth as if she would curb the smile.

"Don't tell anybody, Mr. Ginsburg, and I'll whisper you something. Listen! I ain't back; I'm shooting porcelain ducks off the shelf in a china shop."

"Ah, you're back again with your fun, ain't you? Miss Ruby—believe me—I missed you enough. I bet you had a grand time at the farm!"

Mr. Ginsburg shook hands with her shyly, with a sudden red in his face and as if her fingers were holy with the dust of a butterfly's wings and he feared to brush it off.

"Say, Mr. Ginsburg, you should have seen me! What I think of a shoetree after laying all yesterday afternoon under a oak tree next to a brook that made a noise like playing a tune on wine glasses, I'd hate to tell you. Say, you're unpacking them ten-button welts, ain't you? Good! It ain't too soon for the school stock."

Miss Cohn withdrew two super-long, sapphire-headed hatpins from her super-small hat, slid out of a tan summer-silk jacket, dallied with the froth of white frills at her throat, ran her fingers through the flame of her hair and turned to Mr. Ginsburg. Her skin was like thick cream and smattered with large, light-brown freckles, which enhanced its creaminess as a crescent of black plaster laid against a lady's cheek makes fairness fairer.

"Well—how's business? I've come back feeling like I could sell storm rubbers to a mermaid."

"You look grand for certain, Miss Ruby. They just can't look any grander'n you. Believe me, I missed you enough! Today it's cool; but the day before yesterday you can know I was done up when I closed before six."

"Can you beat it? And I was laying flat on the grass, with ants running up my sleeves and down my neck, and wishing for my sealskin—it was so cool. I see Herschey's got clothtops in his window. What's the matter with us springing them patent-tip kids? Say, I got a swell idea for a window comin' home on the train—lookin' at the wheatfields made me think of it."

"Whatta you know about that? Wheatfields made her think of a shoe window—like a whip she is—so sharp!"

"It's a yellow season, Mr. Ginsburg; and we can use them old oak stands and have a tan school window that'll make every plateglass front between here and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street look like a Sixth Avenue slightly worn display."

"Good, you can have just what kind of a window you like, Miss Ruby—just anything you—you like. After such a summer we can afford such a full window as we want. I see the Busy Bee's got red-paper poppies in theirs—something like that, maybe, with ——"

"Nix on paper flowers for us! I got a china-silk idea from a little drummer I met up in the country—one nice little fellow! I wonder if you know him? Simon Leavitt; he says he sold you goods. Simon Leavitt. Know him?"

"No."

"One nice little fellow!"

Silence.

"I missed you lots, Miss Ruby. When Saturday came I said to mamma: 'How I miss that girl! Only one month she's been with us, but how I miss that girl!' Oh—eh, Miss Ruby?"

Miss Cohn adjusted a pair of tissue-paper sleevelets and smoothed her smooth tan hips as if she would erase them entirely; then she looked up at him delicately, and for the instant the pink aura of her hair and the rise and fall of her too high bosom gave her some of the fleshly beauty of a Flora.

"Like you had time to think of me! I bet the Washeim girl was in every other day for a pair of ——"

"Now, Miss Ruby, you — "

"Sh! There's someone out front. It's that cashier from Truman's grocery. You finish unpacking that case, Mr. Ginsburg. I'll wait on her. I bet she wants tango slippers."

Miss Cohn flitted to the front of the store as rapidly as the span of her narrow skirt would permit, and Mr. Ginsburg dived deep into the depths of his wooden case. But in his nostrils, in the creases of his coat, and in the recesses of his heart was the strong breath of the Mayflower; and, in the phantasmagoria of bonfire-colored hair and cream-colored skin, and the fragrance of his own emotions, he bent so dreamily over the packing case that the blood rushed as if by capillary attraction to his temples; and when he staggered to an upright posture large black blotches were doing an elf dance before his eyes.

"Mr. Ginsburg! Oh, Mr. Ginsburg!"

"Yes, Miss Ruby."

From the highest rung of a ladder, parallel with the top row of a wall of shoeboxes, Miss Cohn poised like a humming-bird.

"Say, have we got any more of them 4567 French heel, chiffon rosette?"

"Yes, Miss Ruby—right there under the 5678's."

"Mamma! Look! I Brought Company for Supper"

"Sure enough. Never mind coming out; I can find 'em—yes, here they are."

From her height she smiled down at him, pushed her ladder leftward along its track, clapped a shoebox under her arm, and hurried down, her shoe-buttoner jangling from a pink ribbon at her waistline. Mr. Ginsburg delved deeper.

"Mr. Ginsburg!"

"Yes, Miss Ruby."

"Just a moment, please—there's a lady out here wants low-cuts and I'm busy with a customer. Front, please—just this way, madam. I'll have someone to wait on you in a moment."

Mr. Ginsburg clapped his hands dry of dust, wriggled into his unlined alpaca coat, brushed his plushlike hair with his palms, and advanced to the front of the store. His voice was lubricated with the sweet oil of willing servitude.

"What can I do for you, madam? Low-cuts for yourself?"

He straddled a stool and took the foot in the cup of his hand. Beside him on a similar stool that brought their heads parallel Miss Ruby smoothed her hand across her customer's instep.

"Ain't that effect great, Mr. Ginsburg, with that swell little rosette? I was just telling this young lady if I had her instep I'd never wear anything but our dancing shoes."

"It certainly is swell," agreed Mr. Ginsburg, peering into the lining of the shoe he removed to read its size.

The day's tide quickened; the yellow benches, with ceiling fans purring over them, were filled with rows of trade who tamped the floor with shiny untried soles, bent themselves double to feel of toe and instep, and walked the narrow strip of green felt as if on clay feet they feared would break.

Came noon and afternoon. Miss Cohn ascended and descended the ladder with the agility of a street vender's mechanical toy, shoes tucked under each arm, and a pencil at a violent angle in the nest of her hair.

"Have we got any more of them 543 flat heels, Mr. Ginsburg?"

"Yes, Miss Ruby—right there in back of you."

"Say, you'd think I was using my eyes for something besides seeing, wouldn't you? Wait on that lady next, Mr. Ginsburg. She wants white kids."

"Certainly."

"Yes'm; we sell lots of them russet browns. It's a little shoe that gives satisfaction every time. Mr. Ginsburg is always ordering more. I wore a pair of them for two years myself. There ain't no wearout to them. We carry that in stock, too, and it keeps them like new—just rub with a flannel cloth—fifteen cents a bottle. Just a moment, madam; I'll be over to you as soon as I'm finished here. Mr. Ginsburg, take off that lady's shoe and show her a pair of them dollar-ninety-eight elastic sides while I finish with this lady. Sure, you can have 'em by five, madam. Name? Hornschein, 3456 Eighth Avenue? Dollar-eighty out of two. Thank you! Call again. Now, madam, what can I do for you? Yes, we have them in moccasins in year-old size—sixty cents, and grand and soft for their little feet. Wait; I'll see. Mr. Ginsburg, have we got those 672 infants' in pink?"

"Sure thing. Walt, Miss Ruby—I'll climb for you. I have to go up anyway."

"Aw, you're busy with your own customers. Don't trouble."

"Nothing's trouble when it's for you, Miss Ruby. Show her those tassel tops too."

"Oh, Mr. Ginsburg, ain't you the kidder though! Yes'm; the tassel tops are eighty. Ain't they the cutest little things!"

At six o'clock a medley of whistles shrieked out the eventide—clarions that ripped upward like a rocket in its flight; hard-throated soprano whistles that juggled with the topmost note like a colorature diva. The oak benches emptied. Mr. Ginsburg raised the front awning and kicked the carpet-covered brick away from the door, so that it swung quietly closed; daubed at his wrists and collartop with a damp handkerchief.

"First breathing space we've had today, ain't it, Miss Ruby?"

Miss Cohn flopped down on a bench and breathed heavily; her hair lay damp on her temples; the ruffles at her neck were limp as the ruff of a Pierette the morning after the costume ball.

"You should worry, Mr. Ginsburg! With such a business next year at this time, you'll have two clerks and more breathing space than you got breath."

Mr. Ginsburg seated himself carefully beside her at a wide range, so that a customer for a seven-E last could have fitted in between them.

"I've built up a good business here, Miss Ruby. The trouble with poor papa was he was afraid to spend and he was afraid of novelties. I couldn't learn him that a window-ful of satin pumps helps swell the storm-rubber sale. Those little dollar-ninety-eights look swell on your feet, Miss Ruby; you're a good advertisement for the stock—not?"

"Funny what a hit them pumps make! Mr. Leavitt was crazy about them too; but, say, what your mother thinks of these satin slippers I'd hate to tell you. When she was down the day before I left she looked at 'em till I got so nervous I tripped over the cracks between the boards. Say, but wasn't she sore about the new glass fixtures! I kinda felt like it was my fault too; but I was strong for 'em because ——"

"Mamma's the old-fashioned kind, Miss Ruby—her and poor papa liked the old way of doing things. She's getting old, Miss Ruby, but she means well. She's a good mother—a good mother."

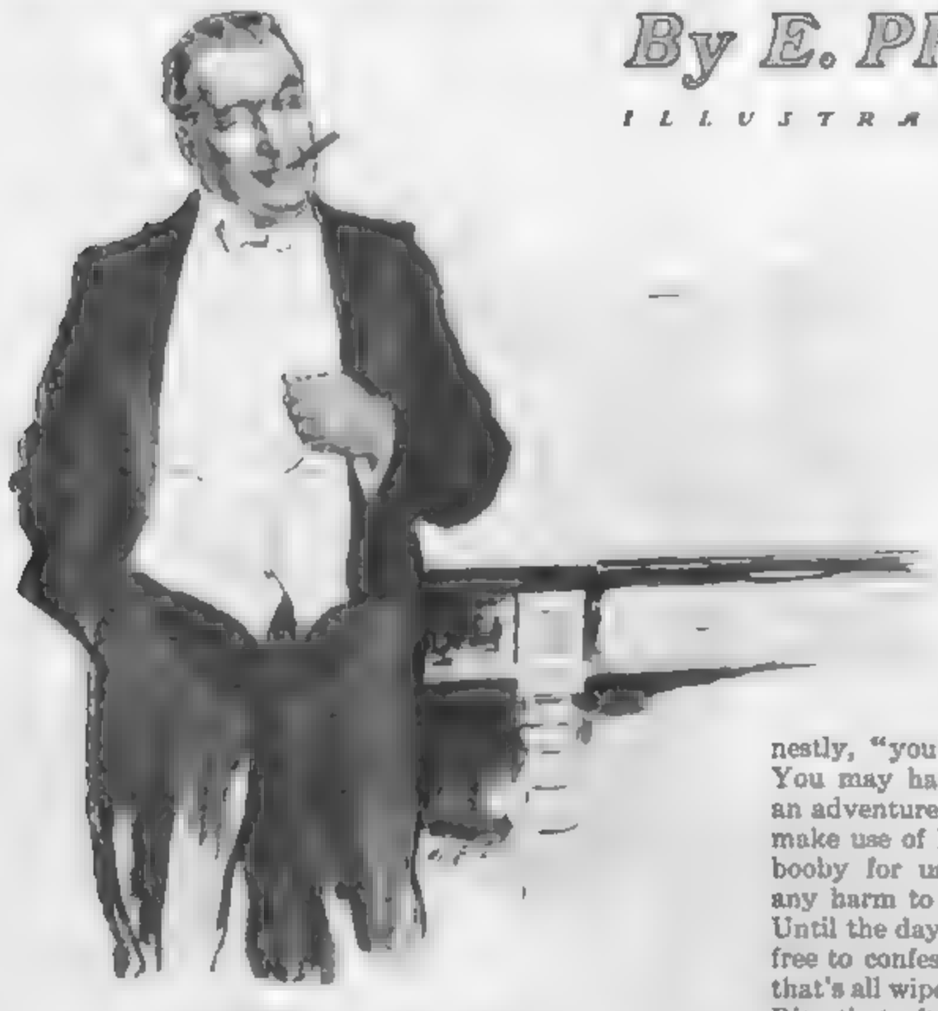
"She's sure a grand woman—carrying soup across to old Levinsky every day, and all."

(Continued on Page 40)

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ



"Say, That's the Dinner Gong!"

I SCARCELY recognized Mr. Cullen when he first accosted me in the courtyard of the Milan. At no time of distinguished appearance, a certain carelessness of dress and gait had brought him now almost on a level with the loafer in the street. His clothes needed brushing, he was unshaved, and he looked altogether very much in need of a bath and a new outfit.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Walmsley?" he asked, standing in the middle of the pavement in front of me and blocking my progress toward the Strand.

I hesitated for a moment. His identity was only just then beginning to dawn upon me.

"Mr. Cullen!" I exclaimed.

"At your service, sir."

I turned round and led the way back into the court.

"This is not a professional visit, I trust?" I said as we passed into the smokeroom.

"Not entirely, sir," Mr. Cullen admitted. "At the same time ——" He paused and looked out the window steadily for a moment, as though in search of inspiration.

"I trust," I began hastily, "that Mr. Bundercombe has not ——"

"Precisely about him, sir, that I came to see you," Mr. Cullen interrupted. "I am bound to admit that a few weeks ago there was no man in the world I would have laid my hands on so readily. That day at the Ritz, however, changed my views completely. I feel," he added, with a dry smile, "that I got more than level with Mr. Bundercombe when I sent for his wife."

"So it was you who sent the cables that brought her over!" I remarked.

"But please remember, sir," he begged apologetically, "that I had never seen the lady. I sent the cables, confidently anticipating that she would disclaim all knowledge of Mr. Bundercombe. When she arrived, and I realized that she was actually his wife, I forgave him freely for all the small annoyances he had caused me; my visit to you this morning, in fact, is entirely in his interests."

"What has Mr. Bundercombe been up to now?" I asked nervously.

"Nothing serious—at any rate, that I know of," Mr. Cullen assured me. "For the last fortnight—ever since Mrs. Bundercombe's arrival, in fact—Mr. Bundercombe has somehow or other managed to keep away from all his old associates and out of any sort of mischief. Last night, however, I was out on duty—I haven't had time to go home and change my clothes yet—in a pretty bad part, shadowing one of the most dangerous swell mobsmen in Europe—a man you may have heard of, sir. He is commonly known as Dagger Rodwell."

I hastily disclaimed any acquaintance with the person in question.

"Tell me, though," I begged, "what this has to do with Mr. Bundercombe?"

"Just this," Mr. Cullen explained: "I ran my man to ground in a place where I wouldn't be seen except professionally—and with him was Mr. Bundercombe."

"They were not engaged," I asked quickly, "in any lawbreaking escapade at the time, I trust!"

Mr. Cullen shook his head reassuringly.

"Rodwell only goes in for the very big coups," he said. "Two or three in a lifetime, if he brought them off, would be enough for him. All the same there's something planning now and he's fairly got hold of Mr. Bundercombe. He's a smooth-tongued rascal—absolutely a gentleman to look at and speak to. What I want you to do, sir, if you're sufficiently interested, is to take Mr. Bundercombe away for a time."

"Interested!" I groaned. "He'll be my father-in-law in a couple of months."

"Then if you want him to attend the ceremony, sir," Mr. Cullen advised earnestly, "you'll get him out of London. He's restless. You may have noticed that yourself. He's spoiling for an adventure, and Dagger Rodwell is just the man to make use of him and then leave him high and dry—the booby for us to save our bacon with. I don't wish any harm to Mr. Bundercombe, sir—and that's straight! Until the day I met Mrs. Bundercombe at Liverpool I am free to confess that I was feeling sore against him. Today that's all wiped out. We had a pleasant little time at the Ritz that afternoon, and my opinion of the gentleman is that he's the right sort. I'm here to give you the office, sir, to get him away from London—and get him away quick. I may know a trifle more than I've told you, or I may not; but you'll take my advice if you want to escape trouble."

"I'll do what I can," I assured him a little blankly. "To tell you the truth I have been fearing something of this sort. During the last few days especially his daughter tells me he has been making all sorts of excuses to get away. I'll do what I can—and many thanks, Mr. Cullen. Let me offer you something."

Mr. Cullen declined anything except a cigar and went on his way. I called a taxi and drove round to the very delightful house the Bundercombes had taken in Prince's Gardens. I caught Mr. Bundercombe on the threshold. He would have hurried off, but I laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Come back with me, if you please," I begged. "I have some news. I need to consult you all."

Mr. Bundercombe glanced at his watch. His manner was a little furtive. He was not dressed as usual—in frock coat, white waistcoat and silk hat, a costume that seemed to render more noticeable his great girth and smooth pink-and-white face—but in a blue serge, double-breasted suit, a bowler hat, and a style of neckgear a little reminiscent of the Bowery. Something in his very appearance seemed to me a confirmation of Mr. Cullen's warning. He looked at his watch and muttered something about an appointment.

"I promise not to keep you more than a very few minutes," I assured him. "Come along!"

I kept my arm on his and led him back into the house.

"Eve is in the morning room," he whispered. "Let's go in quietly and perhaps we shan't be heard."

We crossed the hall on tiptoe in the manner of conspirators. Before we could enter the room, however, our progress was arrested by a somewhat metallic cough. Mrs. Bundercombe, in a gray tweed coat and skirt of homely design, a black hat and black gloves, with a satchel in her hand, from which were protruding various forms of pamphlet literature, appeared suddenly on the threshold of the room she had insisted upon having allotted for her private use, and which she was pleased to call her study.

"Mr. Bundercombe!" she exclaimed portentously, taking no notice whatever of me.

"My dear?" he replied.

"May I ask the meaning of your leaving the house like a truant schoolboy at this hour of the morning, and in such garb!" demanded Mrs. Bundercombe, eying him severely through her pince-nez. "Is your memory failing you, Joseph Henry? Did you or did you not arrange to accompany me this morning to a meeting at the offices of the Women's Social Federation?"

"I fear I—er—I had forgotten the matter," Mr. Bundercombe stammered. "An affair of business—I was rung up on the telephone."

Mrs. Bundercombe stared at him. She said nothing: expression was sufficient. She turned to me.

"Eve is in the morning room, Mr. Walmsley," she said. "I presume your visit at this hour of the morning was intended for her."

"Precisely," I admitted. "I will go in and see her."

I opened the door and Mr. Bundercombe rather precipitately preceded me. If he had contemplated escape, however, he was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Bundercombe followed us in. She reminded us of her presence by a hard cough as Eve saluted me in a somewhat light-hearted fashion.

"Mind, there's mother!" Eve whispered, with a little grimace. "Tell me why you have come so early, Paul. Are you going to take me out motoring all day? Or are you going to the dressmaker's with me? I really ought to have a chaperon of some sort, you know, and mother is much too busy making friends with the leaders of the Cause over here."

She made a face at me from behind a vase of flowers. Mrs. Bundercombe apparently thought it well to explain her position.

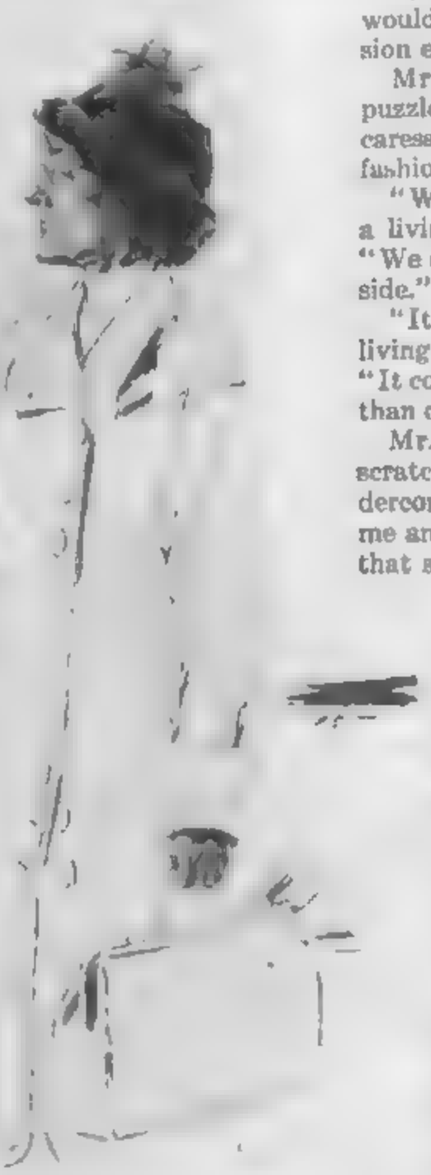
"I find it," she said, "absolutely incumbent upon me, while on a visit to this metropolis, to cultivate the acquaintance of the women of this country who are in sympathy with the great movement in the States with which I am associated. It is expected of me that I should make my presence over here known."

"Naturally," I agreed; "naturally, Mrs. Bundercombe. I see by the papers that you were speaking at a meeting last night. That reminds me," I went on, "that I really did come down this morning on rather an important matter, and perhaps it is as well that you are all here, as I should like your advice. I have received an invitation to stand for the division of the county in which I live."

They all looked puzzled.

"To stand for Parliament, I mean," I hastily explained to them. "It seems really rather a good opportunity—as, of course, I am fairly well known in the district, and the majority against us was only seventy or eighty at the last election."

"Say, that's interesting!" Mr. Bundercombe declared, putting down his hat. "I didn't know you were by way of being a professional man, though."



"Is Your Memory Failing You, Joseph Henry?"

"I'm not," I replied. "You wouldn't call politics a profession exactly."

Mr. Bundercombe was more puzzled than ever. His hand caressed his chin in familiar fashion.

"Well, it's one way of making a living, isn't it?" he asked. "We call it a profession on our side."

"It isn't a way of making a living at all!" I assured him. "It costs one a great deal more than can be made out of it."

Mr. Bundercombe stopped scratching his chin. Mrs. Bundercombe sat down opposite me and I was perfectly certain that she would presently have a few remarks to offer. Eve was looking delightfully interested.

"Say, I'm not quite sure I follow you," Mr. Bundercombe observed. "I am with you all right when you say that the direct pecuniary payment for being in Parliament doesn't amount to anything: but what's your pull worth, eh?"

"My what?" I inquired.

"Dash it all!" Mr. Bundercombe continued a little testily. "I only want to get at the common sense of the matter. You are thinking of trying for a seat in Parliament, and you say

the four hundred a year you get for it is nothing. Well, of course it's nothing. What I want to know is just what you get out of it indirectly? You get the handling of so much patronage, I suppose? What is it worth to you, and how much is there?"

I spent the next five minutes in an eloquent attempt to explain the difference between English and American politics. Mr. Bundercombe was partly convinced, but more than ever sure that he had found his way into a country of half-witted people. Eve, however, was much quicker at grasping the situation.

"I think it's perfectly delightful, Paul!" she declared. "I have read no end of stories of English electioneering, and they sound such fun! I want to come down and help. I have tons of new dresses—and I can read up all about politics going down on the train."

"That brings me," I went on, "to the real object of my visit. I want you and your father—I want you all," I added heroically—"to come down with me to Bedfordshire and help. You were coming anyway next week for a little time, you know. I want to carry you off at once."

Mrs. Bundercombe, who had been only waiting for her opportunity, broke in at this juncture.

"Young man," she said impressively; "Mr. Walmsley, before I consent to attend one of your meetings or to associate myself in any way with your cause, I must ask you one plain and simple question, and insist upon a plain and simple answer: What are your views as to Woman Suffrage?"

"The views of my party," I answered, with futile diplomacy.

"Enunciate as briefly as possible, but clearly, what the views of your party are," Mrs. Bundercombe bade me.

"I won't have him heckled!" Eve protested, coming over to my side.

I coughed.

"We are entirely in sympathy," I explained, "with the enfranchisement of women up to a certain point. We think that unmarried women who own property and pay taxes should have the vote."

"Rubbish!" Mrs. Bundercombe exclaimed firmly. "We want universal suffrage. We want men and women placed on exactly the same footing, politically and socially."

"That," I said, "I am afraid no political party would be prepared to grant at present."

"Then, save as an opponent, I can attend no political meetings in this country," Mrs. Bundercombe declared, rising to her feet with a fearsome air of finality.

I sighed.

"In that case," I confessed, "I am afraid it is useless for me to appeal to you for help. Perhaps you and your father——" I added, turning to Eve.

"Let them go down to you in the country by all means!" Mrs. Bundercombe interrupted. "For my part, though my visit to Europe was wholly undesired—was forced upon me, in fact, by dire circumstances," she added emphatically, glaring at Mr. Bundercombe—"since I am here I find so much work ready to my hand, so much appalling ignorance, so much prejudice, that I conceive it to be my duty to take up during my stay the work which presents itself here. I accordingly shall not leave London."

Mr. Bundercombe cheered up perceptibly at these words.

"I am rather busy myself," he said; "but perhaps a day or two——"

I thrust my arm through his.

"I rely upon you to help me canvass," I told him. "A lot is done by personal persuasion."

"Canvass!" Mr. Bundercombe repeated reflectively. "Say, just what do you mean by that?"

"It is very simple," I assured him. "You go and talk to the farmers and voters generally, and put a few plain issues before them—we'll post you up all right as to what to say. Then you wind up by asking for their votes and interest on my behalf."

"I do that—do I?" Mr. Bundercombe murmured. "Talk to them in a plain, straightforward way, eh?"

"That's it," I agreed. "A man with sound common sense like yourself could do me a lot of good."

Mr. Bundercombe was thoughtful. I am convinced that at that moment the germs of certain ideas which bore fruit a little later on were born in his mind. I saw him blink several times as he gazed up at the ceiling. I saw a faint smile gradually expand over his face. A premonition of trouble, even at that moment, forced itself on me.

"You'll have to be careful, you know," I explained a little apprehensively. "You'll have to keep friends with the fellows all the time. They wouldn't appreciate practical jokes down there and the law as to bribery and corruption is very strict."

Mr. Bundercombe nodded solemnly.

"If I take the job on," he said, "you can trust me. It seems as though there might be something in it."

"You'll come down with me, then," I begged, "both of you? Come this afternoon! The dressmakers can

"Aren't You Glad Now That We Brought Father Down to Keep Him Out of Mischief?"

follow you, Eve. It isn't far—an hour in the train and twenty minutes in the motor. We may have to picnic a little just to start with, but I know that the most important of the servants are there, ready and waiting."

"Pray do not let me stand in your way," Mrs. Bundercombe declared, rising. "My time will be fully occupied. I wish you good morning, Mr. Walmsley. I have an appointment at a quarter to twelve. You can let me know your final decision at luncheon-time."

She left the room. Mr. Bundercombe, Eve and I exchanged glances.

"How far away did you say your place was, Paul?" Mr. Bundercombe asked.

"Right in the country," I told him—"takes you about an hour and a half to get there."

"I think we'll come," Mr. Bundercombe decided, looking absently out the window and watching his wife eloquently admonish a taxicab driver, who had driven up with a cigarette in his mouth. "Yes, I'm all for it!"

My little party at Walmsley Hall was in most respects a complete success. My sister was able to come and play hostess, and Eve was charmed with my house and its surroundings. Mr. Bundercombe, however, was a source of some little anxiety. On the first morning, when we were all preparing to go out, he drew me on one side.

"Paul," he said—he had, with some difficulty, got into the way of calling me by my Christian name occasionally—"I want to get wise to this thing. Where does your political boss hang out?"

"We haven't such a person," I told him.

He seemed troubled. The more he inquired into our electioneering habits, the less he seemed to understand them.

"What's your platform anyway?" he asked.

I handed him a copy of my election address, which he read carefully through, with a large cigar in the corner of his mouth. He handed it back to me with a somewhat depressed air.

"Seems to kind of lack grit," he remarked, a little doubtfully. "Why don't you go for the other side a bit more?"

"Look here!" I suggested, mindful that Eve was waiting for me. "You run down and have a chat with my agent. You'll find him just opposite the town hall in Bildborough. There's a car going down now."

"I'm on!" he agreed. "Anyway I must get to understand this business."

He departed presently and returned to luncheon with a distinctly crestfallen air. He beckoned me mysteriously into the library and laid his hand upon my shoulder in friendly fashion.

"Look here, Paul," he said, "is it too late to change your ticket?"

"Change my what?" I asked him.

"Change your platform—or whatever you call it! You're on the wrong horse, Paul, my boy. Even your own agent admits it—though I never mentioned your name at first or told him who I was. All the people round here with votes are farmers, agricultural laborers and small shopkeepers. Your platform's of no use to them."

"Well, that's what we've got to find out!" I protested. "Personally, I am convinced that it is."

"Now look here!" Mr. Bundercombe argued; "these chaps, though they seem stupid enough, are all out for themselves. They want to vote for what's going to make life easier for them. What's the good of sticking it into 'em about the Empire! Between you and me I don't think they care a fig for it. Then all this talk about military service—— Gee! They ain't big enough for it! Disestablishment too—what do they care about that! You let me write your address for you. Promise 'em a land bill. Promise them the food on their tables at a bit less. Stick something in about a reduction in the price of beer. I've seen the other chap's address and it's a corker! Mostly lies, but thundering good ones. You let me touch yours up a bit."

"Where have you been?" I asked, a strange misgiving stealing into my mind. "Have you been talking to Mr. Ansell like this?"

"Ansell? No! Who's he?" Mr. Bundercombe inquired.

"My agent."

Mr. Bundercombe shook his head.

"Chap I pulled up with was called Harrison."

I groaned.

"You've been to the other fellow's agent," I told him; "the agent for the Radical candidate."

Mr. Bundercombe whistled.

"You don't say!" he murmured. "Well, I'll tell you what it is, Paul, there are no flies on that chap! He's a real nippy little worker—that's what he is! If you take my advice," he went on persuasively, "you'll swap. We'll make it worth his while to come over. I've seen your Mr. Ansell—if that's his name. I saw the name on a brass plate

and I saw him come out of his office—stiff, starched sort of chap, with a thin face and gray side whiskers!"

"That's the man," I admitted. "He and his father before him, and his grandfather, have been solicitors to my people for I don't know how many years!"

"He looked it!" Mr. Bundercombe declared. "A withered old skunk, if ever there was one! You want a live man to see you through this, Paul. You let me go down and sound Harrison this afternoon. No reason that I can see why we shouldn't use his fellow's address, too, if we can make terms with him."

"Look here!" I said. "Politics over on this side don't admit of such violent changes. My address is in the printer's hands and I've got to stick to it; and Ansell will have to be my agent whatever happens. It isn't all talk that wins these elections. The Walmsleys are well known in the county and we've done a bit for the country during the last hundred years. This other fellow—Horrocks, his name is—has never been near the place before. I grant you he's going to promise a lot of very interesting things, but that's been going on just a little too long. The people have had enough of that sort of thing. I think you'll find they'll put more trust in the little we can promise than in that rigmarole of Harrison's."

Mr. Bundercombe shook his head doubtfully.

"Well," he sighed, "I'm only on the outside edge of this thing yet. I must give it another morning."

We had a pleasant luncheon party, at which Mr. Bundercombe was introduced to some of my supporters, with whom—as he usually did with everyone—he soon made himself popular. Eve and I then made our first little effort at canvassing. Eve's methods differed from her father's.

"I am so sorry," she said as she shook hands with a very influential but very doubtful voter of the farmer class, "but I don't know anything about English politics; so I can't talk to you about it as I'd like to. But you know I am going to marry Mr. Walmsley and come to live here, and it would be so nice to feel that all my friends had voted for him. If you have a few minutes to spare, Mr. Brown, would you please tell me just where you don't agree with Paul? I should so much like to hear, because he tells me that if once you were on his side he would feel almost comfortable."

Mr. Brown, who had always met my advances with a grim taciturnity that made conversation exceedingly difficult, proceeded to dissertate upon one or two of the vexed questions of the day. I ventured to put in a few words now and then, and after a time he invited us in to tea. When we left he was more gracious than I had ever known him to be.

"And you must vote for Mr. Walmsley!" Eve declared at the end of her little speech of thanks, "because I want so much to have you come and take tea with me on the Terrace at the House of Commons—and I can't unless Paul is a member, can I?"

"Bribery and corruption!" Mr. Brown laughed. "However we'll see. Certainly I have been very much pleased to hear Mr. Walmsley's views upon several matters. When did you say the village meeting was, Mr. Walmsley?"

"Thursday night," I replied.

"Well, I'll come," he promised.

"You'll take the chair?" I begged. "Nothing could do me more good than that; and I feel sure, if you look at things ——" I was going to be very eloquent, but Eve interrupted me.

"Let me sit next you, please," she said, looking up at him with her large, unusually innocent eyes.

"Oh, well—if you like!" Mr. Brown assented.

We drove off down the avenue in complete silence. When we had turned the corner Eve gave a little sigh.

"Paul," she declared, "I don't think there's anything I've ever come across in my life that's half so much fun as electioneering! Please take me to the next most difficult."

If Eve was a success, however, Mr. Bundercombe was to turn out a great disappointment. He came home a little later for dinner, looking very gloomy.

"Paul," he said, as we met for a moment in the smoking room, "Paul, I've sad news for you."

"I am sorry to hear it," I replied.

"I've looked into this little matter of politics," he continued; "I've looked into it as thoroughly as I can and I can't support you. You're on the wrong side, my boy! I've shaken hands with Mr. Horrocks, and that's the man who'll get the votes in this constituency. I've promised to do what I can to help him."

I was a little taken aback.

"You're not in earnest!" I exclaimed.

"Dead earnest!" Mr. Bundercombe regretted. "The chap's convinced me. I feel it's up to me to lend him a hand."

"But surely," I expostulated, "even if you cannot see your way clear to help me, there's no need for you to go over to the enemy like this! You're not obliged to interfere in the election at all, are you?"

Mr. Bundercombe sighed.

"Matter of principle with me!" he explained. "I must be doing something. I can't canvass for you. I'll have to look round a bit for the other chap."

"I really don't see," I began, just a little annoyed, "why you should feel called upon to interfere in an English election at all, unless it is to help a friend."

Mr. Bundercombe looked at me and solemnly winked! "Say, that's the dinner gong!" he announced cheerfully. "Let's be getting in."

"But I don't quite understand ——"

Mr. Bundercombe repeated the wink upon a smaller scale. I followed him into the drawing room, still in the dark as to his exact political position.

The movements of my prospective father-in-law were, for the next few days, wrapped in a certain mystery. He arrived home one evening, however, in a state of extreme indignation. As usual when anything had happened to upset him he came to look for me in the library.

"My boy," he said, "of all the God-forsaken, out-of-the-world, benighted holes, this Bildborough of yours absolutely takes the cake! For sheer ignorance—for sheer, thick-headed, bumptious, arrogant ignorance—give me your farmers!"

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"Wrong? Listen!" he exclaimed, almost dramatically. "In this district—in this whole district, mind—there is not a single farmer who has heard of Bundercombe's Reapers!"

"I farm a bit myself," I reminded him, "and I had never heard of them."

Mr. Bundercombe went to the sideboard and mixed himself a cocktail with great care.

"Bundercombe's Reapers" he said, as soon as he had disposed of it, "are the only reapers used by live farmers in the United States of America, Canada, Australia, or any other country worth a cent!"

"That seems to hit us pretty hard," I remarked. "Have you got an agent over here?"

"Sure!" Mr. Bundercombe replied. "I don't follow the sales now, so I can't tell you what he's doing; but we've an agent here—and any country that doesn't buy Bundercombe's Reapers is off the line as regards agriculture!"

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Do!" Mr. Bundercombe toyed with his wine glass for a moment and then set it down. "What I have done," he announced, "is this: I have wired to my agent. I have ordered him to ship half a dozen machines—if necessary on a special train—and I am going to give an exhibition on some land I have hired, over by Little Bildborough, the day after tomorrow."

"That's the day of the election!" I exclaimed.

"You couldn't put it off, I suppose?" he suggested. "That's the day I've fixed for my exhibition at any rate. I am giving the farmers a free lunch—slap-up affair it's going to be, I can tell you!"

"I am afraid," I answered, with a wholly wasted sarcasm, "that the affair has gone too far now for us to consider an alteration in the date."

"Well, well! We must try not to clash," Mr. Bundercombe said magnanimously. "How long does the voting go on?"

"From eight until eight," I told him.

Mr. Bundercombe was thoughtful.

"It's a long time to hold them!" he murmured.

"To hold whom?" I demanded.

Mr. Bundercombe started slightly.

"Nothing! Nothing! By the by, do you know a chap called Jonas—Henry Jonas, of Milton Farm?"

"I should think I do!" I groaned. "He's the backbone of the Opposition, the best speaker they've got and the most popular man."

Mr. Bundercombe smiled sweetly.

"Is that so!" he observed. "Well, well! He is a very intelligent man. I trust I'll be able to persuade him that any reaper he may be using at the present moment is a jay compared to Bundercombe's—this season's model!"

"I trust you may," I answered, a trifle tartly. "I am glad you're likely to do a little business; but you won't mind my reminding you—will you?—that you really came down here to give me a leg up with my election, and not to sell your machines or to spend half your time in the enemy's camp!"

Mr. Bundercombe smiled. It was a curious smile, which seemed somehow to lose itself in his face. Then the dinner gong sounded and he winked at me slowly. Again I was conscious of some slight uneasiness. It began to dawn upon me that there was a scheme somewhere hatching; that Mr. Bundercombe's activity in the camp of the enemy might perhaps have an unsuspected significance. I talked to Eve about this after dinner; but she reassured me.

"Father talks of nothing but his reaping machines," she declared. "Besides, I am quite sure he would do nothing indiscreet. Only yesterday I found him studying a copy of the act referring to bribery and corruption. Dad's pretty smart, you know!"

"I do know that," I admitted. "I wish I knew what he was up to though."

"It's Up to You to Help Him"

The next day was the last before the election. The little market of Bildborough was in a state of considerable excitement. Several open-air meetings were held toward evening. Eve and I, returning from a motor tour of the constituency, called at the office of my agent. We chatted with Mr. Ansell for a little while and then he pointed across the square.

"There's an American there," he said, "that the other side seems to have got hold of. He's their most popular speaker by a long way; but I gather they're a little uneasy about him. Didn't I have the pleasure of meeting him at your house?"

"Mr. Bundercombe!" I sighed. "He came down here to help me!"

Mr. Ansell put on his hat and beckoned mysteriously. "Come out by the back way," he invited. "We shall hear him. He is going to speak from the little platform there."

By crossing a hotel yard, a fragment of kitchen garden and a bowling green, we were able to come within a few yards of where Mr. Bundercombe, with several other of Mr. Horrocks' supporters, was standing upon a small raised platform. Two local tradesmen and one helper from London addressed a few remarks of the usual sort to an apathetic audience, which was rapidly increasing in size. It was only when Mr. Bundercombe rose to his feet that the slightest sign of enthusiasm manifested itself. Eve looked at me with a pleased smile.

"Just look at all of them," she whispered, "how they are hurrying to hear dad speak!"

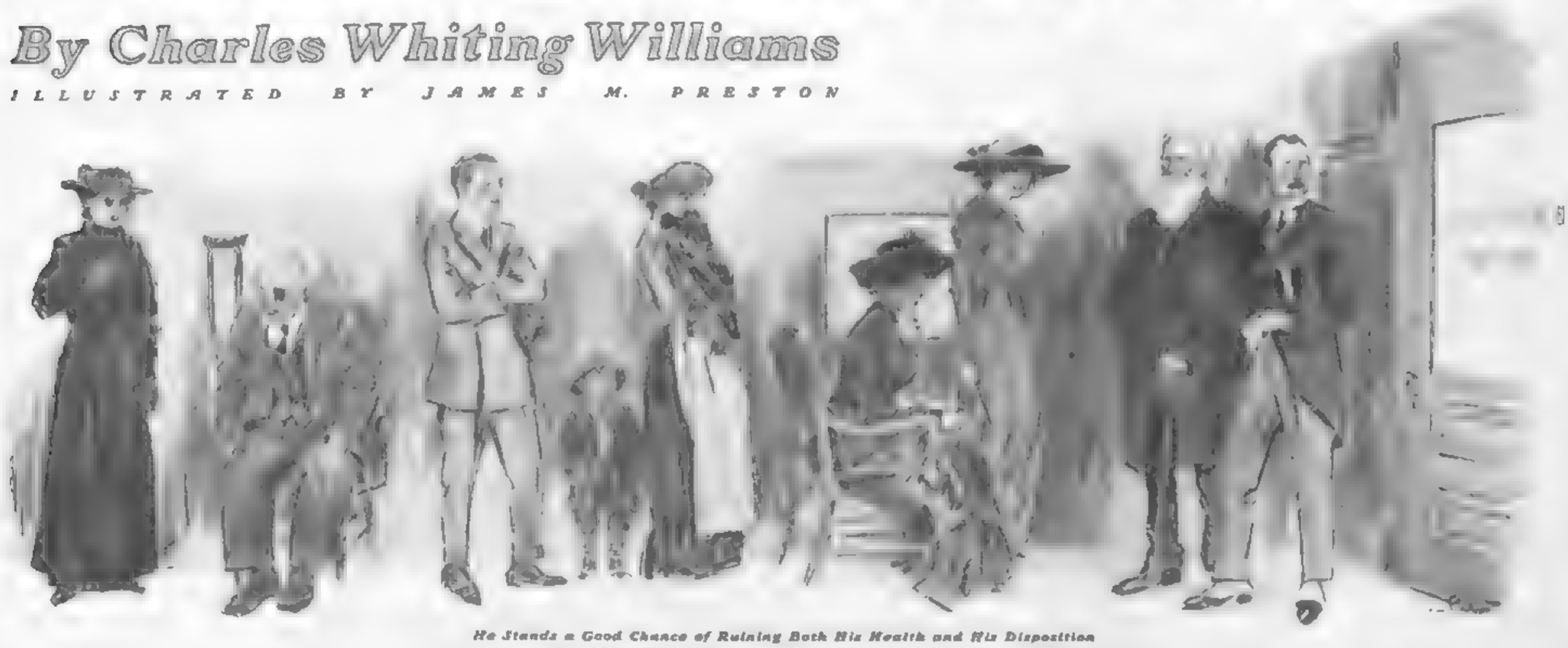
(Continued on Page 37)

The Forlorn Philanthropist

IS IT MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE?

By Charles Whiting Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON



He Stands a Good Chance of Ruining Both His Health and His Disposition

BETWEEN New Year's Day and the thirty-first of December, 1912, the huge sum of two hundred and forty-two million dollars was given away by rich and generous Americans in lots of one thousand dollars and over. Undoubtedly the amount given in smaller sums would double the total figure—four hundred and eighty million dollars, say, or the income on an imaginary capital of twelve billion dollars of four per cent bonds!

Such an enormous bond issue would, to be sure, represent "good will"—intangible though very active and highly serviceable good will—at present operative in this country; but, so far from pointing to heavily watered securities, such a capitalization would in reality fall far short of representing the American people's present enormous holdings of the milk of human kindness, from which can be drawn off each year cream for the nourishment of a growing multitude of good causes.

These causes are of every description and for the benefit of every class, from the down-and-outs in the breadline to the Peters or the Percys in the university dormitory. Presumably every dollar does somewhat to increase the sum of the receiver's and beneficiary's happiness. Presumably, likewise, every dollar adds even more to the sum of the giver's quiet satisfaction and happiness—if it is true that the giver is scheduled to receive more blessings than the givee. According to that long-believed maxim the happiest group in America should be the comparatively small number contributing that two hundred and forty-two million dollars.

Yet it cannot be disputed that, on the present basis of gift-making—and gift-asking—large philanthropists, as a class, are very unhappy people.

Not everybody is aiming at great possessions; but of those that are, very few, of course, ever attain them. To aim and strain and finally attain—and then find the wine of great possessions bitter—that is strange and sad indeed. Yet just that happens in many, many cases.

How does such a situation come about? In the first place—and naturally enough too—a large bank account itself cuts its owner off from the multitude. Whether he has as a matter of fact changed or not, everybody is certain that Mr. Nowrich is a very different gentleman from the chap with whom they used to walk downtown to business a few years before.

"It's a joy to see you!" said the wife of an automobile millionaire recently to a friend. "You are one of the few who expect to find me still the same person and friend I was before. The others I have to reach out and pull in, and almost give first-aid treatment before we can get going on the old basis."

As a class the millionaire—whether philanthropic or not—is for such and other reasons the most lonesome person in the world. So long as he is not headlined as a large benefactor, however, he is lucky; his lack of friends only seriously begins the day after the papers tell of his first fifty-thousand-dollar or hundred-thousand-dollar gift to charity. Immediately his mail jumps to bushel-basket proportions. He is compelled to forego the old contacts he used to enjoy with the occasional applicant and to proceed to hire a secretary whose salary depends on his ability to build up an insurmountable and absolutely beggar-proof Chinese Wall. If he decides against the wall and tries to handle appeals and appealers himself he stands a good chance of ruining both his health and his disposition.

"Go down to his office and walk right in and see him," said the son of a certain lumber baron who was fighting to retain his old democratieness and accessibility. "He'll get mad, because it's now eleven o'clock and you'll probably be number seventeen for this morning; but after he gets hold of himself he'll give you a thousand or so to salve his conscience for losing his temper. When he breaks down and goes away for a rest," he added, "we hope to persuade him to give up and hire an assistant."

A Large Bank Account Itself Cuts its Owner Off From the Multitude

The secretary and the wall he must build are veritable lifesavers to an extent little imagined. In her first six months of widowhood Mrs. Russell Sage received thirty thousand letters of appeal! In a little longer period Mrs. E. H. Harriman's postman brought requests for a total of two hundred and sixty-seven million dollars! Most of this, also, was asked for as money "she would never miss"! The skill in vaulting walls that some persons of long experience and short scruple are able to develop is almost beyond belief.

"I wish to see you on an important matter at the request of Mr. Great-Power," comes frequently nowadays over the phone in an unknown voice to the ear of the ordinary merchant in the ordinary city. The call thus arranged is opened later on by the unfolding of a subscription list on which appears the name of Mr. Great-Power opposite a small gift!

"You don't mean to tell me you actually try to secure gifts with that kind of a calling-card—one that tells frankly what you want to see a man for! Why, I could never raise a dollar in that way!" said one of those who are supposedly professionally expert in securing people's interest in good works—or, at least, their money.

If that is what the ordinary giver has to withstand, think what the really big philanthropist's wall must resist if his life is not to be completely miserable.

Yet, in spite of a perfect cordon of secretaries, butlers and guards, even Mr. Carnegie has sometimes been surprised to find at his elbow in his inmost library an unusually adept wall-scaler of a solicitor who, you may be sure, does not waste an instant of the stolen opportunity to present his cause.

That sort of thing is now considered almost good form by so-called representatives. In itself it makes many persons hesitate before becoming notably generous. A person's blessedness is sure to be still further lessened, also, by the frequent discoveries of real and flagrant fraud in appeals and appealers; for, of course, two hundred and forty-two million dollars is too large a prize not to attract many confidence men—and confidence women—into the game of wall-climbing for a chance at it. Many there are, too, who succeed quite tolerably well after devoting all their energies to it. Even the casual and ordinarily conscientious appealer finds it difficult to be entirely frank in the presence of the man or woman who can bestow a fortune.

Such things assuredly make glad the heart of no one. Disheartening, too,

Continued on Page 32

Autobiography of a Happy Woman

When the Ego in Front of One's Eye Shuts Out the Universe

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

"I Want You to Quit This College Game"

WE WHO have passed through tight places; who have borne heavy burdens which other hands than ours have bound; who have been called on to pay the penalty of our ancestors' transgressions in body and soul, in incompetency and skulking, in weakness and sin—have at some time or other, perhaps for a moment of illness or a night of darkness that only the soul knows, turned our faces to the wall with a horrible sinking conviction that God has forgotten us.

Just when we have come to swear by some rule of life as by the eternal rocks, the thing breaks under our faith like a broken reed and we fall crippled. Perhaps it is faith in the personal intervention of a personal God; perhaps in the great scientific law of cause and effect; perhaps in scales of justice so finely balanced that a hair's weight a century back sways our destiny of today.

One man calls his talisman religious faith—another calls his scientific law; but just when each is leaning most heavily on his law of life a grinning goddess of chance intervenes. Nature slips a cog or a belt—or something. The good man, whose touch blesses all he passes, loses his reason or his life. The blackguard, whose breath blights the atmosphere, lives on in redundant health, a curse to life. Innocence is torn to pieces by the beasts of the human jungle. Guilt passes smiling unctuously down life's way.

We may call it pessimism, or agnosticism, or loss of faith in God—the epithet does not matter much; the point is, we turn our faces to the wall with a cynical jeering fear that perhaps there are no rules to the game at all, except malignant force. A certain brand of Christianity takes unction to itself at this point of stress for what it calls resignation, and turns up the whites of its eyes to any curse that may come along as God's will.

I have known men who let "poverty come as an armed man"; let their children come down to a condition where they had no shirts to their backs—and then consoled themselves that it could not be helped; it was fate, or the will of God, or the social system; they had "done their best." Whereas no living soul has ever done his best until he has done It—whatever the job is that life has put up to him; and no living soul has a right to say he cannot until he dies trying to put it over. Only then may we "curse God and die," and declare there are no rules to the game.

I didn't learn these things from old Solomon. I got them bumped in—and the bumps were pretty sore.

The Fads of Half-Baked Education

WHEN you do your work well there is always abundance of work to be done. I had barely come back to the city after filling out a friend's term in the country when I was offered and accepted two other substitute positions—one for a few weeks in a small, backward, almost deserted boom town; another in the city—an enormous preparatory collegiate class of seventy youngsters in their early teens, mostly boys. I think it was my happy relations with the big obstreperous fellows of the Beautiful Plains District that brought me the offer of this position.

The teacher was dying of tuberculosis. In order not to cut off his salary I was put in as a "temporary" at a figure that seemed perfect opulence to me—sixty-five dollars a month. A regular supply would have cost one hundred dollars a month; so, by paying me sixty-five dollars, there was enough of a balance to keep the sufferer as long as he lived—and he lived for two years. I deemed myself the luckiest person alive. I wanted to laugh and sing through life. Now, instead of stopping to go to the university I would study at night and take my degree; then when I had finished I would have enough saved to go abroad. The acceptance of the position was a blunder for a lot of reasons. It diverted me from my true aim; and if you have an aim the only way to get to it is to go to it in spite of whatever may be between you and it. Then, classes of seventy to eighty are either physical suicide to the teacher or gradual mental suicide to the children. The teacher either does justice to the children and injustice to self, or reverses the process.

Besides, we were in that half-baked educational state of piling experiment on experiment. One week it was free-hand writing. Another week the youngsters were set to working their jaws on what was called articulation. Then a physical-culture or Delsarte crank would come along and we would have an epidemic of that—soulful poses expressing personality through the body, and that sort of thing. One week we were told that "to punish or strike a child was to insult God, its Creator." Another week some of the supervisors would not be quite so sure that our grandfathers' shingle methods might not help a boy's morals more than mushy, contempt-inviting pleadings for him to be good.

The educational process was one constant run of fads, ignoring the fact that the aim of all education is to prepare for living and that the best foundation for that preparation is character. If the teacher realized that, all these non-essential fads could be worked into the main current of aims, instead of being pushed up as ends in themselves.

Besides, the stereotyped routine robbed life of all zest. Skulkers must always be harnessed to routine—but from skulkers good work never comes; and to tie enthusiasm down to routine—to an hour's exercise a day, say, in working your jaws on "a-ee-ou"—is to clip life of all joy. I taught with fury the first term and did not spare myself, studied until four in the morning, and ended up with typhoid fever, which took every cent of my savings.

The second term I spared myself, put the burden on the youngsters, let the sluggards slug and the laggards lag, and the blockheads dream behind their desks undisturbed by me and still studied until four in the morning. But I had had enough of it. It was stealing something from life that neither gold nor rubies can buy. It was robbing life of zest. It was painlessly etherizing all initiative. It was systematizing, machine-standardizing, routine-hypnotizing into a factory process what ought to be as much a living growth as the culture of a rose garden.

It was, in fact, subjecting roses and cabbages and carrots and cauliflowers and orchids and cacti to the very same treatment and expecting good results—which, of course, we did not get. Was that the reason, I wondered, that so many teachers came to middle life disillusioned, with fires quenched? I could not answer that question then, and I cannot now.

And I was restive for other reasons. To have a happy life you must swing on your own pivot and not teeter round the center of gravity of some other personality. If you want to be independent at forty you must build on your own foundations at twenty. If you spend your youth substituting in some other person's place, some other person will substitute in your place when you come to middle life. You must aim to own your labor and get the value out of it for yourself, or you will come to old age and some other fellow will own the profits of your labor.

If you are etherized you will probably think it all right. If you are still alive you will probably become a ramping red something or other, cursing things as they are; whereas you should properly be cursing yourself for not having aimed to own your labor just as soon as you could learn the rules of the game.

I did not analyze things out in this fashion at that time. I was just desperately restive. I knew I was not getting anywhere. I had deferred my course at the university to save—and was saving barely a cent. The collapse had struck the West—I can only describe it by saying like a hurricane. Miles on miles of city houses stood empty, with streets lonelier than mountain cañons. Blocks that had sold at boom prices of seventy to two hundred thousand dollars now went under the hammer for taxes at a few thousands.

This did not affect the family income, but it did bring lame ducks limping home who needed helping. Boys who had set out too early had to come home and set out all over again, with a lot of fool pride acquired in boom inflation, which they had to discard before they could make a new start.

Hurting Yourself to Help Others

ONE brother, who had been cleaning up ten thousand dollars a year before he was twenty-six, and not saving a cent of it, now came home down to thirty dollars a month, with debts that he could never hope to pay and lungs giving very ugly, unmistakable signs. There were other lame ducks in the family connection who are not a part of this story; but, having been diverted from my original aim in order to save, I now found that I could save barely a pittance.

Just here comes in a question that can be answered only in a paradox; and it is a paradox you will not understand until you are at the place yourself. Is it worth while to hurt yourself to help others? The woman with the feckless husband, the mother with the spendthrift son, the sister with the no-good brother, the girl with the just-one-more-chance lover—all of these have to answer that question, and are answering it daily all over the world to their own hurt.

Let us put the question differently: Is it worth while to help others if you have to hurt yourself in doing it? If I were not telling this story of a commonplace life anonymously I could not speak frankly now. I have helped people in dire stress because their own tragic habits bound them in cords of slavery—I believe the Bible expression is "cords of his sins"—who have scarcely had their wounds healed before they stole from the hands that fed them.

I have broken myself financially twice—down to a dime—trying to stand between two people and the results of their own misdeeds—one a man relative, the other a woman who was no connection—and they have barely been well away from the edge of the pit of their own damnation when they have broken violently back over the same old way, with the same old penalties and the same old wail of: "I suffer!" And casually, without hurt to myself, I have had the privilege of helping others who have made good in a way to make the firmament shine and the heart glow.

Does it pay to help if it means hurt to yourself? Each must answer as life has taught. Life has taught me that if people will let you hurt yourself to help them they are unworthy of help; they will never make good; they will suck your blood as a vampire sucks blood, then put their fangs in the hands that rescued them. But if—and please note—if they will not let you hurt yourself to help them; if they will fight your help on such terms—then they are worth the biggest gamble on the chancy wheel of life: they will return you interest a thousandfold for every dime you invest in their future.

I'm enough of a gambler to like to take sporting chances, but I frankly think many of the vaunted sacrifices of women are as bootless as the bloody sacrifice of a lamb to wipe out the sins of some fool-human who would much better have cut his own throat and gone to swift judgment, or taken his licks and learned to quit.

Anyway I knew this life was not getting me anywhere; and, with exactly two hundred dollars to show for two years' work, I quit to go on with the university. If you ask why I did not think of marriage as the way out I answer: Because my mother had taught us that love was not to be regarded as a way out.

The Handicap of My Inheritance

THERE were other reasons that went deep down into earliest memories. When a mere child myself I had seen a sister's child die. The end had come with such unexpected suddenness—suffocation from bronchitis—that no one had thought to get us children out of the room. "Will he never—never speak again?" my sister had sobbed. "No—God has taken him," some one had answered. Then I had dashed out of the house.

At the door of the house stood the family doctor. This was what he was saying: "That child never had the faintest chance to grow to manhood. With a mother from a family disposed to weak lungs, and a father a hopeless asthmatic, what chance had the little chap?" I ran to the farthermost fence-corner on the farm and sat down to think. My conclusion was, that if he had not had the chance to which he was entitled he ought not to have been born; and I am not sure but that my childhood inference had more of wisdom in it than the dictum of sages who say that "those who refrain from marriage are criminals to the race."

As life went on I had learned what not having a chance meant. With two exceptions there was not a member of our own large family endowed with sufficient physical stamina. All this was so deep in my consciousness that it was hardly articulate; but, like many things so deep in the fiber of our consciousness that we are unconscious of them, it dominated conduct.

Love had come, of course, in guises and disguises and masquerades. There was one student, I remember, who wrote the most exquisite ballads and was a perfect encyclopedia of German and French literature. The fellow had a forehead like a dome and intellectually was most brilliant. He was also likely to inherit ample means; but I never knew a woman who could endure him. Why? For some reason that instinct felt but judgment could not define. His eyes were blue; but they were not a clear blue. His complexion was ruddy; but it was a muddy ruddy.

I did not know the meaning of either of those signs, but I knew he caused a sensation of physical repulsion among women. Why? "Judge not that ye be not judged." I used to think it very wicked to condemn people, even in one's mind, without proof and jury verdict. I had not learned that ants have their antennæ, and humans their instincts; and that both have been given to forewarn of danger. I used to condemn myself for not liking this man. But the first year in the university confirmed my judgment.

I Never Knew a Woman Who Could Endure Him

There were others. Another man I recall as one of the best pals I had ever known. He was not in the university, but we seemed to think and read almost in teamwork. We seemed to find out the same new books simultaneously, to read along the same lines, to think the same thoughts without expressing them. I suppose it was because we were so dead sure we were only chums that we were both so cock-sure that the companionship could not slip into more.

We went snowshoeing in the same parties. We went shooting and climbing and outing in the same clubs. It was about the time I was becoming horribly anxious about my body. I was growing to hate it—it checkmated plans so often. I had regarded it as a machine that had to be stoked up for high speed but to be treated always as a slave. In my heart of hearts I despised the physical side of life; and if we had faith enough in God I did not think the body mattered much. People who were always thinking of their body nauseated me; and now mine took its fine revenge.

On the question of the body I had come to divide people pretty much into two classes, and I knew which I elected to join. There were those who deified their bodies and made little gods out of their passions. Them I regarded as sensualists. There were those who denied the body and kept it under whip and bit—the ascetics. I ignored a third class—those who defy the body—and are fools. I did not realize that the body is quite as much in the scheme of life as the soul, and necessary to it as a temple for the spirit. I elected to be ascetic and qualified for a fool.

There were things affecting my throat and lungs which hung on like a hawk's talons. I did not cough when I was bursting to cough, for fear of what it meant; but I had wakeful, fevered nights and wore high spots in my cheeks that were danger signals. I would not let myself acknowledge the danger; but it gave me horrible sinkings of spirit. I could not believe that God would fail me when I banked on Him. There were such desperately good reasons for wanting to live. I had to live that others might live. Such an egotist is youth, trying vainly to bind God to a child's behests—so blind to the fact that it is we who play the mean trick and buck against God when we abuse body or soul!

"What's a College Degree if You Graduate for a Funeral?"

Very depressed, but never confessing it, I was out driving with this man. He was one of Fortune's favored ones—born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Everything had been done for him and a professional career was opening out with great promise. He had an incisive intellect that you liked to watch as you would follow quick, keen fencing with swords. We were talking of a mutual acquaintance—a woman—who was going a reckless course. She posed as a spiritualist, theosophist, or something—"nobody at all between her chin and her heels," as our cynical old French professor described her.

My comrade flicked his horse with the whip, with a funny look. "Oh, the furies destroy such women!" he said perfectly frankly. "They talk sex in the name of purity until they lash some fool man into a maniac; then there's a grand smash of fine china all round." It was this kind of incisive cutting to the fact beneath the pretense that promised such a future for this man as a pleader.

I looked at him sidewise. He had snapping dark eyes and a finely chiseled profile. It was what you would call a hard face; but I never disliked hardness that was clean-cut. It was a face that might have been cruel—perhaps small—to an enemy. That was bad. Big force would just smash and quit. Cruelty would ferret out and pursue and hunt. Children might soften the hard lines.

When Health Routs Cupid

DEEP in my heart was a consciousness that if I had belonged to a former generation—to the generation of women who had to marry willynilly; that if I had not known my own health was going to punk; that I undoubtedly had the hereditary taint of a tuberculous tendency; that if I had not heard the doctor say "Poor little chap! He never had a chance"—with all that was implied—it would have been easy to fall in love with this man and marry him. Did his finely sensitized mind feel the possibility of such a change in our relationship as pals?

The older I grow the more confident I am that thoughts go out like arrows; that mental states permeate the very atmosphere; that men and women are often criminally guilty on account of the mental touch that goes out from them in electric fire to some other.

He turned suddenly and caught my look. I flushed to the roots of me. It was the first time such a thought had ever entered my mind; and I had been caught in the act—red-handed as it were! In an endeavor to relieve the pent silence he began rattling off about a poor chap we had both known in the old collegiate days—a fellow who had swept his studies aside and died just as he finished—typhoid, followed by galloping consumption. The similarity to my own case was too marked not to be pungently interesting.

"Do you know that poor duffer had been supporting a mother and invalid sister?" he said. "The mother will have to take in washing now to keep the daughter—spinal something or other. I had the estate to settle up—a homestead out in the Norwegian settlement. Of course, considering the case, I charged only ten per cent."

It was the "only" that went through me like a knife—the sheer unconsciousness of his own meanness of soul! Professionalism had asphyxiated something in his manhood. This kind of man would expect his relationship with wife and children to be dominated by a pursestring which he could tighten or loosen and which they must wear like a bit! "The wrong thou doest me I will forgive; but the wrong thou doest thyself, my friend, will I not forgive to the end of time."

It was winter. A wonderful afterglow lay primrose on the snow of the riverbed where we were driving, and the bells jingled in a sort of flute music across the big prairie silence. He turned sharply.

(Concluded on Page 27)

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The Business Situation

BUSINESS in the United States, on the whole, is not so good as it was early last March. Few shrewd observers at that time expected it would be. Steel mills were then running at full capacity—on orders received some months before. They are now running at not much over half their capacity.

Railroad earnings of late have shown some falling off. Bank clearings the country over have been less than they were last year. Building operations show a decline. That there will be some further recession is quite probable.

It is important, however, to remember that this condition is practically worldwide—and so are the chief causes of it. The cause that by far overshadows all others is the scarcity of fluid capital—the world is simply hard up for cash. This cause developed out of conditions with which domestic politics had absolutely nothing to do; and England, France and Germany are as hard up as ourselves. Brazil, Canada and India are even more affected by the worldwide money pinch than the United States.

The art of politics consists partly in telling plausible lies. There is always a wordy effort to attribute the business condition of the country—whether good or bad—to political causes, though nine times out of ten politics has nothing to do with it either way. This is one of the times when it has not. Nothing that the Wilson Administration has yet done has had any marked effect on business, either favorable or unfavorable. In all human probability the business situation would have been precisely what it is if Taft or Roosevelt had been elected in November, 1912.

A Study in Monopoly

SPEAKING recently to the National Conservation Congress, at Washington, Gifford Pinchot said:

"Concentration in waterpower has nearly doubled in the last two years. The ten greatest groups of waterpower interests today control nearly twice as much waterpower as the ten greatest groups controlled two years ago. The ten greatest groups of today control sixty-five per cent of all the developed waterpower in the United States; and a single group, composed of General Electric interests, controls forty per cent of all the developed commercial waterpower in the country.

"In the last five years the concentration of control by the ten greatest groups has increased about seven times faster than the total of all waterpower developments in the United States. If this is not monopoly in the making, where can it be shown?"

Now waterpower, like land, is a natural monopoly in the sense that the supply is strictly limited and only one concern can use it at one time. If there is only one waterpower in a region whoever owns that has a monopoly.

Nearly always commercial waterpower is in the beginning a public possession, owned by the state or nation; and wherever the public, through its state or National Government, hands a waterpower over to private owners it automatically hands itself over to a private monopoly.

There would not be the remotest possibility of an oppressive monopoly of waterpower—or of timber or oil or coal, for that matter—if public property had not been handed over to private owners virtually to do with as they pleased. The time to guard effectually against oppressive monopoly is when the title or use of public property is turned over to private hands.

The Fading Boundaries

NORMAN ANGELL has pointed out as clearly as anybody that in the Western World national boundaries are tending to become mere conveniences for the purpose of addressing letters and telegrams. The real and vital interests of mankind no longer in the least correspond to national lines, but run across them in every direction.

If you asked a typical New York banker today what are the important troubles with this country he would answer: Dear money, rampant political radicalism and aggressive labor unions. If you asked a typical London, Paris, Berlin or Rome banker the same question as to his country you would get the same answer.

If you applied to a typical American workman he would say: The greed of capital; a cost of living that rises faster than wages; domination of politics by the privileged and special interests. And the typical British, French, German or Italian workman would give substantially the same answer as to his country.

The British nobleman, for campaign purposes, points with horror to the German nobleman; but, as a matter of fact, he is infinitely nearer to the German nobleman in interest and sympathy than to the great mass of his own countrymen. He would cheerfully, for example, give his daughter in marriage to the German nobleman's son; but the mere idea of marrying her to a fellow Briton who was honorably engaged in retail trade would throw him into a fit.

One of the minor distractions of British politics is the agitation for female suffrage. In a milder but no less persistent form we have the same thing here.

It was not Frenchmen or Germans who paralyzed Belgian trade by a general strike, but Belgians themselves—for the purpose of winning a more liberal franchise. And as soon as the Belgians won against their own government it was proposed that millions of German workmen should strike to reform the Prussian franchise.

Everywhere the real clash of interests is not between nation and nation, but between people of the same nation; and—broadly speaking—each nation's internal struggle is repeated in every other nation. The Western World's real firing lines do not conform in the least to national boundaries, but run across them in every direction.

This makes the old-style patriotism, which taught that each particular nation was ineffably superior to every other nation at every point, look especially absurd.

Pointless Punishments

GOVERNOR FOSS reports that over ten thousand persons were imprisoned in the Bay State last year for debt—that is, because they were unable to pay the small fines imposed on them; and he opined that the total commitments, numbering something over twenty-seven thousand, must have brought financial disaster to fifty thousand persons, many of whom were innocent children. Two-thirds of all commitments to penal institutions were made for drunkenness or in default of fines imposed for drunkenness.

Now what earthly good does anybody derive from putting a drunkard in jail? It would be far simpler, far less expensive to the state, and incomparably better for the culprit and the culprit's family if the court, instead of sending him to jail for a week or a fortnight, merely kicked him three times in the ribs. He might be lame for a day, yet he could return to work with only a small loss of time; and the magisterial assault on his ribs would have at least as much effect in weaning him from a career of inebriety as a jail sentence does.

And no man should be locked up because he cannot pay a fine, until he has been given a fair opportunity to earn the money and discharge the debt. Where a man's culpability is so light that the state is willing to accept a small sum of money in acquittance, imprisonment should be the very last resort.

The truth is that at least two times out of three—as the Massachusetts statistics show—we send a man to jail because we do not know anything rational to do with him and will not take the pains to find out.

The New Politics

PROBABLY there would be less ill-nature toward our Bourbon friends if people paused a moment to consider how brand-new an invention democracy really is. When Lincoln spoke of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, the thing—though accepted as theory—hardly existed as fact anywhere in the world.

For years a relatively small number of slaveholders had practically conducted this Government by themselves and for themselves. Only seventeen years before, for their profit, the country had been thrown into an unconscionable war with as light-hearted a disregard of what war really means in terms of human suffering as ever characterized Alexander or Cæsar. To the dominant oligarchy mere people were as much food for cannon as they had been to Napoleon.

In 1866 more than half the members of the British House of Commons were elected by the votes of less than three per cent of the adult male population, and only sixteen out of a hundred men had a parliamentary vote.

John Bright, then one of the three greatest figures in English politics, was furiously denounced as a demagogue for desiring a wider franchise, and in fashionable London clubs it was good form to express a willingness to walk twenty miles to see him hanged. Even Gladstone was considerably disturbed by Bright's appeals for the franchise for workingmen.

The notion of a government by and for mere undistinguished people, making up the overwhelming mass of the population, received much lip service; but as a working fact it hardly existed fifty years ago. Half a century is an absurdly inadequate space of time for the Bourbon mind to move in. Its inability to accept democracy should be treated with indulgence.

Connecticut and Denmark

PRESIDENT ELLIOTT, of the New Haven Railroad, makes an interesting comparison between Connecticut and Denmark. The former produces for each person three bushels of cereals, four gallons of milk, three pounds of butter and a minute fraction of one pound of cheese. The latter produces for each person thirty-eight bushels of cereals, three hundred and thirty-six gallons of milk, eighty-one pounds of butter and thirteen pounds of cheese.

The former produces about one-quarter of what her population eats. The latter feeds herself and exports a large amount of agricultural products. The amount of cultivated land in Connecticut has declined in the last fifty years and nearly nine-tenths of the population now live in towns of more than twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

In the last census year Connecticut manufactures produced two hundred and thirty-three million dollars, and Connecticut agriculture—including some duplications—only thirty-seven million dollars. That proves, we should say, that manufacturing is more profitable than agriculture—but profitable to whom? Probably not to a great many of the two-hundred-and-odd thousand wage earners who, with their dependents, make up the larger part of the state's population.

There is opportunity for thousands of those wage earners on Connecticut's uncultivated or half-cultivated land; and they would be there if half the organizing talent directed to Connecticut manufactures had been directed to Connecticut agriculture.

"There are at least two reasons for the success of Danish agriculture," says Mr. Elliott: "One is the intensity of agricultural effort; the other is the resort to cooperation among farmers. In Denmark the farmers have coöperative dairies, coöperative slaughter houses, and coöperative societies to export livestock and eggs. Of the total milk production, seventy-seven per cent comes from coöperative dairies."

By coöperative organization, such as exists in Denmark, Connecticut agriculture can succeed too.

A Southern Question

"DO YOU know," asks the University Club of Atlanta, "that the per cent of illiteracy among white children of school age has increased during the last five years in fifty-one counties of Georgia—more than one-third of all the counties in the state? Do you realize that Georgia is one of the most backward states in education—that our mental development is not keeping pace with our wealth?"

We know and have been glad to discuss a great many things about Georgia and other Southern states—the extraordinary advances in agriculture, manufactures, banking and what not, and the material opportunities those states now offer energetic settlers—but the question propounded by the University Club is as important as all those other things.

Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi have almost the same number of white children of school age as Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, besides a nearly equal number of colored children of school age; but the Southern states spend less than half as much as the Northern on public schools.

Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota have only ten per cent more white children of school age than the five Southern states, but they spend thirty-seven million dollars a year on public schools as against seventeen million dollars in the first-named states. California alone, with only a third as many white children of school age as these five Southern states, spends as much for teachers' salaries in the public schools as they do.

In this important matter Southern enterprise lags.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

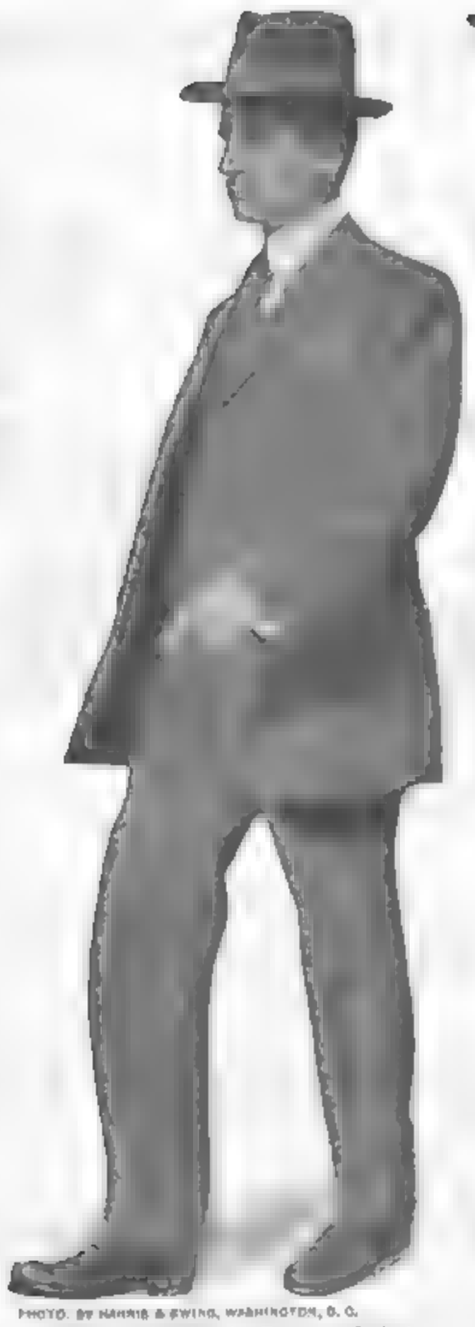


PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Rich Man's Patron Saint

IF YOUR total net income is more than three thousand dollars a year—or, if married, four—and you have taken occasion to read the income-tax law, which, marching in columns of solid nonpareil, takes an hour and fifteen minutes to pass a given point, your natural assumption must have been that the man who wrote it was heavily overstocked with language and took occasion to unload a large portion of his surplus on this beneficent and bedeviled measure.

Also, that his was a stock of not particularly synchronized speech; for when it comes to tosticated terminology and complex conversation that great bill of impost certainly requires honorable mention. But that, mayhap, is desirable. Likely as not, the strategy of the taxers is first to daze the taxed with a mass of mandate and then extract the tribute while he is in that condition. However, the law is there, and so is its multitudinous phraseology; and, returning to the point whence the parade started, I assert that any citizen who cons the income-tax law inevitably concludes that the man who concocted it is a wordy person.

Thus we observe the inadequacy of circumstantial evidence. That law would convict its author of being guilty in the first degree, with no recommendation for mercy, of verbosity, verbigeration, perissology and prolixity—all of which are capital rhetorical crimes. But, on the taciturn other hand, the author of the law is so congested of his comment as to give rise to the conclusion that he was educated in a school for deaf-mutes. It is of Cordell Hull I am speaking—Cordell Hull, of Tennessee—to whom we owe the income tax, and whose name, as the Utah senator said when addressing the soldiers returning from the Philippines, shall be shrouded in impenetrable glory for the same.

With the Muffler On

CORDELL HULL is one of the silentest statesmen we have. He has his muffler on all the time—not that he cannot talk, but that he does not. Wherefore, differing largely from most of his colleagues, he is pointed out as peculiar in this regard—unique, in fact—and is deserving of whatever merit may be adduced from the characteristic.

They were talking in the Democratic cloakroom one day—that is, others were talking, but Hull was profoundly silent—about favorite occupations. One man favored this and another that, and all had spoken except Hull.

"What's yours?" Cordell was asked.

"Rafting."

"Rafting? What sort of rafting?"

"My father," Hull explained with an effort, and as if he were saying far too much, "had timber interests in Overton County, Tennessee, and sold many logs each year to the lumber mills in Nashville. My greatest delight then was what it would be now if I had the opportunity—guiding a raft of logs down the Cumberland River."

"Sure!" chorused those present. "We might have known it. A raft makes no noise during its progress!"

If Hull could have his way about it there would be none of this clamorous debate in the Congress. He detests that sort of thing. A correct manner of legislating—or debating rather—according to the Hull idea, would be for the proponents and opponents to submit their views in the form of briefs, and be as quiet as possible during the process.

Naturally he is of a serious disposition. There is nothing frivolous about Cordell Hull. Having arrived at the age of forty-two without saying much, he is disposed to say less and consider more as time goes on. The great problems of legislation oppress him. He is studious, reserved, a delver and a digger. When he takes a book he starts at the title page and reads it to the end, weighing each word carefully and skipping nothing. He is a solitary statesman, who wants nothing so much as to be let alone—which, by the way, is no new trait among statesmen; but Hull's reason is different from the ordinary one. What Hull wants is silence and no molestation, so he can get at the bottom of whatever he is investigating.

When he considers a subject he takes a high dive into it and does not come up for air for hours. He is the earnest little seeker after knowledge. He craves information. He studies incessantly, and it is sometimes difficult to discover to what end; for after he has finished his investigations he is so miserly with the results—he keeps them for himself.

Hull has what we call the judicial temperament. As many know, judicial temperament is the term politely used to designate caution, and often serves for a cloak for slow-moving minds. Hull's mind moves slowly, but accurately in the main; and he never by any chance gives out an opinion that is not the result of mature deliberation.

Tennesseeans tell that once, when a man approached him and asked what time it was, Hull, not to be rushed into an opinion on the subject, or a pronouncement, pulled out his watch, held it up before the inquirer and invited him to "Say first!" After that he examined the watch, observed whether the man's diagnosis of the relative situations of the hour and minute hands was correct, and then passed his own judgment—based on the dial of the watch, the man's reading therefrom, and his own carefully considered conclusions in the matter.

Hull began reading law in the little town of Celina, Tennessee. After he had finished his course at Cumberland University he returned to Celina to practice his profession. He was then not twenty years old, and the people of Overton County, proud of his attainments, sent him to the legislature almost immediately, where he served two terms. A few years later Governor Frazier made him a judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit. Hull was not thirty when he went on the bench, and his experiences there settled him into the grave and studious pose. He stayed on the bench for four years and was then sent to Congress, where he is at present serving his fourth term.

He began digging as soon as he entered Congress, making the tariff a specialty. As is well known, there are more opportunities for study in the tariff than in any other department of legislation.

Hull just devoured the tariff. He dug into it night after night, poring over its schedules, familiarizing himself with its details, and giving it and its corelated branches of legislation his entire attention. So they put him on the Ways and Means Committee before the end of his second term. There he was strictly in his element; and he sat up with the schedules at night and sat down with them in the daytime. He soon qualified as an expert and early began to think of an income tax.

He introduced an income-tax bill in the Sixtieth Congress. It was a long and complicated income-tax bill. Inasmuch as the Republicans were in power in the House and Hull was of the minority, nobody paid any attention to it.

However, Hull bided his time—bode it and forebode it—and presently his further opportunity arrived. They needed an income-tax provision for the Underwood Tariff Bill. The amendment to the Constitution had been ratified, thereby assuring no flareback from the Supreme Court of the United States, as was the case—if a five-to-four decision can be called a flareback, comeback is better—as was the case some years ago when they tried on that method of taxation.

Waiting for Santa Claus

Guilty of the Income Tax

HULL was there, ready and waiting. He retired to the noise-proof recesses of his retiring place and concocted, wrote, designed, built, and otherwise constructed the present income-tax law, which—except in such instances as it was amended, changed, reframed, rewritten, added to and excised—is substantially the same bill as originally prepared by Hull, and tacked by him on the Underwood Tariff Law when that measure was shoved, in all its pristine beauty, into the House of Representatives, to await the slings and arrows of an outrageous Senate.

And, as stated, one would get the impression from a cursory, casual or curious inspection of the Hull measure that the author thereof is a wordy person. But perish the thought! He is not so. He is almost a total loss when explored for conversation trends. There are none such. He is too serious to express any but a matured thought and too cautious to mature one rapidly. The result is that speaking is with him as much of an event as not speaking would be with most of his colleagues.

He taxed himself when he wrote his law, for he is a bachelor. His being unmarried is explained by those who know him best as the result of his disinclination for conversation. He has the idea that courting entails much talk, and he cannot abide the idea. If he ever does get married it will be found that, instead of falling on his knees and pouring out his soul to the adored one in a torrent of passionate and poetic protestation of undying affection, he submitted a scholarly brief stating his case to the object of his affections.

Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

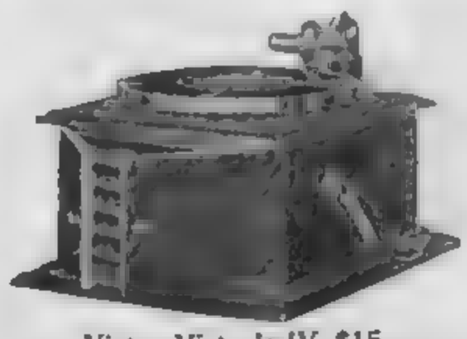
Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Will the Victrola in this Chr

The Victrola not only makes Christmas a real Christmas, but helps to make every day in the year a brighter and happier day.

No matter what you want to spend for a Christmas gift, you can't get anything that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Every home can have a Victrola, for the great variety



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak

ere be a your home istmas?

Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

of styles puts it within reach of all.

See about *your* Victrola today to make sure of getting it in time for Christmas.

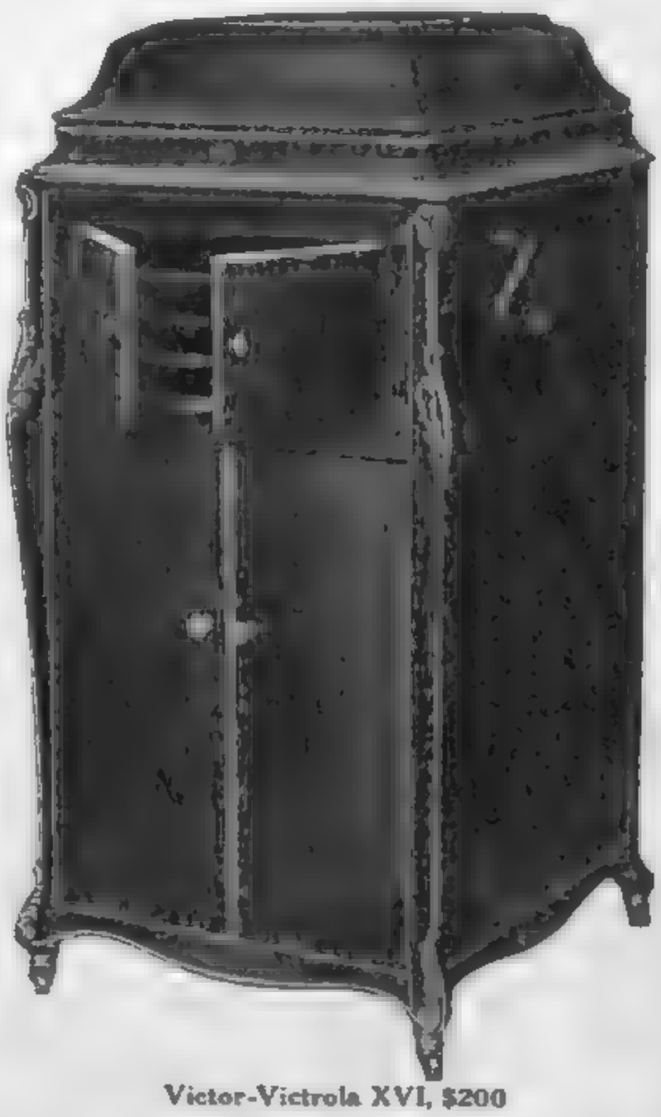
Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

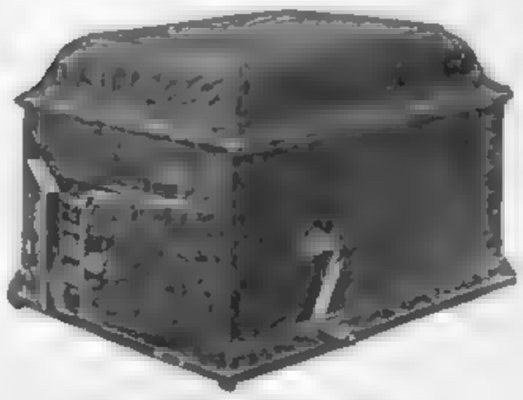
Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles — *the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100; 50 cents per 1000
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Robust Health

Is built principally upon the sturdy foundation of

Right Food

Purity first—then nutrition to meet the law of daily waste and repair of body, brain and nerve cells. But,—the food must contain all the essential elements, or there cannot be robust health.

Injurious preservatives are not permitted by the pure food laws; but the law does not prohibit millers from leaving out of some kinds of flour certain parts of the wheat berry which contain vital mineral salts—grown in the grains by Nature—and necessary for the normal balance of body, brain and nerves.

This lack in daily food is responsible for many common ailments.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of whole wheat and malted barley meets every requirement. It has delicious taste and retains in perfect balance all the nutrition of the grains, including the mineral salts—thus admirably supplying what many foods lack.

For robust health try Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

MEN—By Edward Mott Woolley

I HAD been in the mincemeat and pure-food business for a year or two when I struck what seemed to be my final snag. I could manufacture my product, but somehow I could not sell enough of it to make the business go; and I was clean broke and could not borrow any more money.

My business was only a little one, carried on in a tiny plant in my home town—a village of two thousand people. I had only half a dozen people working for me, except in the busy summer season; and I was proprietor, manager, superintendent, foreman and laborer—all in one. In addition, I was sales manager, traveling salesman, and usually shipping clerk and bookkeeper. The labor I did was prodigious, but it did not get me anything.

Mincemeat had been the inspiration for my business in the first place. I had been a traveling man for a New York wholesale grocery house, but had not made any great hit at it. One day while eating mince pie at a hotel I mentally compared it with the pie my mother made; and instantly the thought flashed up: Why can't I make money manufacturing my mother's mincemeat? I knew all the brands on the market and there was not one that approached my mother's in quality.

In brief that was the way in which the firm of David Bloodgood & Company was formed—this name will serve the purpose here. I was David Bloodgood and my father—a country clergyman—was the company. Mother was the chief inspector; she passed on the product before it was shipped. Besides mincemeat we put up fruits, plum pudding and a few other things. I knew the stuff was good—it was practically perfection; but it would not go and I was strictly up against bankruptcy.

This was the situation when, one Sunday night at church, I hit upon a course of action. I had not been listening to my father's sermon. Instead, I had been indulging in some philosophical business reflections of my own when this idea occurred to me: Isn't there somebody who can take hold of my little business and make it hump itself.

Right away I thought of Payne Cunningham. Payne Cunningham was an advertising man I knew in New York, and that night I wrote to him and stated my dilemma.

"If you can devise any way to get me out of this hole," I said, "I'll give you an interest in the business."

To my surprise he came up to see me in a day or so.

"Dave," he said as he sat down on a box in my frame shanty of a factory, "I'm glad you wrote that letter. I've got an idea and I believe it's one on which we can finance this enterprise. I've got a tradename for your product—and it's a bully one!"

An Alliance With Cunningham

Then he told me what it was—a most happy phrase that breathed quality and deliciousness. I shall call it here the Parson Purity Brand. Of course that was not the name in reality.

"But I have no advertising money," I reminded him.

"I know," he assented; "but that trademark will be worth money. If you can produce the quality to uphold the trademark, Dave, we'll get some backing—mark my word!"

Right on the spot I thought of Dick Rockwood, sales manager for the wholesale grocery house for which I had worked five years. I had already tried Rockwood with my product, I had tried him repeatedly and always failed. He would not handle it because he had other brands that suited him. But now I said to Payne Cunningham:

"We'll go down to see Dick and put the thing up to him again. I'll just sit there and listen, and you take this trademark and flourish it before his eyes. If anybody can hypnotize him you can!"

We got the trademark cinched legally before we went. Then father loaned me the money for the trip—though the church was a quarter behind with his salary—and I dropped down into New York. We found Dick Rockwood in his office, and the moment we mentioned mincemeat he held up his hands, palms outward.

"Nothing doing!" said he.

There was something doing, though just the same! Armed with our trademark and his scintillating imagination—a quality I wofully lacked—Cunningham took my product and set it up against Dick Rockwood's mental skyline in an irresistible way. At first Dick pretended to read some letters on his desk; then he dropped the letters and fumbled in the pigeon-holes; then he leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling; then he looked at Payne Cunningham.

Talk! Well, it was the prettiest pure-food talk any man ever put over, I imagine; and about every minute it was punctured with Dave Bloodgood's Parson Purity Brand. Finally, with a few hypnotic passes Cunningham completed the picture and had Rockwood bound tight and fast.

"I like that tradename," conceded Dick. "It certainly sounds like a winner. I've a notion to try out your stuff—I've a good notion to do it!"

And he did. I went home and from the train I hustled up to our local bank. On the strength of this new and powerful connection down in New York I put up an argument for more money—even five hundred dollars as a starter. With Dick Rockwood's house back of the Parson Purity Brand—I kept hammering on the name—the goods could not help but go big!

I got the five hundred. The bank was in a hole anyway and saw a hope of getting out by putting me on my feet again. It was the only hope of getting a settlement on my obligations, and the bank came over rather grumblingly.

The Mizzlethorp Obstacle

Thus I have told you briefly how it happened that I first fell into the knack of getting other men to do for me the things I could not do for myself. That has been the great big factor in my career ever since. Payne Cunningham was the first of many men who contributed their talents to my business on just that scheme. He now became my partner to the extent of a one-third interest.

Things moved slowly for the first year or two after I hitched up to Dick Rockwood's house; but I made a living and kept my little plant going. Then my sales began to pick up pretty strong.

Of course I was just beginning my plan of developing or finding the right sort of men; the scheme was in its infancy and my organization was made up largely of inefficient, indifferent men—some of whom, no doubt, were a distinct loss to me. They cost me more than they were worth. But from among the lot I began by degrees to pick out men with special qualities and study them.

One of these men was Jake Loesser, a foreigner and a common laborer who worked in the shipping room. By that time I employed twelve or fifteen hands. Jake was nineteen years old when he came to us. He had gone through the grammar school in our town, and had been very apt, his teachers told me. I could see it myself, for I watched my men closely. I observed Jake's easy knack with figures and his quick and handy way of manipulating such shipping records as passed through his fingers. I never caught him in a mistake. Some of the other men who had worked in the same capacity had caused me endless trouble.

At that time we were having a heap of trouble with our bookkeeping. I was now unable to do it myself, so I had hired a young chap named Merritt Prout. We also had a boy in the office, Sammie Mizzlethorp. Those two were about the limit, and between them they had things in a tangle most of the time.

I got to thinking about Jake Loesser, and I made up my mind that if he had a chance to learn bookkeeping he could skin Merritt Prout all to pieces; so I said to him one day:

"Jake, how would you like to work in the office?"

"It's just what I've been wanting!" he answered, "but I didn't suppose there was any chance for me here and I've been thinking of going to New York to look for a better job."

"Don't be in a hurry," I advised him. "Just as soon as I can get rid of that little devil, Sammie Mizzlethorp, I'll see what I can do for you."

Now Sammie wasn't any good at all; I could not find one redeeming thing about him. He was fifteen years old and a husky, healthy boy; but I never knew a lazier one. It seemed impossible to get any action on him. Besides, he was an impudent rat and was always up to some devilry with the other hands. Yet Sammie had a pull and I found it unpleasant to get rid of him. My father, you know, was a preacher, and Sammie Mizzlethorp's father was the big man in the church. He paid about a third of the pastor's salary—and there you are! Because I happened to be the minister's son I had been forced to take Sammie, with the view of making a business man of him; and I paid him six dollars a week, which was twelve dollars more than he was worth.

I told my father I did not see how I could sacrifice business interests because of this entanglement; but he urged me to try Sammie just a little longer—and I did. After a while, however, Jake Loesser began to get restless because I did not make good on my promise to put him in the office. On Saturday night he came to me.

"Mr. Bloodgood," he said, "I'm going to quit. I believe I can do better in New York and I'm going to try it. I don't want to be a laborer all my life and I don't mean to be. Good-by!"

"Give me a day or two longer," I said, "and I'll see what can be done. I don't want you to go if it can be prevented; but you know how I stand with Sammie Mizzlethorp."

The more I thought about this situation, the hotter I got. It made me mad clear through to think that I should be under the thumb of that saucy, worthless little sneak, and could not fire him for fear his pompous old dad would kick up a rumpus in the church! And by Sunday morning I made up my mind, by gad, that I would not be held in any such bondage!

The trustees of the church were having a tough time raising money to pay dad's salary, you will remember, and old Mizzlethorp was expected to come to the rescue with a generous contribution—by the way, father's salary was seven hundred dollars a year! It was a very unpropitious time to fire Sammie; but it was either that or lose Jake Loesser, who was worth to me a great deal more than I had been paying him. In our little town it was no easy thing to get men like Jake, who could be trusted to the dot without being watched. It's hard to get them anywhere. Employers are hungry for such men.

What Happened to Sammie

On Monday morning I called Sammie to my desk. He had just been filling a clay pipe with ink—intending, no doubt, to blow it on one of the girls in the factory; so I had a good excuse.

"Samuel," I said, "I have stood all such nonsense I mean to stand. I have kept you here in the hope that you might show a better side; but you are hopeless. Get your hat and quit. You can come round next Saturday and get your pay for the week, but I don't want you here an hour longer."

He could not believe I meant it.

"You dassent fire me!" he boasted. "If you do my father will fix you, you can bet!"

"Get your hat and get out!" I ordered; and when he made a face at me I got him by the trousers and carried him out bodily, dumping him in the mud.

Half an hour later in came old Mizzlethorp, and I tell you he was mad!

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" he demanded. "Do you dare admit that you have not only discharged my son but also assaulted him?"

He was a big fellow physically and president of our village council. For years he had been out of business.

"Mr. Mizzlethorp," I said, "I have endured the incompetence and arrogance of your boy as long as I intend to. And no boy can make such a face at me as he did without getting out of this plant in a hurry!"

"I'll have you arrested!" he bellowed. "You are guilty of assault and battery!"

"Go ahead!" said I.

"And I'll thrash you it to the bargain!" he yelled, and made a lunge at me.

Well there was a mix-up, and when it was over old Mizzlethorp had a skinned nose and sundry other marks. I had some myself. But Merritt Prout and I put him out of the office and locked the door on him.

I shall not take you through the church uproar that ensued; it was a rumpus that split our congregation in a way that almost broke my father's heart for the time being. But it healed and Mizzlethorp was no longer czar. He withdrew altogether—and father got his pay with regularity. And that was the end of all pulls in my business. It marked the beginning of a new era; and to this day no man can get a job in our establishment on the strength of mere influence—he must be the sort of man we want.

I kept Jake Loesser, and within a few months I deemed him capable of taking full charge of the books. Then I had a confidential talk with Merritt Prout. I liked him personally and believed there was something in him.

"Merritt," I said, "you never add a column of figures twice alike and you haven't any idea in the world where a decimal point ought to be. I have kept you here as bookkeeper because I didn't know of any competent man to fill the job; but now I've got Jake Loesser trained and I'm going to turn the books over to him. Is there any kind of work in this plant you think you can do successfully?"

He was pretty much broken up over this, though he had seen it coming. Prout was no fool. He had been trying mighty hard to become a good bookkeeper, but it was not in him. In this he was a good deal like myself. I had made a worse botch of it than Prout had done.

"Mr. Bloodgood," he said, "I appreciate your consideration in not throwing me out the way you did Sammie Mizzlethorp. Yes, there is something I believe I could do—I'd like to get out on the road to sell goods."

The Placing of Prout

By this time we had organized quite a little sales department and were supplementing in certain territories the distributing work of Dick Rockwood's house. I had three men out, devoting their energies chiefly to some of our products Rockwood had not taken on.

I was not an expert student of men in those early days, and I said to Prout:

"All right; I'll try you on the road. But if you don't make good you can't expect to stick. You know the rule we adopted after that Mizzlethorp rumpus. Our men must deliver the goods if they stay here."

"I'll work like thunder to deliver all the goods I can!" he promised.

He did work—I never knew a man to work harder; but he did not make it go. After he had been out a few months I figured up his record of sales and expenses, and I found he was costing us something like six dollars a day for every day he stayed out. So I wired him to come in.

We were doing quite a bit of advertising now, and Cunningham spent about half his time at the plant and the other half at his New York office. He believed we had a great future before us and he was bending all his advertising genius in that direction.

"Merritt," I said, "I am going to give you one more chance—in the advertising department. If you've got it in you Cunningham will get it out."

A few months later Cunningham came to me and let loose.

"I can't stand that fellow Prout any longer!" he declared. "He's a doughhead if there ever was one! I won't have him!"

So I had to fire him. Five years later I hired him back as chief engineer of our power plant at twenty-two hundred dollars a year. He had dropped into mechanics accidentally and there found his place.

After that I studied men even more closely, for during those five years we had endless trouble with our power-plant men. Had I discovered Prout's genius for mechanics and put him in that end of our establishment, I am sure he would have developed fast and eliminated much of the difficulty we went through. It is worth a whole lot to a business to recognize any particular brand of genius in its incipiency.

There was a young fellow named Dinsman who came to us as a chemist at sixty dollars a month; he was just out of college and anxious to get a start. It did not take me long to see that he was a poor chemist and that we never could keep him in that capacity. We had a rule that no man should be discharged until my O. K. was put on his dismissal, and if it had not been for that Dinsman would have been fired by the executive immediately over him. As it was, this executive came to me.

"Mr. Bloodgood," he said, "that chemist cuss will certainly ruin our output if we keep him any longer. I wish you'd let me throw him out bodily."

"Send him up to me," I said.

Dinsman came up. I could see how deeply worried he was; but outwardly he was cool, suave and diplomatic. He had a presence that commanded respect and a most convincing manner of talking. As he stood before me I could not help admiring him. He looked like a man well balanced and level-headed—qualities we could ill afford to throw out of our plant. They were very difficult qualities to find.

"Dinsman," I asked, "what do you really think of yourself as a chemist? I wish you would be frank and answer the question, and I assure you your answer will not hurt you."

"I've been thinking of that a good deal, Mr. Bloodgood," he returned. "I know I haven't made good here; but I don't want to be classed as a failure yet. If you'll give me a little more time I'll do the best I can to make good. At present I know I'm not all a chemist ought to be."

"I'm going to give you time enough to make good if it's in you," I promised him; "but not at chemistry. I think the trouble is that you don't understand yourself, Dinsman. Unless I'm much mistaken you are built for an executive. I am going to put you over in the preserving department—in the capacity of an ordinary workman at first. I'll have to cut your wages to two dollars a day; but if you show the ability I believe you have you'll be a foreman and perhaps superintendent some day. It may not be so very long—only I am not making any promises. I don't promise to keep you at all, and certainly we can't keep you as a chemist. What do you say?"

He winced; but he came round to my proposition and stayed, as I knew he would. He was a born executive and I never knew a man more adept at handling problems without the everlasting friction that comes from poor executive ability. Today Dinsman is secretary of the company.

Nor was his technical training lost. On the contrary, it proved an invaluable asset in his rapid rise. Without it he might never have found his opportunity at all. And yet if it had not been for my scheme of studying men we should have lost him without ever knowing how very valuable he was to us. If we had fired him and hired some other man, then perhaps fired that man, and kept up the process without any nice discrimination of men values, the actual money loss to the company might have been—well, who can say? This is not a problem to be solved by mathematics. I don't hesitate to express the belief, however, that this one man has been worth to me individually a hundred thousand dollars.

The Iceberg of the Seventeenth

However, during those years when I was getting the knack of studying men I made some serious blunders of management. Manufacturing costs ran up in a prohibitive way and some unfortunate contracts hit us hard. You see, I was only twenty-six years old when I started the business and I had no broad experience. Besides, I was not naturally a planner.

It was about this time—when we were in the hole for ready money—that the demand for Parson Purity goods took a sudden jump. The people were in line for our product and the orders came in faster than we could supply them. We simply had to have more capital.

Cunningham and I had a long and serious talk; then I went back to New York with him and together we walked over to the Seventeenth National Bank, of which Charles Schmyser was president. I did not know him, but Cunningham did. Schmyser was a wizard of finance, and all he had to do to raise money for an enterprise, Cunningham said, was to hold out his hands and say three times:

"Money! Come, money! Come!"

I found that Schmyser was the coldest-blooded man I'd ever met. He could freeze the air round you so you could see your breath on the hottest day in July. The only language he talked was figures and he knew his arithmetic upside down. You could not jolly him a little bit. He shook hands with us in a clammy, algebraic way, and did not ask us to be seated.

"We have called to see you about the possibility of financing a mincemeat proposition—mincemeat and other products," began Cunningham, but scarcely had he started when Schmyser dropped to forty degrees below zero. A nor'easter came in at the south window and went clean through my ribs.

"I am not in the mincemeat business!" said he, and the ice began to sparkle all through his mahogany-furnished office. "I don't deal in pure foods, gentlemen! I hear such stories every day of my life. I could invest a million or two this minute in pie, soap, bread or soup; but I have no intention of doing so—or of putting a single dollar into mincemeat."

So the Parson Purity Brand made absolutely no impression on him; Charlie Schmyser was no sentimentalist, I say. Our joints creaked with the cold as we passed out of the Seventeenth National Bank.

I was thinking of the time when I was up against a stone wall and had hit on the plan of getting Payne Cunningham to boost me over. Why wouldn't that sort of thing work again? Why couldn't we get some man to do for us this thing we couldn't do ourselves?

"I'll tell you," said I: "Let's see if we can't put Dick Rockwood up against old Charlie Schmyser! Dick can talk in figures—the sales figures of the Parson Purity Brand. He can show how our goods started very small and how they grew slowly at first, then faster, and then jumped in a rather astonishing way. He can give Schmyser the solid, undeniable arithmetic of Parson Purity sales and show him in his own language that it's a mighty good proposition to finance."

The Right Man for the Job

We went that afternoon to see Rockwood, who was now general manager of his house.

"Dick," I said, "we are out on a campaign to finance the Parson Purity goods in a way to meet the demand upon them. We've got to have a good big factory and a proper organization, and we need capital. How would you like to come in on such a deal as our sales manager? We've got a business that promises to be a national one—you're the man to make it national! You know how to take our product and distribute it to the consumers all over the land. You could have an interest in the company, you know, and you'd stand a mighty good chance to win something big. Here in this wholesale grocery you've got a good job, of course, but you are only a local figure and haven't any interest in the business. With us, you haven't any limitations! But first, we've got to have money—say, a hundred thousand dollars."

Well, Rockwood went to see the banker four or five times and kept going to see him; and thus it happened that Schmyser did promote the Parson Purity Company. He could not get away from the showing our goods had made and the fact that the consumers were demanding these goods in ever-increasing numbers; in fact, Schmyser took most of the stock himself—that is, most of the stock that did not go to myself and Cunningham. We put in the trademark and good-will of the business at a heavy figure—and it was none too high.

We built the new factory, still in my home town—and it put the town on the map, I can tell you! We extended our advertising and Dick Rockwood began to handle our sales on a big, broad basis; and the way we grew was amazing!

Now I do not take much of the credit for our success—that's the very point of my narrative. The only credit I take is for my policy of getting the right men to do the things I could not do. I was president of the company, but Charles Schmyser, as vice-president, was the real financial man.

I could not have swung our concern through all the storms and dangers that beset us; Schmyser could. He was just cold-blooded and mathematical enough to engineer our finances.

I could not have managed our advertising campaigns and put the trademark, Parson Purity, in the mouth of every householder in the land; but Payne Cunningham could.

I could not have sold our goods from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf—and then some—Dick Rockwood could.

There was one thing I could do, however, and I believe I have done it well—at least, results have been satisfactory. My big job in the company has been to specialize on men! To get the right men in the first place; to study them and understand their special qualifications; to place them in the channels where they could work to the best advantage, and to see that the valuable men did not get away from us—that is the part I have been playing in Parson Purity work.

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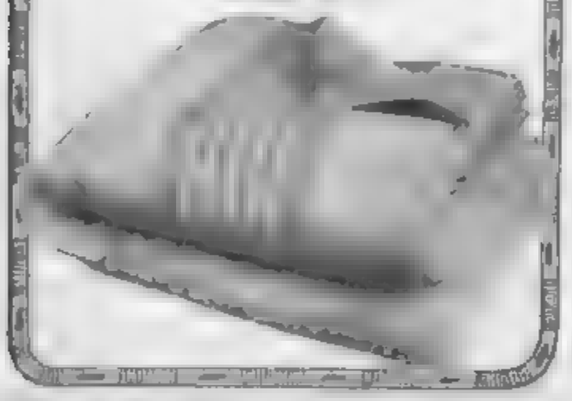

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: You undoubtedly remember the occasion when T. R.—then president of these United States—let go a line of remarks about trusts and their trusties that singed some. He spoke of predaceous plutocrats—men with soft bodies and hard faces, meticulous miscreants; and had at them in various and similar slugs of rectangular language.

Others had been endeavoring to find fitting words for the characterization of combinations in restraint of trade, and the like; but the denunciation that ensued didn't seem to fit the circumstances and the circumventors until T. R. whaled away. Since that time most of us have had the number of the trusts and their captains; and their trials and tribulations have been many, albeit there isn't a captain of high finance who will be more than distressed in a dignified manner if you call him out of his name. He deprecates that sort of thing, of course; but he can stand it.

What he cannot stand is to lose money. There never was a magnate to whom the loss of a few dollars did not mean acute agony; and he'd prefer dissolution to having it taken away from him in large chunks. Therefore they have been as patient as may be under the verbal attacks made on them, and haven't lost much sleep over suits brought against them—for most of the suits have not hurt any and some of them have helped. Until lately we have been declaiming against them; foraying at them through the courts; investigating them and reporting thereon, and then sitting athwart the report. And though the trusts and the trusties are crimped here and there, and are somewhat perturbed and mayhap frightened—and thus more cautious—most of the agitation has been academic instead of resultful, and most of the trusts are doing business at the same old stands.

Very lately, however, some bright young man in this Administration has thought out a scheme whereby the real value of the trust as an economic proposition is to be discovered. There seems to be a lull in the business of campaigning against trusts just because they are trusts; of denouncing them and then forgetting it; of investigating them and passing on to other things. The plan is to make them prove up as regards the general public.

The Test of the Trust

In other words some one has finally reached the root of the matter by starting a movement whereby it shall be determined just what the efficiency of the trust is. What good does it do? Is this monopolistic combination a benefit in the way of reducing the prices of its products? It is well enough known that the great combinations are made primarily for the purpose of reducing the cost of production; but—and here is the vital question: Do they sell to the consumer at a less cost, owing to this reduced price of production, than they would sell if the old systems of competitive units, such as existed before the corporation and the combination were made, prevailed?

To put it baldly: Has the Mousetrap Trust made mousetraps any cheaper than they were before there was a trust?—provided there is one. I happened to think of mousetraps; but the question applies to any commodity—clothing, shoes—anything the citizen uses and wears. What do the people get out of it? Do all these increases in capitalization and organization result—or have they resulted—in such economies that the people who buy have been benefited? Is the trust of merit as a feature of our economic life for the consuming purposes of the average citizen? Or is the trust merely an overcapitalized affair that is financial mostly—or primarily—in its operations, and has little concern with other economies besides those that produce dividends for the shareholders?

What it is intended to get at is this: Why is a trust? Until now the arguments in favor of combinations have been concerned with the revenue-producing features and not with the public benefits. Of course there has been plenty of promise that trust-made goods would be cheaper; but have they been? Has it worked out? Is the system scientific? Is it beneficial?

The intention is to find out whether the trusts have made good, and to regulate the attitude of the Government toward business of this character by the determinations. And it seems to me, Jim, that when they do make a roundup of this information they will have the trust problem mighty near settlement; for if trusts are good things, and do reduce to the consumer the price of their products, then there need be no dissolution of them, but a regulation along lines that shall be fair to all producers and fair to the people as well.

Of course, when this investigation gets under way we shall hear wild cries about espionage, and all that sort of stuff; but nobody need be concerned over the screams of the gentlemen who have been getting the promotion and the watered-stock profits. The fact of it seems to be that after our years and years of howling about trusts, and jawing at them, and trying to regulate them by laws that did no such thing, a movement has been started to discover the basic proposition—to find out whether a trust is a good thing or a bad thing, and why. The persons most intimately concerned are the persons who must buy—for their own use—the products of trusts; and they have no kick coming if it is shown that a monopolistic manufacturing combination really cheapens the consumer's cost.

The Reviving Convention

However, I violate no confidence when I say it is quite probable these investigations will show no such delightful state of affairs. That being the case, after the investigations are made we shall probably have a better line on the trust problem than we have obtained through denunciation and desultory prosecution, and be able to do some legislating that shall not be political or vindictive.

I suppose you read in the papers the other day that the law committee of the Republican National Committee, after viewing the corpse from every angle, decided it is not possible or legal for the national committee to make a change in the basis of representation in its conventions—that is, the national committee cannot proceed with the work of reviving the G. O. P. All it can do is to open the coffin and view the remains. The work of reviving must be done by a convention; and the plan is to have a convention called to undertake this important work.

Reform, Jim, always comes after adversity. You never heard of a man bowling along in good health and in high prosperity who had any personal ideas concerning reform. Why should he? He was getting his; and from his viewpoint there was absolutely nothing to reform. But when the crash comes, when the end of the string is reached, invariably these highfalutin persons are hot for reform. They are willing to mend their ways in any manner suggested to them, in the hope they may get back where they once were.

Hence we find all the hardshell old boys so humble and contrite you'd think they had permanent lodgings on the mourners' bench. They are willing to reform and to be reformed twenty-seven ways from the jack. They are anxious to mend their own ways—and fences—and equally anxious to have their ways mended for them. Any person who can present to them an even partly plausible plan whereby there may be some semblance of vitality restored to the G. O. P. is their friend. They hang on his words. They are willing to undergo any process, no matter how painful, if it promises—after it is over—there may be a look-in at the fields of power and patronage.

For years Republicans who saw how the wind was veering have been urging the party to reform its basis of convention representation; to make impossible the control of delegates from communities where there are no Republicans; to stop the officeholder-delegate abuse—the owned-and-managed delegate abuse; to avoid the very methods by which Mr. Taft was renominated in Chicago in 1912. They have shown the absurdity, the recklessness, the criminality—politically—of it; have inveighed against the massing of Southern delegates to bring about any desire of the bosses; have held that states where there are no Republicans should not have the same basis of representation as states where there are many.

The bosses steadily refused. They knew the value of purchased and purchasable delegates, and they allowed no reform. Now they are willing. They are eager. They are so anxious to reform themselves that they planned to put over the reform through a medium that had no legal right to do it under party rules, merely because, to show the sincerity of their conversion, they wanted to do it in a hurry.

Moreover they are willing to do anything else—anything! They have no desires in the matter other than to reform. They yearn to be cleansed. They want to show the people that the party to which they are clinging desperately, because there is nothing else they can cling to, can be remade into a good, clean, popular party, amenable to the popular demands and representative of those demands, instead of typifying the autocratic and arrogant rule of the bosses.

I doubt whether there ever was such a meek and amenable and thoroughly chastened set of bosses in the country as these Republican bosses who are searching their souls for means of rehabilitation. They are humble and contrite. They can hear a popular whisper now, though a short time ago a popular tornado didn't cause a single vibration of their eardrums. Formerly they wouldn't take advice from anybody. Now they will take advice from anybody—and if no advice is offered will go out and solicit it.

So far as being progressive is concerned, you will find these patriots so progressive—apparently—that they will outradical the radicals. They are now zealously for the people. They have no other wish or thought than to make the Republican party the engine for the demonstration of the popular will. They crave confidence. They ask aid. They seek support. They are the greatest little gang of new-leaf-turners the world has ever known; and if turning over one leaf won't do they will turn over ten or a hundred—any number—and write good resolutions on each new page. They are reformed—and naturally they thus become reformers.

Humble and Contrite Bosses

It was ever thus. No sooner has a sleek and well-fed person been turned away from the table than he begins scheming to get back again; and the more so if it happens that he has been a long time alone with the trenchers. Most of these reformed and reformers, who want to make the Republican party conform to the expressed will of the people and their desires, had sixteen years at all the political delicacies of the season; and the sudden and unceremonious transfer to the husks was as painful as it was pronounced. They want to get back. They pine for the old power and the old place. There isn't a thing—not a solitary thing in the way of reform, of promise, of attention to the popular demand—they won't do.

Watch them perform, Jim. You will discover them boiling over with ideas for the weal of the party as coupled with the weal of the people. They will exude hot air by the thousand cubic feet, telling how sorry they are for past errors and how good they will be in the future. They will pin medals on themselves, and take obligations and orders, and call themselves the servants of the expressed will of the people. And they will vote to have their convention change the representation so the bosses who control delegates from states where there are no votes cannot defeat the will of voters in states where there are votes—and all that sort of thing.

However, raising the dead has been a reasonably difficult feat for a good many years, and it's just as hard to do it now as it has been—the same applying to political parties especially. But, heavens, how they will try! It's no fun to be outside—especially when there is accurate knowledge of the joys to be found inside.

Yours for the people, BILL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 19)

"You are shivering!" he said, tucking the robes closer. "And you don't breathe right—it's too audible in frosty air. Did you ever have your lungs sounded? I have been watching your health. It isn't right."

"It is nothing," I said, putting a gauntlet across my mouth to soften the frost breath.

"Yes, it is," he answered impetuously. "I have been watching you. I didn't want to speak so soon, because I wanted to be sure of your mind first—and I wanted to make some headway in my profession first; but I want you to quit this college game and let me take care of you."

And before I knew it he was pouring out a volume he had not meant to say. I had to grab the lines to stop his impetuous torrent—it was all of expediency, what he hoped to make of his life; and all the time I kept hearing the doctor's voice above the dead child—"The poor little chap had not a chance—the poor little chap had not a chance." "By the unseen are we bent and tortured most."

"Please stop!" I begged. "For reasons I cannot tell you I can never marry; and if I could I wouldn't. I simply never shall."

If he had turned his incisive mind to this personal matter with the same clearness he had discerned the impersonal ones a moment before, I could have loved and respected him to the end; but the face he turned wore an expression of wounded fury—of vanity hurt. I was as horribly hurt as he.

We drove home in silence and saw very little of each other for a year or two. I was off on a health quest. He had gone abroad on legal business. Four years from the time he had charged the dead Norwegian's estate "only ten per cent" he died on the shores of the Mediterranean of tuberculosis—so terribly long are the arms of that grinning travesty of justice which we try to believe does not exist.

You will notice that references to lungs come often now. This was not because there were more cases of weak lungs. It was because a fear had grown in myself that made me notice all cases of consumptives and lung sufferers. I took my friend's advice and, without telling the family, went to our doctor. He had been a lunger himself and had come West for his health.

The Blind Leading the Blind

He did not even examine my lungs. He sat looking at me without saying anything. He had graduated from the university of which my grandfather had been president. He sat playing with a paperknife. It must have been one of the most painful operations he had ever performed in his life as a brilliant surgeon.

"How brave are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Fire away!" I answered. "I have never skulked a fact yet."

Outwardly I must have appeared hilarious, reckless. Inwardly I was squirming.

"Know anything about your mother's eyes?"

It was such a sudden switch I was taken unawares.

"I know that she has been complaining of her glasses."

He fiddled with his paperknife for a minute or two.

"I examined her eyes the other day," he said. She had stolen away and had her eyes examined without telling me, as I had stolen away to have my lungs examined without telling her. "She will be totally blind within a few years," he added.

After that, nothing mattered. All the dooms he could pronounce on me did not matter. I did not cry out, because the discipline of life had taught me that to cry out against life is the bleat of the sheep calling the wolves of the Fates.

The doctor was still talking. I seemed to catch what he said like a voice far away at the end of a distant telephone. At one sweep he had knocked away the whole foundation of my religious beliefs—if God backed me I could not be bucked; if I had faith enough all the mountains of difficulty in life would be removed; with the spirit of Christ in my heart I had the talisman that could defy the Fates. I forgot that Christ Himself, for the ardor of a belief, had been crucified. The doctor was saying:

"I thought if I told you you would try to be eyes and ears and hands to your mother, to anticipate her wishes; and as she is very frail she need never know how swiftly she is going blind. She could not stand an operation. Besides, it is not cataract. It is a nerve disease brought on by overstrain—sewing at night, I should say, and nervous harassment."

I was not weeping; I was sitting petrified.

"As your mother is so frail her eyesight will probably last as long as she lives. I thought I'd tell you so you could spare her knowing it—let the knowledge come gradually—be her hands and her feet and her eyes. Now about you." He spun round, looking at me. "You know how I came into this country? I was carried into this country on a stretcher. I don't tell the public; but the first six months I slept on the bare chairs of my office and lived on"—he paused; he was notoriously a hard drinker—"lived on whisky and peanuts. But I'm very much alive today. You are not so bad as that; in fact you are not bad at all. You have barely started to toboggan downhill; but you have driven your horses too hard ever since you were born.

"I think you inherit it from that little piece of animated electric fire who is your mother. I have been watching you a long time. Principal Blank tells me you walk through work without knowing it; but the trouble is your dynamo is so high-charged you are going to blow up your powerhouse and go to smash before you've begun life. Your lungs are narrow and poor. Your breathing is bad. Your temperamental tendencies are bad. Your pulse is always high—it was ridiculously high, even at normal, when you had typhoid fever. I remember you used to have night sweats and a little, dry, hard, metallic hack then. Tell me the truth now—don't lie to yourself—do you do that yet?"

I had to confess to the truth—that there were nights when I could wring my pillowslip, it was so wet.

"Chuck it!" he said. "Chuck everything for a couple of years. What's a college degree behind your name—what's the whole alphabet tucked on to it—if you graduate for a funeral? Go East and rest for the winters; then come back here for the summers. I want you to rest and eat beefsteak and live in sunlight—and rest and eat beefsteak and live in sunlight for about two years. You think you can't quit; but if you die you'll have to quit. How old are you? Nineteen—I thought so! Well, humanly speaking, you have fifty years to live if you take care of yourself; and you haven't one to live if you don't."

"Meantime, if I can't teach or go to college, who is to buy the beefsteak?" I asked.

He exploded in a harsh laugh. "My little girl, you haven't got close enough to death yet to lose sight of the non-essentials! Teach! You are absurd—you, with your lungs, hope to live breathing second-hand air in superheated rooms alternated with forty-degrees-below cold! Have some sense. You are not to enter a college room or a class room again for ten years. Let me know the train you go East by and I'll be at the station to see you off! How about it—ways and means? Heaven knows; I don't, child! There aren't any ways and means left out here since the boom blew up." I knew he was thinking of his own whisky-and-peanut days. "You've got to devise means by hook or crook to keep yourself afloat for two years!" And he rose and bowed me out.

The church we attended stood opposite his house. I looked at it and smiled bitterly in the frosty twilight. All it stood for in my life seemed to have crumbled to dust. Only the lone Christ crucified stood out a reality.

A great hulking laborer went lumbering past, drunk. I envied him his strength. I could have throttled him to get it if throttling would have got it for me; but what a parody this drunkard seemed on life! I had been asking for bread, and received a stone; for meat, and received a serpent. Was this the end of the faith that was to remove mountains? Was Christ, after all, only an impracticable idealist dreaming with His head in the clouds? Was life what the German pessimists called it—a sort of trap; a blind alley in which we found ourselves; an endless, vicious circle of coming into existence with risk and anguish to our mothers, and going out if not in a second anguish then, at best, in a lethal lethargy that lets us forget the evils we had done as we fall asleep?

I had not learned that often when we are asking for bread we are snatching greedily at husks, not corn; that sometimes the long way home is the sure way; that when in confusion of values we wander off the path of wisdom the bumps and cuts and bloody gashes on our feet are certain to drive us back and keep us on the true trail.

If you ask why, in this crisis, instead of wailing aloud to high heaven, I did not throw city life aside, take up a homestead and go out and live in the open, I answer: For the very same reason that you did not see over the crest of the whelming billows when you went down in the trough of the wave in the crisis of your own life. I did not because I was too stupid; because the tears of my own ego kept me from discerning the farsighted opportunities lying everywhere about me.

Literally one could have picked up homesteads within a stone's throw of the city at that time for a hundred-dollar relinquishment fee—homesteads that later sold not for a thousand an acre but a thousand a foot. I did not, because the Chinese footbindings of prejudice still shackled me. I thought I had the most independent views of life; but I had not fully realized that a woman is a free entity, entitled to do what is best for her well-being.

A bean held close enough before the pupil of your eye will shut out the fairest view of life. Unfortunately most of us have egos a good deal larger than a bean. At the present moment mine was shutting out God. Because my little topheavy pyramid of life-plans had kited over in a glorious upset, like a pile of baby-blocks, the pavement rocked beneath me as I walked. The frosty air had lost its fine tang. It came with the rasp of something raw; and the very sleighbells seemed to jangle out of tune.

When in Doubt, Do!

I chose the loneliest street out of the city and walked and walked for miles. Where the avenue seemed to jump off into nowhere—like life—into the infinitude of the darkening prairie, impalpable, elusive, misty, with here and there the lamp of a shanty twinkling like a marshlight—I pulled myself up with a quick jerk to think.

First of all, I had to quit. Second, I had to get out. Third, I had to —— This was a blank wall. "When in doubt, don't!" The trouble was, I could not don't! The spurs of necessity were in me. I had to go on and do something if the plunge took me over a precipice.

Of the two hundred dollars saved about one hundred and fifty dollars remained. I could leave half that and still have enough for my return ticket East. I turned back up the long, wide avenue, heavy-footed and heavy-hearted. Snow began falling in heavy flakes. Against the rows of avenue lights the falling flakes assumed the most exquisitely beautiful forms, like strange winged things.

"Yes," I thought—"and at one breath they melt! Somebody turns a switch and the lights go out. There's a God somewhere and He's an artist of beauty, all right; but I am not quite sure He is not a cynic."

Because so many others have passed the same place I confess frankly that I hated life and the whole scheme of things. You deified the body as I had—and, behold, a reckless rider unhorsed! You denied it and spent your life in ascetic prayers—what for? To have them come back empty from echoing voids, cold and hard as the northern stars.

The ego in front of my eye that night was about the size of the universe!

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles giving the Autobiography of a Happy Woman. The fifth article will appear in two weeks.

An Electric Boast

A LITTLE city in Idaho boasts that it is in advance of all the rest of the world in the use of electricity, for a considerable proportion of its homes are heated with electricity and the current is largely used for cooking as well as lighting. The city is Rupert, in the Minidoka irrigation project.

So much electric power is generated as a by-product of the irrigation system, and there is such a limited market for it, that rates have been made putting electricity on a competing basis with coal for heating.

Of all the gifts that fit the Christmas day—none so timely as the one that provides the picture story of that day—

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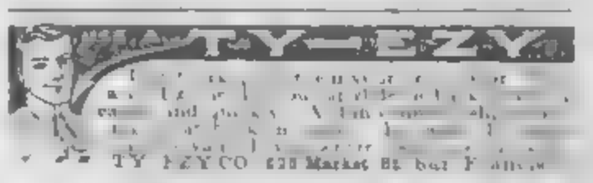

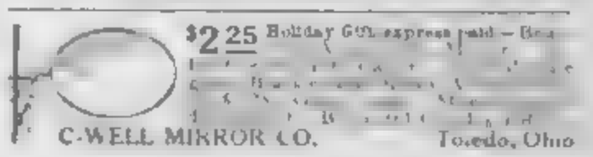

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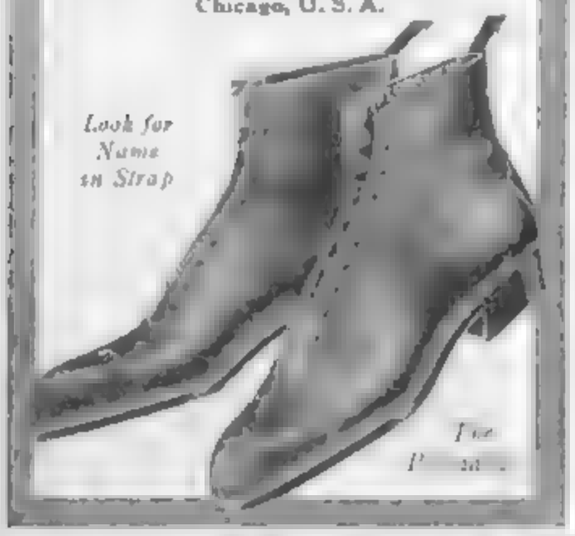

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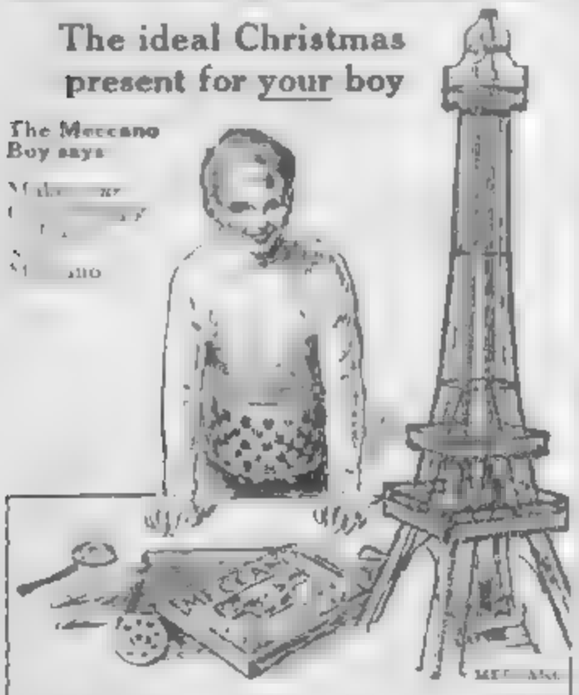

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THE BUSINESS OF GOING TO SEA

(Continued from Page 5)

coal from Bunker Number Four and Bunker Number Five to keep the fires going until we reach Honolulu. Now what shall I do about the steerage passengers? If the fire should break out between the forepeak and this part of the ship it would be hard to save any of 'em."

"True," the captain responded, reaching for a light blue jacket. "I think you had better transfer them all to the maindeck abaft the engine room and to the fantail." He slipped on the jacket and pulled a plain cap over his grizzled hair. "I'll take charge of the fire-fighting myself, Mr. Parkinson, if you will get those steerage people aft and keep the crew busy. I shall flood Hold Number Two."

"No chance of jettisoning that stuff, is there, sir?"

"Not a chance, Mr. Parkinson. The very handling of it in this heat and with fire liable to break out any moment would only increase the hazard. If anything happens to me I wish to impress on you the necessity of getting the passengers away in the boats as soon as possible. Of course I don't wish to hamper you—in case it devolves on you to take command."

The chief officer nodded respectfully and departed. After a glance at the unsigned reports left on his desk by the purser Captain Thompson went quietly out on deck and a moment later had swung himself down the forward steps that led into the steerage. From there he made his way to the great canvas-covered square of the hatch of Hold Number Two. Here he paused a moment thoughtfully. The smell of fire was already strong. He went rapidly aft and pushed open a door that led to the engine room.

"Chief," he said to that officer, "I am sending all your men aft. We are removing everybody from the forward part of the ship. Please proceed to flood Hold Number Two."

"I've got double watches in the fireroom already," the engineer informed him. "I've fresh fires under the idle boilers too."

He turned and pulled a couple of locking-levers and then put his strength on the heavy valve-wheels. At the same time he called an order to his assistant. The captain placed his open palm on the great warm pipe that led from the valve forward through the bulkhead. He felt the throb of the immense pump and then the steel turned chill under his hand. He nodded his satisfaction and went on into the fireroom.

A moment later he stood in the great tunnel that led between the bunkers. The heat was terrific. He could hear the pounding of the steam jets that were playing on the roaring coals inside.

"This will be an inferno if—when one of the bulkheads gives way," he said aloud. "I believe water would be better. But first we must make Number Two safe."

He returned quickly aft, and through the engine room reached the maindeck. He stepped in among a wildly chattering mass of Chinese, burdened with their cooking utensils and rolls of bedding and luggage. They were being slowly thrust back down the deck by the chief officer, who was cheerfully employing a large vocabulary of sonorous and filthy Chinese profanity. In the din the captain noted one thing: these thoroughly frightened folks breathed deeply of the air that rushed in from the open side-ports. It was an instinctive and unconscious act, which brought a grave expression to the commander's already sober face.

He thrust his way through the throng and went rapidly forward. At Number Two he stopped and listened. Water was rushing below the heavily battened hatches. He went on into the now empty steerage. His fears were confirmed. The shadowy spaces were filled with a sharp, acrid smoke which was steadily thickening.

"The fire has eaten along into that bunker," he thought to himself, "and the gas is pouring through the cargo and coming out this way. Somewhere there's a leak in the bulkhead!" He considered this bitterly. It had always been so. Something of vital importance had always been either left undone or wholly overlooked. "I might have expected it!" he growled savagely. "It's that Hail Inspection! He left it to some other person, and when the cargo was all out somebody simply didn't see that broken door or that sprung plate. And I—we blamed for it!"

The captain knew that whatever efforts he made to save his vessel would likely be made abortive by this fatal break in the line of his defenses. He carefully searched the place for any one who might have escaped the vigilant eye of the mate and, finding no one, quickly made his way on deck. He was instantly drenched with spray from a wave and for a moment paused to fill his lungs with the fresh air and to survey his ship, which swung and pitched powerfully through the crested swells as if she felt the need for haste.

He could see little groups of passengers gathered here and there, and knew they were talking about their plight. He walked slowly aft. The wind from ahead was very strong on his back. He realized that if the fire broke out abovedecks he must stop the ship and lay her stern to wind and sea. He calculated with great rapidity how many hours it would take him to reach land by running sternwise.

Back in his own room he methodically signed the reports for the purser, wound the chronometers and laid out the little black box in which he always carried the ship's papers. He also opened a drawer of his desk and extracted two goldpieces, which he put into his waistcoat pocket. Then he laughed at himself and laid the coins down on the desk.

"The purser will pick them up and keep them for me," he thought. "He is a nice fellow—the purser."

He put on his white uniform coat and white cap and flicked the coal dust from his shoes. As this operation was hardly successful he changed them for a fresh pair, walked out on deck, erect and unperturbed in appearance, and slowly mounted the bridge.

"Mr. Maher," he said quietly to the officer on watch, "I think there may be an explosion for'a'd. The gas is steadily accumulating in the steerage. In case that happens you will immediately stop, go astern on a starboard helm and put the ship before the wind."

"Yes, sir," said the third mate. "Is the fire gaining, sir?"

Captain Thompson surveyed his junior thoughtfully. He was minded to tell him that by some awful carelessness a broken bulkhead door or plate had never been reported; but it occurred to him that Maher would know nothing about it and that it would do no good to inform him. So he merely said:

"It seems to be making headway against us."

For an hour he made his turn from the wireless room to the bridge. The operator could raise no one; but, according to the captain's orders, he sent out his S O S steadily. On the bridge Thompson learned through the speaking tube that the pumps were still pouring water into Number Two and that the carpenter reported the water gaining also in Number One.

The bunker fire was worse and the crew now fought it at a distance. Mr. Parkinson reported that he had had the steerage passengers mustered, as well as the crew, and that all were accounted for. He informed his superior that he had also screened off all approach forward.

Captain Thompson felt a sudden, slow vibration which seemed more like a wave of dull sound than an actual movement of the vessel. He looked quickly at his watch. It was precisely four-fifteen. He steadied himself with his feet wide apart and grasped the bridge-rail. Far forward, just where the entrance to the steerage was located, he saw a puff of black smoke—then a dozen narrow planks burst into fragments. Through this opening came a small cloud of very yellow smoke, which seemed to turn steadily yellower until it was evidently flame. Then the dull thud of the explosion struck his eardrums.

Captain Thompson's hand instantly reached for the engine-room telegraph. He put the lever over to Stop, and when the answering signal reached him he thrust it on to Halfspeed Astern. He then lifted the traphatch and said quietly and distinctly to the wheelman, whose pale face was turned upward:

"Starboard your helm!"

To Mr. Maher, who was staring down at the flame, he said sharply:

"Get her before the wind and keep her there!"

An instant later he was at the speaking tube, blowing for the chief engineer. A hoarse bellow responded.

"The damage is done," Thompson said slowly. "Nothing much! How's everything below?"

"All right, except for gas blown back into the fireroom, sir," came the response.

"Keep the pumps going!" he ordered, still speaking very slowly.

At that moment the chief officer appeared, followed by a dozen men with a new hose. They raced down the forward deck, and Mr. Parkinson himself screwed the pipe on the projecting hydrant and waved his hand to the bridge for water.

With an answering wave Captain Thompson gave the necessary order. Then he left the bridge for the promenade deck, which was now thronged with frightened people.

Here he quickly allayed the immediate anxiety by a statement that he had sent for help hours before and that the Hawaiian Islands were very close.

"I shall send you all off in the boats before there is any danger—if it comes to that," he informed them, his full, red lips closing authoritatively. "Now, if you will excuse me, I have duties that press."

Within half an hour four lines of hose were playing streams into the blazing aperture above the steerage, and a dense, yellowish cloud of steam rose into the air and was blown away over the bows. Captain Thompson himself directed the placing of the firecrews and then said to the mate: "Mr. Parkinson, I am going to take desperate measures about Hold Number Two. You will not stop this work under any circumstances until I give you the order to do so."

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the cheerful response.

When the skipper of the Del Norte passed the barriers and entered the forward part of the main deck he was alone. His quick eyes took in everything. The gap made by the explosion—which had taken place in the forepeak—was at least a hundred feet from the big hatch that marked Number Two Hold; but there was a tremendous updraft of air, showing that the fire was extensive and very active.

He leaned over the hatch and put his ear to the canvas tarpaulin. He could hear the sound of water still rushing into the space about the deadly eight hundred tons of ammunition. He considered a while and then took a heavy fire-ax from the beam overhead and unreeled a hose that was near by. He carefully straightened the hose out, laid the nozzle where he could find it even if the smoke were thick, and put the ax on top of it.

"I can fight it from here alone," he thought to himself. "I don't even know how that stuff is packed, but I can at least drench it from above."

Having seen that dinner was served and that the steward's department was handling its share of the work properly, he relieved the chief officer on the forward deck.

"Eat plenty and then inspect your boats," he commanded. "Also see that Sparks has what he needs."

It was now dark and the Del Norte presented a strange picture as she rolled heavily to the send of the huge swells that thrust under her counter. The decklights were lit and as the wind carried all smoke away over the bows there was only the little, cloudy flare right forward of the first winches to show that the vessel was on fire. Into this flame the Chinese crew kept their hoselines playing with a coolness that would have seemed remarkable to any one but a seaman accustomed to the Oriental. Captain Thompson knew exactly how reliable this apparent calmness was and in his pockets he had two revolvers. He had no intention of allowing his crew to disgrace him.

The night passed slowly, with many alarms; but, so far as the captain could see, the fire was still confined to two separate places—the midship bunker and the forepeak. The bunker fire was under control already. It was evident that the forepeak fire had been started by the ignition of the gas that had leaked through the bulkhead and was still pouring through to add fresh fuel to the flames. Hold Number Two was between the two fires, isolated in part by the water that now half filled it, in part by the cargo, which lay directly forward of it and immediately aft. It was only a question of time, of course, when these protections would be useless. Meanwhile Captain Thompson did his best.

Morning brought the first cheering word from the wireless room. The operator had

picked up a faint call from a vessel of another line evidently bound in their direction. He felt sure that his own call, sent by so feeble an apparatus, had not been heard.

"Just keep at it, son," his commander told him. "By tonight we ought to be quite some sight. There are a good many ships in these waters and if they see our fire they will come to our aid."

Later the operator reported that he had plainly heard Honolulu talking to the Coast, His endeavors to break in had been unsuccessful.

By daylight the fire had gained great headway, but to the passengers it appeared as though the efforts of the crew had been largely successful; the smoke was not so thick and no flame was to be seen. Captain Thompson made no remark; his order to the chief officer was simply to swing out the boats.

"She's getting a bad list, sir," Mr. Parkinson observed.

"I've just been down to see how things were going," Thompson observed. "Hold Number Two is not filling as it should. The cargo in Number One is burning fiercely."

"We shall have very crowded boats, sir," the mate pursued. "Any word from any one yet?"

"Not yet. It is needless to say that as soon as you see any vessel coming to our assistance you will waste no time in getting the boats away. You will lose some of them, of course, having only Chinese to man them; but with care you should be able to save most of our passengers. You will put as many of the steerage coolies on the liferafts as you can. They will hang on to them better than they would to an overturned boat."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Parkinson. "This is going to be a very long day."

"Or a very short one," said his commander, smiling faintly.

The sun set, and oncoming darkness made plain to the passengers what Captain Thompson and his officers had known all along. The fire was gaining hourly and the whole forward part of the Del Norte glowed. Up in the sky the smoke collected in huge plumes, which streamed off before the wind like dark banners. Immediately above the burning vessel there appeared to be a disk of red light. This was the reflection of the disaster; and, as Captain Thompson said to himself, it should certainly attract the attention of any vessel within many miles.

That he was right was proved when the wireless operator reported that he not only heard a weak wireless call but it was evidently from some ship near by. He stated that from what he could catch of the message it related to a fire.

"Just keep sending your own call, son. Maybe you might strain your machine and reach a hundred miles."

"Fifty is its limit, sir," said the operator sorrowfully. "And that fifty may be only a twenty tonight. I'm doing my best with what I've got, sir."

"I know that," was the reply; "but keep me informed."

None of the passengers went to their rooms that night. Instead they huddled on the afterdecks, stared at the steadily increasing conflagration forward and muttered nervously among themselves. However, there was no sign of a panic; and even the coolies herded below awaited with stolidity the event.

At midnight Captain Thompson sent for the chief officer, and when he came on the bridge said simply:

"It is folly to wait longer. Fill the boats and get them away!"

The order was no sooner given than Mr. Parkinson proceeded to execute it. Though the swell was heavy and the wind strong he proved that he was able to manage with considerable expedition and little confusion. In the first boats, which were manned by the ablest of the Chinese, he put the women and children, giving each boat-commander strict injunctions to lay-to not less than half a mile from the burning steamer.

Meanwhile Captain Thompson kept half of the crew steadily at work fighting the fire, while the chief engineer remained at his post with his assistants, and saw to the fires and the pumps. At two o'clock Mr. Parkinson reported that all the European passengers were safely off and that he had filled all the liferafts but one.

"We've two boats and one raft left for the rest of us, sir," he went on.

"You have done excellently, Mr. Parkinson," said the captain. "Now that our passengers are safe until the morning, we shall redouble our efforts to control this fire."

"Is it worth while?" demanded the officer haltingly.

"It is part of the business of going to sea," was the reply. "We have much treasure and a valuable cargo here. Help may come at any time. It is our duty to keep on working until the last."

"The Chinese we have will soon make a dash for the boats?" said the mate with an inquiring intonation.

"Use your revolvers," said Thompson. "They will simply drown themselves all together if we lose control of them."

At that moment the wireless operator returned with a shout:

"They're coming, sir! Got the Swatow by luck. She says she'll be here in two hours. Sees the reflection in the sky, too."

"Tell the captain of the Swatow to pick up my boats first, son. Tell him that is most important."

Sparks rushed back to his room and Thompson said quietly:

"Mr. Parkinson, I instruct you to open the treasure room and store its contents in your own boat. Save whatever else you can. As soon as you see the Swatow's lights you will put off to her, place your treasure on board and warn the captain not to come closer than half a mile."

"I will, sir."

"I am going to try an expedient that has occurred to me," the captain went on. "If it succeeds it will make it safe for the Swatow to save some of our cargo—or perhaps even to take us in tow for Honolulu."

Without further words Thompson went down into the engine room and found the chief engineer, stripped to the waist, working over a pump.

"You can shut down Hold Number Two," he told him. "Keep the hoselines going and turn on the whole maindeck circuit."

"This is damnably hot work," growled the chief—"'specially with all that ammunition frying away for'a'd there."

"I shan't take long," the captain said earnestly. "I am going to try my last plan. The Swatow will be alongside in less than two hours. All the boats are away except a couple for us and the crew. I'll let you go in a very little while."

Captain Thompson made his way forward and once again entered the space where the big square hatch marked the storage of the ammunition. There was no lack of light, but not much heat. Without delaying at all, he picked up the ax and knocked the hatch-irons loose, tore the tarpaulin off, and with one jerk lifted off one of the heavy hatchcovers. To his delight no smoke came up. He promptly turned on the hydrant above him and, as the water spurted from the hose, directed the stream downward.

For some moments he was sure he had solved the problem. It was certain there was not less than twelve or fifteen feet of water in this hold, so that no fire could reach the explosives from the bottom. If he could thoroughly wet down the packages in which they were contained, it would be safe for the Swatow to come alongside.

Before long, however, Captain Thompson realized the futility of his scheme. A thin stream of smoke began to come up from below. In taking off the hatchcover he had established a new draft. There was only one thing to do—to replace it. He did so. Then he wiped his forehead, which was badly scorched by heat.

"That ends this," he said moodily, and returned to the engine room, where he informed the chief of his failure.

"It was useless to try it," said the old man, picking up a jacket and bawling for his assistants.

"One must try everything in a case like this," Thompson answered mildly. "Just leave those pumps running, will you? If those Chinese see the stream stop they'll rush the boats."

Once on deck, the captain found Mr. Parkinson, who shouted cheerfully:

"The Swatow is here already, sir. Guess she got our position wrong. Her searchlights are going and she's busy picking up our boats."

"Have you got everything?" demanded Captain Thompson.

"Yes, sir."

"Then call your men and get away. Lively now!"

Within three minutes the boats were creaking downward. Captain Thompson called down to the mate to stand off.

"I'll jump later!" he said.

When the captain was sure he had been obeyed he started to make the rounds of the now-deserted vessel. The dynamos had been left running and he was thorough in his inspection. He found no one. He returned to the deck and heard the chief officer yelling for him. He bellowed back a reply and then surveyed the doomed ship. She was now blazing fiercely forward and the light was blinding. The Del Norte, no longer under any control, was listed in the trough of the sea. The wind was whirling the sparks upward in huge streamers. Far to leeward he heard the dismal sound of the Swatow's siren.

He reflected a moment.

"Not a rocket or a whistle blast!" he said to himself. "Well, I've done everything else."

He went slowly on the bridge and pulled the lever that opened the great siren. Its mournful blast roared out into the night—once, twice, thrice. Good-by!

Captain Thompson's eye caught a peculiar tint in a little jet of flame that was hissing out of a crevice in the forward deck.

"There goes that condemned ammunition," he said to himself. "Well, it's all in the business of going to sea."

Mr. Parkinson, standing up in his boat, with one foot on a netted sack of bullion, saw a great geyser of many-colored flame rise like a fountain from the Del Norte. It burned for a moment with great intensity, showering stars and windblown blossoms of fire. Then the column died down, as if sucked back into the sea.

"Pull away hard, you miserable Chinks!" he roared.

And as his boat surged for the waiting Swatow he saw over his shoulder a racing crested wave. Where the Del Norte had been was darkness, very profound. Then a terrific report shattered the sky and some heavy object hissed into the water near the boat.

"Well," he thought to himself, putting his weight on the steering oar as the racing crest toppled astern, "that's the last packet Thompson will lose. This business of going to sea is rotten anyhow. He was a good man—and look what he got!"

The captain of the Swatow considered the matter in a slightly different light. The next morning, as he viewed the huddled hundreds from the Del Norte, he turned to his chief officer and said:

"Not a soul missing except the old man himself! That's what I call knowing one's business! That man Thompson must have been a seaman of sorts."

Still another view was that of Full-Steam-Ahead Gunderson:

"I've lost the only man who really was to be trusted when it came down to business. Say, Griffiths, did Thompson leave any money?"

"Captain Thompson? No, sir—not much. He spent all his buying shares in this line for that niece of his who lives in Iowa—Masters, or some such name."

Captain Gunderson picked up his little book of stockholders and referred to a page of the M's.

"Huh!" he remarked—"'Masters, Elizabeth. Fifteen years old. Five shares. Going to school in Ottumwa.' . . . Uh-huh!"

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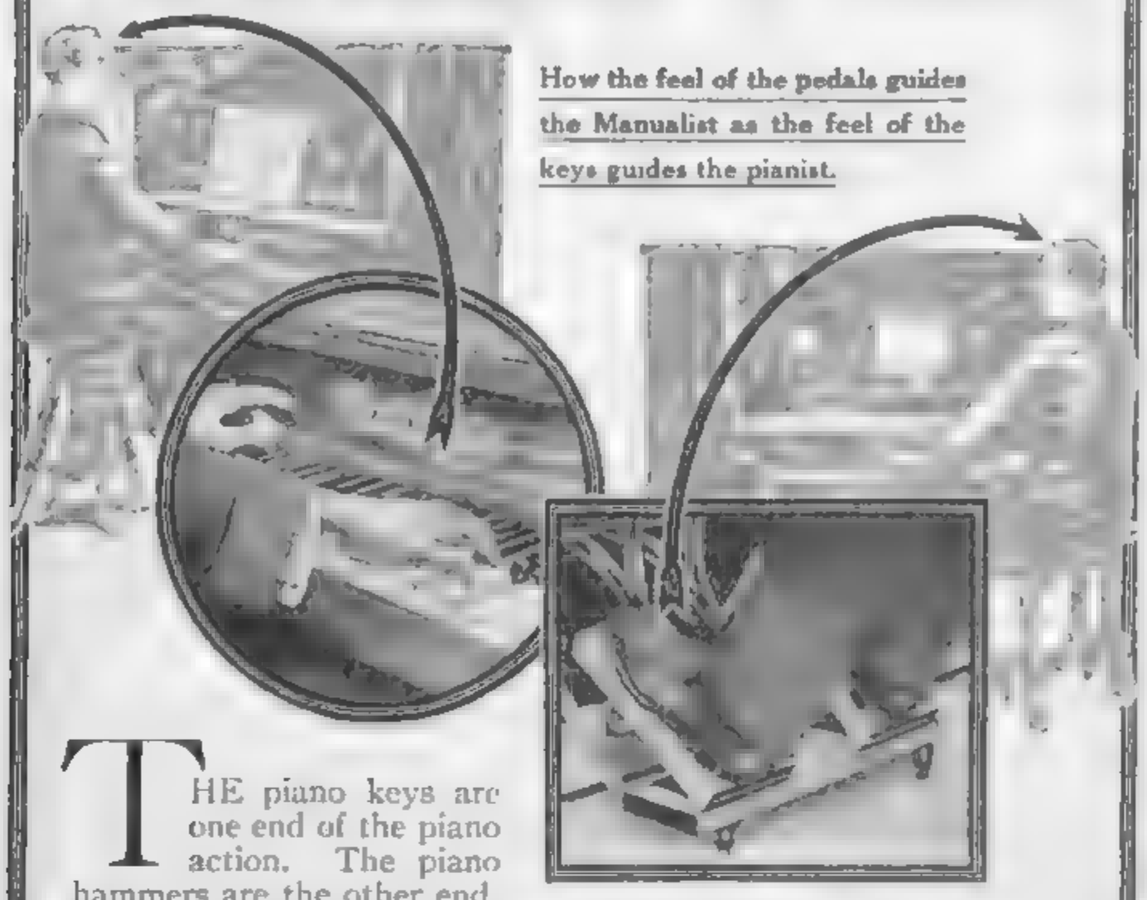

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Through this connection the hammers receive from the keys the energy which makes the hammers strike the strings. Through this connection they send back to the keys the sensation of striking the strings.

The trained pianist by running his fingers over the keys immediately knows by their feel with just what force the hammers strike the strings under his various strengths of fingering. He instantly associates the various volumes and accents with certain sensations of touch. He knows just how the keys must feel, when struck, to produce the effect desired. In the

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

the pedals are one end of the operating mechanism. The piano hammers are the other end. Between these two extremities are air passages likewise forming a sensitive, direct, instantaneous connection, and ending at each hammer in a little bellows. Sucking the air from the bellows makes the hammer strike the string, the force of its stroke depending upon the speed of the bellows' collapse.

Through the air passages each bellows receives from the pedaling the energy which makes it collapse. Through this connection it sends back to the pedals the sensation of its collapse.

For the air in the bellows to pass out with a rush so that the hammer strikes with great force, the air pressure in the other passages must be much lower than normal, a condition that makes the pedals work with some resistance. To pass out not so quickly so that the hammer strikes the string lightly, the air pressure must be more nearly normal, a condition that makes the pedals work easily.

When you pedal the Manualo you therefore know by the feel of the pedals how fast the air is being sucked from the little bellows. Soon you unconsciously associate the various volumes and accents of tone with certain sensations of touch in the pedaling. Soon you instinctively know just how the pedals must feel to the feet under the various strengths of stroke to produce the effect desired.

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EVERY MAN'S CASTLE

(Continued from Page 10)

Carson did not think about schemes of decoration, but he did want to know about stairs and fireplaces.

"I've only been able to allow you one fireplace—in the living room," said the architect. "That can be bought ready made, they have very good ones of cement on simple lines, and we will line it with brick. If you want to blow yourself a bit on that one feature you might have a special design in plaster for the chimneypiece. There are people now who understand the genius of plasterwork and I have seen some exquisite sample designs. Or there are immensely interesting possibilities in colored concrete, which is a great novelty.

"As for the stairs, the red composition flooring will go very well with the red tile of your entrance hall; and it can be laid on a combination stair built just like your floors, with a simple iron baluster and a wooden handrail. A plain reënforced concrete one would be cheaper if you were having a concrete house; but it's always a good rule not to multiply kinds of construction."

Another point on which both needed reassuring was the question of dampness.

"You know they say all masonry ought to be waterproofed," said Mrs. Carson to me.

"Who say? The makers of waterproofing compounds? No masonry that is up to the standard needs waterproofing—except in the cellar; and then only if water is to stand against the walls—and it needs pitch and felt then! Every masonry wall must be furred or it will condense moisture in the winter like a windowpane; but that's got nothing to do with proofing. Of course it is harder to make stucco impervious to rain than some other materials, and it is often waterproofed as a precaution; but there's no valid reason for using it on your house."

Their housekeeping devices are of interest only so far as the unburnable quality of the house modified them. Carson had always feared to have cooking or heating done by anything except coal; but now he has delighted both wife and servant by installing a large range and hot-water heater, to be run separately by kerosene—thus greatly lightening the household work, especially in summer.

Carson, in fact, was so much of a crank on the subject of fire that he was even afraid of electric devices of all kinds—"in the hands of women," as he used to say. But he has wired the new house for a vacuum cleaner, electric fireless cooker and washing machine, and has no more objection to the electric iron, even as used by Swedish Hilda.

"Whatever they do now," he says, "it can't spread!"

The Fireplace on the Roof

He is doing pretty well in his business nowadays and is preparing to make the most of his house by adding all the exclusively unburnable conveniences as soon as he can afford them. He was anxious for a fireplace on the roof, and we had some difficulty in persuading him that it would upset his near neighbors—who are pretty near after all; but he is standing out for an outside fireplace on the veranda, with movable screens, so that he can use it as a sun parlor in winter. He is not going to build a garage until he can build one behind the house, where it will appear as an innocuous extension. "Always did hate a silly little outhouse—as if the big house had had pups!"—at which Mrs. Carson would have been shocked if she had not remembered the Boston quip about the Public Library and the subway kiosks.

He insisted on a cantilever balcony for a sleeping porch—easy enough because of the anchorage afforded by the floor construction—and was terribly disappointed to hear that heating his rooms by pipes laid in the floors, thus banishing radiators, was rather too much of an advance on the experience of the local men to fit his case and appropriation.

As the house has come to completion, however, Carson has kept returning to his grievance about the Concrete Community.

"Why is it," he asked me, "that the good houses, on good real-estate developments, are never fire-safe, if you like that better than fireproof? And why don't more people do as I am doing? Why aren't there more of these unburnable groups? I'd willingly rent in one—I'm not so bent on building or even on owning my home."

"It would take really a volume on the financing of real-estate development to go fully into that," I answered. "In the first place let me tell you that you are a very lucky fellow to have got your first-mortgage loan for fifty per cent of your whole undertaking. Insurance and loan companies have to look to the possibility of getting back their money, not to the money put into a building operation. They have to consider the amount of accommodation supplied in the average construction of a certain type and place, and base their loan on that.

"You know, yourself, that the amount of house you have, as average good building construction goes about you at Harrowcliff, could be got easily for seven thousand dollars; so that, even taking sixty per cent as the figure of your loan, eighteen hundred dollars on land and forty-two hundred dollars on house, six thousand dollars is all they would be justified in lending you; for the average man is not going to pay more than for the average quality that goes with a certain size of house. You could spend fifty thousand dollars without winking on a marble mausoleum half or a third the size of your house; but that wouldn't justify a loan company in lending you anything on it. That's the reason why people deciding to build fire-safe, who haven't so much cash as you have and need a whacking big loan to start at all, are helpless. They have to plan for a still smaller house, and that makes the difference between unburnable cost and ordinary building-construction cost still greater."

The House for a Home

"Therefore the loan they can get bears a still smaller proportion to actual cost—even if they can get it at all. The companies must protect themselves, for the clientèle taking up houses of that size are certainly not paying for quality, and they are quite likely to be left with a house either unsalable or unrentable for any proportionate amount; and, of course, the same thing works in the case of building and loan associations."

"Well, I can see how that acts to discourage the individual builder," said Carson; "but why don't the development companies work up the demand? I should think it would pay them as an advertising proposition."

"Simply because the development companies are not building houses either to sell or to rent. They do build a few houses on the second or third best plats and expect to sell them at about cost or less, or rent in the same way. Only when they've got a pleasant little settlement started do they expect to realize—and then on the sales of the land. They write off the first houses to advertising; and, as to sell them at all in an empty tract they've had to make them as effective and showy as possible, you can't imagine that they will deliberately put themselves still farther in the hole by adding twenty-five per cent or so for really unburnable construction.

"Except for the cheap speculative builder—out of the development class entirely—there's no money to be made in building and selling houses. The good house in general has to be built for a home; and I've just explained the lions in the way of the homebuilder's building unburnable."

"But why must it be built for a home?" persisted Carson.

"Because no one but the homebuilder is going to pay for it outright what it really costs. It works this way, you see: The homebuilder starts out determined to spend a certain sum—and not a cent more, he tells his architect. Then there's a certain minor change he wants—very desirable for his special needs—and a few small additions, and a few changes to better quality on certain appointments.

"They mount up—these things—and in the end he has paid a thousand or two more than he had set as his limit. But it is his home—it is worth it to him to have things just so. He is willing to make sacrifices for his own idea; he doesn't regard it as an investment, but as a luxury and recreation he owes himself. He doesn't figure on depreciation or repairs—they are part of his personal life, like his daily shine or shave. When he sells, if he decides to, he is forced to suffer a loss in money for what he has gained in everything else.

"You see, however, the builder for profit must get full value—must figure interest, depreciation and repairs, while his client, in buying, has no special motive to induce him to pay extra for quality in special points. In short, while the builder must get a gross return of at least twelve per cent on his investment the homebuilder does not usually figure over six or seven per cent on his.

"No, my dear fellow; the only way to conjure up a suburban paradise of really fireproof houses ready built for you to buy or to rent will be to imbue the average worried housefather and housemother with the idea that safety from fire is as much to be desired as good plumbing. When only safety from fire is 'good building construction' you can get a building loan on sixty per cent of its cost to build, which will then be really its value in the market—and the rest will come."

"Then I suppose you'd say the fellow with not over four thousand or five thousand dollars to spend on his house was out of the running entirely, so far as the unburnable house is concerned?"

"If he must have a good-sized building loan—yes. And even if he has the cash in hand it's very much of a question. I should say he couldn't build in your type of construction, or even with hollow-tile walls and the rest like yours, in any reasonable size. He could do it by modifying the construction; but, of course, then it wouldn't be absolutely unburnable. Nevertheless, even then it might be worth while.

"Let's see what our fellow with a little legacy of forty-five hundred dollars cash in hand could do. I say legacy, because the man who builds a forty-five-hundred-dollar house represents about the forty-dollars-a-month flat dweller—and I know mighty well he hasn't got his forty-five hundred saved. I should say he could build a bungalow of forty by twenty-five feet, with hollow-tile walls and partitions, one combination floor, with plaster and metal lath above, allowing a combination floor over one room to be used for storage, as the other wouldn't bear it. He would have to have timber rafters under his asbestos-shingle roof and a cellar under only one part of his thousand square feet of floor space.

"Personally I should advise such a man to get his thousand square feet with a two-story-and-a-half cottage, twenty by twenty-five. In this climate it will cost far less to heat and I think he could get his three floors all combination, so as to use the entire attic for storage if he wishes. Of course the matter of appearance I don't try to pronounce on—rather a difficult nut to crack, I should say."

"Well, I should think he'd rather live in a chicken coop, if he had to, and be sure of it," was Carson's last word, which stands for the point of view of many intelligent homebuilders today.

Houses for Warm Climates

The details of this particular adventure in building have seemed worth discussing because, as I have said, Carson is the representative of such a large class—the suburban or country-town dweller of moderate means. Nevertheless, there are many cases in which the motives for building unburnable houses are as strong and the pecuniary situation fairly comparable, but the social and building conditions absolutely different.

On a Western ranch, for instance, the extremes of heat and cold and the danger of hurricanes or cyclones would of themselves indicate the reënforced concrete house, so easily designed to be both earthquake and cyclone proof. A perfectly simple oblong structure, or a grouping of these, especially with a one-story plan, demands, where fine finish is not required, only conscientious, painstaking following of directions, and could probably be constructed by local labor with the minimum of supervision.

Even if the surface is rough, the design completely utilitarian, with no refinements of tile or terrazzo, patent plaster, artistic fireplaces, and so on, it has, nevertheless, esthetic fitness; it suits the free, open life; and native decorations, in the way of Indian blankets and basketry and leather, suit it completely.

Such a house would not be costly. It is the "nice" house, the carefully finished house of the town dweller that is expensive in concrete. Only in that part of the United States where there is no stone or gravel easily obtainable would there be any question that the ranch house should be of solid reënforced concrete. In California it is, of course, the material most closely akin to the old Spanish prototypes.

In the South—very especially the Far South—it is the absolutely ideal material from all points of view. There it is decidedly economical in comparison with other permanent construction, because the freight rates on brick and tile are very high, while sand and gravel are locally plentiful.

The suitability of reënforced concrete to the Southern climate and the very great fire-hazard throughout the rural South have resulted in the fact that already country houses of concrete are on many of the great Florida estates; and the smaller houses are beginning to be built of it.

In many Western towns the demand is rather for a fire-safe house in which housekeeping shall be simple. Now most women will, I think, agree that the first necessity of the servantless house is that it shall need little cleaning and that it shall be easy to clean when it does need it. Natural or stained trim and the minimum of it, natural or painted plaster walls, neutral-tinted washable floors laid with a sanitary base like that of the Carson house, a laboratory kitchen, and plenty of electrical devices are the items that in the unburnable house are obvious and economical.

The bungalow of stucco on hollow tile or metal lath, with no wood in the structure, embodying these features, is undoubtedly the greatest labor saver, and if no more than two bedrooms are required is probably not more costly to build than a fire-safe story-and-a-half house of the same accommodation—inasmuch as the fireproof stairs and second fireproof floor will make a large item of expense.

The subject is, of course, a tremendous one; the problems are just beginning to be solved—especially for the man who wants a nice house for a modest scale of living. It is, therefore, certainly worth while to consider by what devices or modifications the proportionately expensive unburnable house may become the less expensive practically unburnable one.

Roofing and Flooring

The first suggestion, and one I personally would advocate, is for the timber rafters under clay tile, slate or asbestos-shingle roof. If the attic floor is unburnable there seems little chance of danger. Next in order of harmlessness is probably the wooden stairway, so long as the wooden structure is protected underneath by cement plaster on metal lath. The floors are the danger points of course. The minimum of protection from fire is given by the arrangement—which is, indeed, fairly common—in which the walls and the first-floor structure are unburnable, leaving the stairs and second floor of wood.

Even this would be of some use if the concrete floor were not so often overlaid by a hardwood surface. Carson's house, but with about eight hundred square feet ground area, might have been built with timber rafters and wooden stairs, keeping the concrete floor structure, probably for eight thousand dollars.

The homebuilder who can start his unburnable undertaking with a much more liberal outlay is not especially in need of advice nowadays. The man with ten thousand cash in hand, or the man who can finance a twenty-five-thousand-dollar or thirty-thousand-dollar house, is probably in business for himself. In that case his house will bear some definite relation to his business.

He will either want to use it as a social and business asset—in which case he will be justified in splurging to an extent—or he will, for business reasons, desire to live as modestly as possible, or to have a house that can become a quick asset in an emergency.

In any case the problem is so individual that the different types of cases need to be treated separately. It is the man with a moderate income—fixed within limits—who can use such general suggestions as hereinbefore given.

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If you have read the three letters on this page you may be sure that there is full satisfaction for you in Colgate Lather "As You Like It"—Stick, Powder, or Cream—three kinds of shaving comfort with one quality—"Colgate's."

THE FORLORN PHILANTHROPIST

(Continued from Page 17.)

it is to find what seems to be the well-nigh universal tendency to lie down on the person of large heart and ready hand.

"What am I to do?" queried sadly a generous and sympathetic woman in Chicago. "I have just had a letter from a half-witted young invalid whom I have been supporting for some time. He now writes to ask for twice as much as usual because he has lately married!"

The art of lying down is not confined to any class; too often it is seen almost under the same roof with the millionaire himself, who not infrequently has to support as many as twenty or thirty families of relatives, near and distant. Its universality alone is almost enough to make any observer a pessimist; but, still worse, it usually tries to support itself by a scaffold of assumption.

"I used to begin the morning by tackling a bushel of appeals," said a railroad magnate, who had started as a secretary for one of the early Vanderbilts. "The amazing thing was the presumption—the nerve and inconsiderateness—in nearly every letter. It was a case of 'You surely cannot refuse this!' or 'What a blessed thing to do in memory of your dear son, of whose death I read yesterday!' One after another they ran much like that until the batch was finished and I could try to cheer up for the next morning's ordeal."

As the result of such troublesome expectations and demands a business man in a small Middle-Western city recently became, in the testimony of his friends, nothing less than an unhappy and unfriendly misanthrope within six months after the papers first announced his offer to build a hundred-thousand-dollar hospital. The suddenness with which the rain of appeals flooded him with their urgings, assumings and insistings spoiled his dream of the delight of doing good and drove him to an extreme of moody and sore aloofness.

Few of the large dispenser's closest friends are able to resist the temptation to add just the straw's weight to the load of importunity that often brings a nervous breakdown near. One wealthy and generous widow now finds it necessary by sad experience to catechize even her most time-tried associates before she will sit down to enjoy their "little friendly call." When in answer to her question they confess that Well, yes; they had planned just to speak of the Home, "which is, you know, so worthy and so needy," the unhappy and overburdened woman breaks from the room in tears—and bemoans the loss of another friend.

The same woman—the same poor woman of millions—on the very afternoon of her husband's funeral was called on by a long-time friend at the head of an educational institution who could not wait longer to present an appeal for several hundreds of thousands!

Pity the Poor Rich

It is hard to judge whether the secretary did a kindness or not when he reported to his millionaire chief every detail regarding the call of a friend who was also the head of a benevolent institution that had hopes of a bequest.

"I think I ought to tell you," the conscientious secretary said, "that your caller just now, as he was leaving, asked me to send for him in case your health grew worse!"

All this is enough—and considerably more than enough—to make any one forlorn, to say the least; but there is still another side to the situation that is seldom thought of. One of the country's most active, most widely known and most beloved philanthropists was being complimented one evening on the splendid use to which she put her great means. Profound sadness was in her face as she replied: "Ah, but all I can do is so little in comparison with what needs doing!"

Every morning she and her corps of secretaries are reading for hours of nothing but the troubles of the world—all trying to get not simply her attention but her action. From Europe, Africa, China, India and the South Seas—as well as from Chillicothe, Cedar Falls and Cheyenne—come daily by hundreds the stories of misfortune and need, acute or chronic; even with her millions, and even though her tender sympathies may be completely won, she cannot hope to set about the mending of more than a tiny fraction of it all—probably less than one per cent of it at most. You and I, on the other hand, are probably in a position to take action on fifty per cent of the appeals the world finds it worth while to put before us.

No wonder that, in an attempt to lessen the sum total of annoyance, disappointment and heartache, it has lately become much more common for the wealthy to do their giving secretly, and so fail to help with the influence of themselves as well as their dollars. What of satisfaction and freedom they gain in this way, however, is largely offset by the wagging of busy tongues with such hard words as stingy, tightwad and skinflint.

All this heckling of known givers and hissing of unknown ones does immensely more than produce unhappiness in high and supposedly very fortunate places. For one thing it greatly lessens the effectiveness of the money given; it turns much of the giving into misgiving—makes it maleficent instead of beneficent. The lonesome, walled-in millionaire is the man who of all men is quickest to respond to the flattery and "salve" that all too many "benevolent representatives" are willing to give him *ad libitum* in the attempt to defeat rather than aid his judgment.

Scaling the Millionaire's Wall

"When we were seated the old fellow opened up by saying that he was a hard, cold man and had caused many disappointments," said a solicitor for a well-known cause in telling of his call on a man whose charitable millions made him famous.

"'But,' I objected, 'Mr. Blank, you surely can't mean that, because neither your face nor your manner looks that to me.' And, if you'll believe me, it worked so well that the old chap gave me ten thousand dollars within half an hour!"

Instances could be multiplied indefinitely of gifts that in like manner came to represent simply the giver's personal pleasure in dealing with the askers rather than his serious interest in the need or needs they described. To do the work of financial representative and resist the temptation to obtain results by insincere simulation of earnest admiration and hearty friendship is one of the hardest things in the world; the attempt breaks down the moral fiber of not a few college presidents.

Mistaken, maleficent judgment in the choice of needs is also pretty sure to follow from the excessive influence the wall gives the few favored advisers inside it—those outside having cut themselves off by proving unsafe advisers, because overprejudiced and insincere. In one of our Eastern cities not long ago enough millions were bequeathed to care for a hundred times the number of orphans in the vicinity because a millionaire's lawyer happened to hear a neighbor mention orphans in answer to an inquiry about local needs.

Undoubtedly, furthermore, a very serious lessening of gifts is caused by the present-day pursuit of the philanthropist. In self-defense he must learn to toughen his skin to the constant attempts made to move him. The leading millionaire of a Western city a few years ago became completely possessed by the serious belief that if he did not repel every advance his entire fortune would be taken from him by the army of appealers. As a result his charitable impulses entirely disappeared, and every gift meant simply that his power of resistance in that case had been successfully overcome. As a result, also, his final will and testament stands today as an example of personal selfishness and family pride.

A constantly tougher skin is quite naturally the result of the multitude of appeals that make use of vanity, duty, pity, cold weather, hot weather—anything that may get somebody's dollar. "Not enough severe winter weather" is given as one of the reasons why a relief organization in a certain city is now in dire need of funds. It certainly is shameful if freezing weather is required to move the inhabitants of that community. It is also too bad that in so well-informed a city thousands of generous people probably wait for their emotions thus to be moved, under the mistaken idea that otherwise the gift lacks heart and is

not genuine benevolence—forgetting that organized charity cannot avoid deficits, despair and disaster unless supported by organized giving.

In any event the upshot of it all is to drive both giver and institution into a blind alley; each year the person appealed to when the temperature is low requires a lower temperature to move his hand to his pocket—in just the same way that people are nowadays learning to resist effectually the pressure of the whirlwind campaign, successful though it is likely to be when first employed.

On the whole it is probably true in all cities and towns throughout the country that the net result of the present methods of appealing—indiscriminate, unorganized and insistent, if not insincere—is to make gifts constantly harder to obtain and to reduce the total number of active givers. Exactly this was found to be true in Cleveland, where a survey was made a few years ago by the Chamber of Commerce because both philanthropists and philanthropies were complaining—the former that appeals were crushing and the latter that appeals were ineffective. It showed that, though between 1907 and 1909 the amount contributed had increased 22 per cent, the number of givers—of five dollars and more—had decreased 11 per cent! Apparently the layers of the golden eggs were being killed off by the methods of the egg-collectors.

The Privilege of Saying No

How can the forlorn philanthropist become cheerful and hence active—as constantly active and intelligently awake to social needs and social interests as, for instance, our ubiquitous friend Constant Reader in the morning newspaper? If he is shut off from the pleasure of many good friends and true—and there seems to be little help for that—then there is only one other way: he can be given the pleasure of being allowed—and urged—to do the things he likes to do; to express through his gifts his own ideas about philanthropy, about education, about government—about matters in general.

"My mother is not able to see you, but wishes to know how much you want and what for," said the son of a well-known benefactress to a caller who was working along unusual lines and trying to secure the giver before his gifts. The son was assured that the caller had no appeal to make, but wished to thank her for remittances already received and to become acquainted with her as a person.

"Yes, I know; but what was it you then planned to present?" was the rejoinder.

He was reassured that the object of the call was to get acquainted with his mother, so that she might be spared appeals outside the range of her interests and hence find more pleasure in those sent to her.

"Do you mean to tell me," he answered, "you meant to go away as empty-handed as you came?" When finally this was made certain he exclaimed: "Well, it has never been so attempted before beneath this roof!"

Even a giver can be offered the pleasure of knowing that he has some rights and that those rights are being respected. As a person rather than simply as a possessor, he has a right to the pleasure of knowing the real inside of the big charitable undertakings of the community and the country, and then of choosing—without pressure—that part in them which will give him the most satisfaction. Like the rest of us he can appreciate that pleasure of saying "Yes" which can be enjoyed only when it is made easy to say "No."

"They call in twos when they mean business," said a New Yorker noted between the oceans for his contributions. "When it is an entirely new matter I ask them to leave me some printed matter, so I may look it over. They think I'm hedging and insist that the money's needed by Saturday night—which means that they want only my money, not me; so I buy their departure as cheaply as I can, and when they close the door I assure you they close it on their proposal for all time!"

The right thus to be wanted for oneself, the right to sincerity, the right to refuse or accept, and many others, have been put into a Magna Charta for Givers by a recent writer. They all come down, however, to a very simple matter—it has been known for some time as the Golden Rule, probably the greatest human-action-getter ever discovered.

The Cleveland Police Department has for some time been famous for its so-called Golden Rule treatment of first offenders. Perhaps that is one reason why the same city now comes forward prepared to apply the same rule to its philanthropists—in the daring expectation of increasing their number, their gifts, and their all-round usefulness to the community!

Its new Federation for Charity and Philanthropy is the direct result of the survey referred to as made by the Chamber of Commerce Committee on Benevolent Associations, after nearly five years of as painstaking and serious investigation as any voluntary organization in the country can point to. As at present constituted, in line with the recommendations resulting from the survey, the federation is composed of ten persons elected by the constituent benevolent organizations, ten by the city's donors, and ten chosen to represent the city at large by the president and directors of the Chamber of Commerce. Fifty-three of the fifty-eight benevolent organizations indorsed by the committee as making a legitimate appeal for funds participate in it—two of the remaining five make no general appeal and are thus not strictly eligible to participation.

The prime effort of the plan is to unfetter the philanthropist—to lessen the present pressure on him and free him, at least partially, from the present flood of solicitations by agreeing that no one of the fifty-three participating organizations is to make any appeal for current expenses to any person using the federation's consolidated subscription blank. An immunity list of these subscribers is sent each week to the fifty-three different organizations, together with the check for the total of payments received from those on that list who have especially designated that particular institution.

Whether, however, an institution has been thus chosen or not, no appeal is made to any one on the list. Each institution remains as free as before to solicit persons not using the federated plan. Consultation with the federation board is requested before making special appeals to federation members for new buildings, endowments or other extraordinary needs.

In place of exerting the usual competitive pressure to obtain his money the federated plan aims to secure the giver himself through a constant and coöperative program of education. Committees on Research and Publicity, on Institutional Efficiency, on Relations to the Public, and so on, are at present all actively engaged in securing greater efficiency and greater public interest in philanthropic work—in not only securing one hundred dollars' worth of effectiveness for every hundred dollars contributed but also carrying to every actual and potential giver the conviction that a hundred dollars' worth of both social value and personal satisfaction is to be obtained for every hundred dollars given.

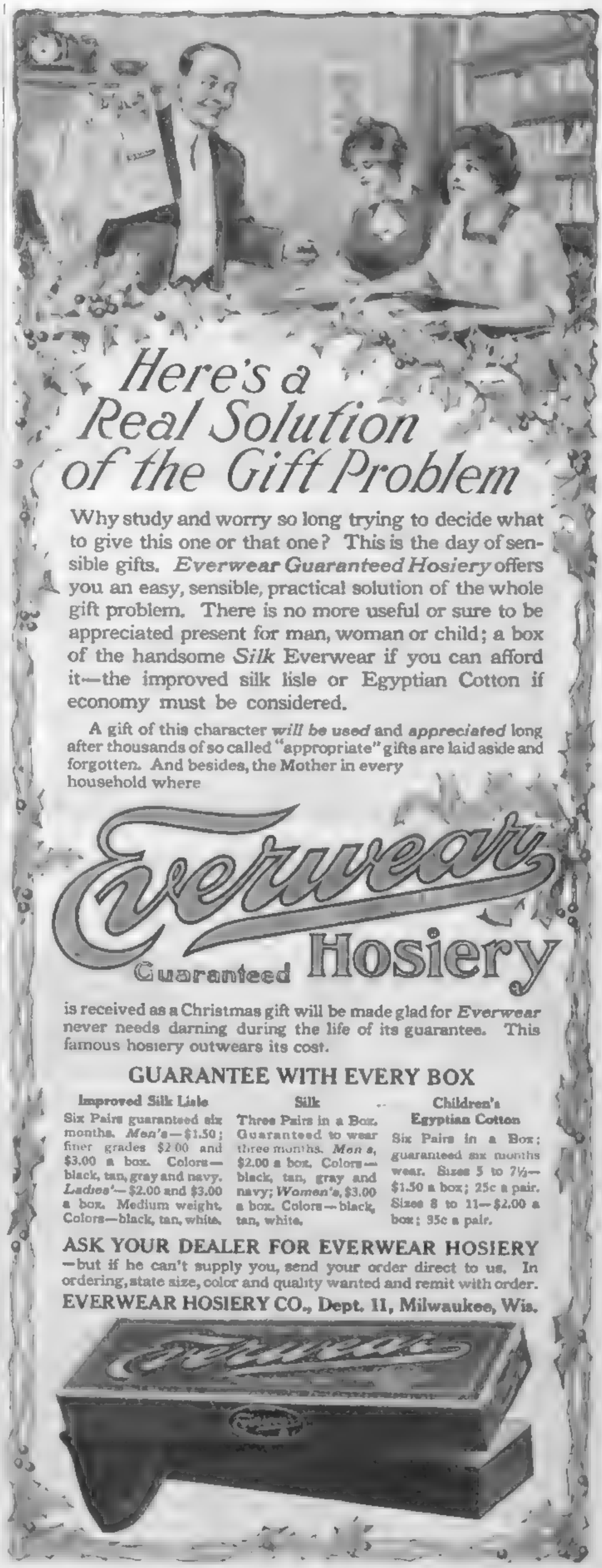
On the average a full page of newspaper publicity regarding the social problems and needs of the city and the activities of the federated organizations in meeting them has been obtained through the federation offices each week since its active organization. As a result many who thought little about any of the city's benevolent organizations now find themselves greatly interested in some of the big problems—such as health or recreation—with which these organizations are working.

Coöperation in Begging

The completest freedom to choose, from among the different fields thus being constantly presented, that particular field which he most prefers is guaranteed to every giver. On the subscription blank he can either designate any or all of the fifty-three organizations, or he can place his gift at the discretion of the federation. Most people seem to prefer a combination of both methods; up to the present three-fourths of the money given has been for designated institutions and one-fourth left to be distributed at the board's discretion.

What is most significant, however, is that nearly three times as many organizations in the federation have been chosen by federated subscribers as were chosen a year ago by the same persons subscribing in the old way.

The careful and constant cultivation of new givers—rather than a constant return for larger gifts to the old givers—is already strenuously under way, with the result that two thousand persons are now among the federation's subscribers whose names were on none of fifty donors' lists possessed by the federation for 1912. On the old competitive basis this constant solicitation of the



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Six Pairs guaranteed six months. *Men's*—$1.50; finer grades $2.00 and $3.00 a box. Colors—black, tan, gray and navy. *Ladies'*—$2.00 and $3.00 a box. Medium weight. Colors—black, tan, white.

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Three Pairs in a Box. Guaranteed to wear three months. *Men's*, $2.00 a box. Colors—black, tan, gray and navy; *Women's*, $3.00 a box. Colors—black, tan, white.

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Six Pairs in a Box; guaranteed six months wear. Sizes 5 to 7½—$1.50 a box; 25c a pair. Sizes 8 to 11—$2.00 a box; 35c a pair.

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—but if he can't supply you, send your order direct to us. In ordering, state size, color and quality wanted and remit with order.
EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Santa knows what I like"

When you give a box of Huyler's you don't have to wonder whether it will be liked. Everybody likes Huyler's. At Christmas or on any other occasion they are always appropriate and always appreciated.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

have the delicacy and freshness of flowers, and the flavor that proves candy-making a fine art. These perfections of taste may be had in special boxes of various sizes and designs for Christmas and holiday gifts. In addition to Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates there are many other varieties of Huyler's as delicious as those you know. They include:

Special Christmas Baskets—Plain or trimmed, imported or domestic, any size.

Newport Style Creams—An unusual assortment of pure sugar creams with ten varieties of flavor.

Beverly Chocolates—A new assortment with a slightly "less-sweet" coating.

Brazil Nut Bonbons—Whole Brazil nut meats, dipped in Huyler's delicious bonbon cream.

Assorted Nut Chocolates—A variety of whole nut meats dipped in chocolate of exquisite flavor.

My Favorites—The flavor of nut meats in every piece

Fresh Every Hour Mixture—Delicious assortment of small, hard sugar candies.

Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from Huyler's are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK
Frank DeK. Huyler, President

Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Baking Chocolate at your grocer's

It's *not* the Razor's Fault

If your razor is dull, the strop is probably guilty. Keep it in perfect condition with a

New TORREY Honing Strop

It's surfaced with our wonderful abrasive coating preparation that quickly puts a keen cutting edge on your safety razor blade without the slightest experience. The strop is guaranteed for life. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. Booklet on sharpening free. Prices 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

J. R. TORREY & COMPANY
Dept. A.
Worcester, Mass.

The Top Snaps Off or On Instantly

HEISEY'S PATENTED SYRUP JUG

Easy to Fill—Easy to Clean

This perfectly Sanitary Syrup Jug is made in 5, 7 and 12 ounce sizes. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will deliver prepaid. East of the Mississippi River the 5 or 7 ounce size for 60c, 12 ounce size for 75c. West of the Mississippi River, the 5 or 7 ounce size for 75c; 12 ounce size for 90c.

Heisey's Glassware

gives you high quality without high price. Write for a copy of our free booklet—"Table Glass and How to Use It"

A. H. HEISEY & CO.
Dept. 87 NEWARK O

AUTOMOBILISTS, SAVE MONEY!

REPAIR YOUR OWN TUBES

Speedee

"Instant" Red Rubber Patches

Close punctures, blow outs and pinch cuts of all sizes. No Cement. No strain on rubber. Attached in an instant. Speedee Dee Patches stick [illegible] to you for $1.00 per kit of 12 assorted sizes. Get this [illegible] or money back. Send $1.00 today. Write for prices on Indiana Guaranteed Red Rubber Inner Tubes and our fine Guaranteed Traction Tread Casing.

Indiana Rubber & I. W. Co. Jonesboro, Indiana

well-known charity supporters had brought about a condition in which, the survey of 1909 showed, six persons were giving 42 per cent of all money contributed toward local charitable undertakings! Fifty-four persons were giving 55 per cent. In the whole city, furthermore, only fifty-three hundred and eighty-six persons—less than one in a hundred—were giving a total of five dollars or more each to the whole field of organized benevolent work! This situation was bad enough without the further disconcerting fact of the 11 per cent decrease in two years as mentioned.

The trouble, so the survey showed, was that on the competitive or catch-as-catch-can method of appealing the education of the non-giver and the small giver did not increase proportionately with the increase of charity needs. When a person's name began appearing on a few donors' lists the competing organizations began marching on his private office—or her drawing room—overlooking, on the way, the multitude of non-givers who had not thus courageously declared themselves.

The whole effort of the coöperative plan, in a word, is to avoid being mean to a man just because he is generous—to reëstablish the old maxim and make giving more fun than receiving by treating the philanthropist as we should wish to be treated if we were in his place.

It looks very much as though this effort were getting the same results the Golden Rule usually secures when honestly and faithfully tried. The initial meeting of the federation's board of trustees occurred the first of last March; it is, therefore, perhaps a little early to predict sure and permanent results. Every indication, however, points, as might be expected, to the fact that a happy giver is a double giver.

Measuring Gifts by the Golden Rule

Pledges totaling more than two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars have been made by over forty-two hundred citizens. These, so investigation shows, are giving fully 40 per cent more than they gave last year on the old basis. This is largely because numerous appeals, that tread on each other's heels, give a donor the idea that his various donations in response to their entreaties add up to more fearful totals than is actually the case. For days after the federation made its first consolidated appeal, showing the financial needs of each of the fifty-three organizations, the telephone bell rang almost constantly with the inquiry: "How much did I give last year and to what?"—followed often by: "You don't say! Well, put me down for twice that!"

Partly as the result of such increases the aggregate financial accounts of the federated activities on August 1, 1913, showed decided improvement as compared with October 1, 1912.

The investigation of the advantages of coöperation between the federated organizations in purchasing supplies and the securing of the expert services—contributed—of consulting engineers for obtaining scientific economy in the use of coal; the establishment of a Bureau of Social Interests for supplying free lectures on social and welfare topics for local clubs and societies; the preparation of a Social Year Book which will take the place of fifty-three institutional reports and will contain not only condensed statistical and financial information regarding all federated organizations but—especially—articles by distinguished experts on the city's big welfare problems, showing the work done and still to be done toward solving them; the holding of study conferences for the discussion by interested institutions of such problems as the unmarried mother or the training and employment of the physically handicapped—these are a few of the constructive steps now busily under way in attacking the community problem of human welfare with the united and unified agencies of the community, including an increasing number of well-informed, interested and enthusiastic giver-citizens—philanthropists they are called in Cleveland, whether their contribution is one dollar or ten thousand dollars, the federation's largest gift.

The author of the Magna Charta for Givers—Mr. William H. Allen, of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research—says that the Cleveland Golden Rule Plan, "with its emphasis on the city's total needs and the giver's free choice among them, will revolutionize American philanthropy!" The outlook at present is certainly promising.

After all, our dollars to good works will probably never accomplish very much except as they pull us along with them and arouse our personal and our local and national interest in improving the conditions of life for the social body as a whole. When they do this we shall not be able to stop after we normal people have looked after the abnormal ones; we shall want to make the normal existence of all of us a lot better than it is now. That will be something worth while! But that will require, even for a fair start, a multitude—a host, not a handful—of givers; well-informed, beneficent, happy, active givers. These can be obtained only through educated, restrained and considerate Golden Rule askers.

The day is probably coming when the state will undertake to do much of the work now done by private philanthropy. That day, however, can bring only thwarted hopes for a larger measure of social justice if it comes a moment before the awakening of a much more general and a much deeper interest in the welfare of a city's population than exists when only one person in a hundred in one of the most enlightened cities of the country could be called a social stockholder—caring enough about his neighbors to contribute toward their betterment a total of five dollars during three hundred and sixty-five days.

Even when it does come there will doubtless always be plenty of pathfinding for private philanthropy to do in the organization and maintenance of social experiments. Meantime, however—and it is likely to be a tolerably long meantime—the present four hundred and eighty million dollars, magnificent and amazing though it is, is sure to be exceeded, and that enormous fund of twelve billion dollars and more of good will made available and universally more effective for the strengthening of good causes incidentally, also, for the saving of the taxes both of the poor and the rich—if we shall have in mind a little oftener that the millionaire philanthropist, as well as the giver of a nickel or a dollar, is a human being and likes to be treated as one. We should never forget that he likes to be given sympathetic respect and plenty of elbow room in which to show himself worthy of it and more, complimented with high expectations, and then given plenty of opportunity in which to do his best to come up to them in his own way and under his own steam.

Under those conditions a human being is seldom forlorn—also seldom anemic or inactive. At any rate, if he is he has himself to blame.

The Latest on Board

RUNNING a ship by a squirt-gun and operating a ship by having a motorman in the pilot house use a controller just as does the motorman of an electric car are two ideas that have been seriously advanced recently by engineers of high standing. The ship's motorman idea could easily be applied to a great freight vessel that will begin its trips through the Great Lakes and connecting canals next spring.

It has just such a motorman now; but he stands with his controller in the engine room instead of up in the pilot house. A longer cable attached to his controller is all that is necessary to enable him to do his work in the pilot house. Oil engines are used to generate electricity and the electricity is used to turn the propellers; so electricity runs the ship in much the same way that it does a trolley car.

The squirt-gun idea is to propel a ship by squirting out water through pipes at the stern of the ship, where propellers ordinarily are located. Water would be taken in from the front end by great pipes, given a push when it reaches the engine room, and then sent rushing out at the stern of the ship. This same scheme has been thought of before, but never put into use, because it cost so much to give that push to the water.

The wonderful efficiency of a new pump, which now pumps some of the water supply of London and has attracted the attention of engineers everywhere, makes the scheme appear less absurd. In this pump water is admitted into a chamber until the chamber is nearly full, and then gasoline or some other oil, in the form of vapor, is admitted into the chamber and exploded, just as an automobile uses gasoline. The explosion of the vapor forces the water out, and the same operation is repeated over and over again. It does the work surely and cheaply. The inventor of this new type of pump has drawn plans for a squirt-gun propeller that will get the push on the water from two of these pumps.

A WEEK ON THE BIG TIME

(Continued from Page 8)

William was abruptly alert. Under a fold of the long tablecover he found her hand, and when she pulled it away he warned:

"Stop it or they'll all be looking! Now Goldie, out with the truth! If I had the job and wasn't hanging about on your money and owing kindhearted landladies, would it be me or that fellow Trippit?"

"He's nothin' to me!" said Goldie faintly.

"Yes, he was! But bother him! Do you know, if you belonged to me I'd never let you on a stage again!"

"But we'd have to live," said she. "An' lots of teams are awful happy workin' together."

"Let's go out and walk slowly home. It's quite dark now," said William.

They went at a crawling pace through Fifty-ninth Street, turning into Sixth Avenue. It was a sharp October night, and the wind blew in from the sea, whipping their faces and sending the ends of Goldie's mink stole flying. William was of warmer blood than the ordinary New Yorker—for, though he carried a light overcoat, he declined to put it on.

"It's too hot everywhere in this country," he declared. "It's the steam heat. We'll have open fires. You'd like it in Surrey, with a nice house and a few good servants and living near enough to motor up to London for a first night at the Gayety and dinner at the Prince's. And we'll go racing in the motor. Jove! You must see a Grand National run at Liverpool in March—four-mile course, with fifty-four jumps—stiff ones, you know! I've ridden in a couple, but I never got in the money, though gentlemen riders have won it, of course, some years. What I like most is a month in Scotland; and think how it'll be when I have you along!"

Goldie looked at her animated boomerang-thrower striding beside her with a protective air. He was most unlike the music-hall players she had seen in London. They could not have assumed the character of a titled person and made any one believe it. William was so quietly effective. He was humorous, too, and altogether an immensely clever fellow.

"But when we've got enough to retire we'll be so old we'll only want to sit home with our feet on the fireplace," she said sadly. "Mustn't it be great to live like real lords do! I dreamed last night that you turned out to be one—an' then I woke up; an' I had to laugh."

They were in West Thirty-eighth Street. William stopped. Goldie stopped because he had.

"I am a lord, dear!" said he with a gay laugh.

"Fiddle!" said Goldie giggling; then: "Look! Fire engines—an' right in front of our house! Hurry! Oh, my trunks!"

"I'll save them, darling!" shouted William, and he streaked down the block.

Goldie rushed with all the speed that a skirt with no slit permitted. The street was full of people, fire apparatus and smoke. Ladies who had been arranging coiffures for dinner flew out in astonishing disarray. Goldie saw William dart past a fireman who would have detained him, and the same fireman, desirous of making some one obey him, said to her:

"Hey, youse people git back—see? You blonde, I mean! You can't pass the ropes!"

"Just you be careful who you're callin' a blonde!" cried Goldie hysterically. "Contracts an' press notices an' wardrobe an' everything hurtin' up—an' a loo like you dare tell me I can't get 'em! Oh, Maggie! Ain't this terrible?"

Goldie found herself clasped to Mrs. De Shine's red satin chest, while the landlady prayed her to control herself, for it was the house two doors farther up the street and the fire was nearly out. Then William was seen, helpfully aiding distressed ladies back to their hairpins, carrying a squalling child to its parent outside the fire lines, and later chatting with a battalion chief when citizens all round him were being roughly shoved into the arms of the proletariat.

"Goldie, child! That William boy adores you with his entire soul; an' he's one male I'd trust," said the landlady. "I dunno when I've took to a party like I have to him."

Goldie sent William an appreciative glance. She was rapidly planning for him. If boomerang throwing could not be booked on this side of the water he must get a new act. He had said he could not dance, though he could sing fairly well; but there were a thousand singing acts. She could not draw a contract on the small time for her own voice.

Dancing was her line. She doubted whether he had the vaudeville spirit which, if he went in for comedy, demanded an equality of feeling with spectators; and William had shown rather a contempt for audiences when she explained the necessity of catering to them until they were pleased. His manner with her was easy and often jestful; but if any one joined them—and she had introduced a few vaudevillians to him—he stiffened and seldom spoke. If he threw boomerangs without dressing his performance with amusing quips it would fall flat.

William took her to Gugenheim's in the automobile; and, Saturday night being the one on which Mrs. De Shine always viewed the acts of her particular friends, the affable landlady was invited to join them.

They left her at the front of the house, William leaping out and purchasing her a seat. Then he bade Goldie a fond farewell before the Bounding Bananas and Johnny, who were entering the stage doorway together.

"Miss Dailey, can I get the favor of a word with you?" queried Johnny, and in as formal a tone Goldie said he could.

They repaired to her dressing room, where she sat on a trunk and he on the only chair. Johnny kept his eyes on his patent-leather shoes and Goldie mercilessly inspected him. He was of grosser material than William, she thought. William's hands were lean and aristocratic, and Johnny's were large and loose, with the prominent knuckles that had been a help to him as a boxer. He had not always been a dancer.

Then suddenly his eyes were on her and she could not estimate his imperfections as unconcernedly as before. He played a tune with one finger among her makeup things and she thought of the little curl in his auburn hair; and of how wonderful he was in the reversed buck; and that he had made her save her money—investing some so that it was safe and still brought her seven per cent; and that he had no heart at all! He seemed to have none!

"Tell that lord to beat it an' let's be pals like we was, Goldie," he said. "A man can't dance right when he ain't peaceful; an' I don't want to put in another week like this'n—an' neither do you. An' give him his jewelry. It's gettin' you talked about all over town. What's his money to you, even if he is a millionaire's son?"

She felt a pang for William, with his pitiful hoard that he had earned posing as Johnny's rival. Millionaire's son! Poor William! She would not desert him!

"His intentions are honorable," she said, watching Johnny nervously dab a large thumb into her cold cream.

"I don't say they ain't; in fact I s'pose they are," he agreed. "But we got a big week in the Bronx ahead, with a mob from my new lodge buyin' half the house Tuesday. Have you gone back on me, Goldie?"

He had never looked at her like that, and her blue eyes responded so warmly that he jumped up and stood before her.

"Can him! You can do that for me!" he urged.

"An' Mis' Creighton, John? What are you willin' to do for me?"

"She's helpin' me on, kiddo. She'd give you a boost if I asked her. You don't realize how generous Thais is."

"But, John, listen! Don't you care anything at all about how I feel? I ain't had any more deference showed me this week than Oceanic—an' he's openin' the bill!"

Johnny scowled and observed:

"You're an ingrate!"

"I am not!" said Goldie with a little sob. "You thought I was fine until you got to teachin' your society friends the tango. Wait just a minute! Are my feelin's anything to you or are they not?"

With the door half opened he answered:

"No—they ain't!"

"Oh, William's a king beside him!" she whimpered as he left.

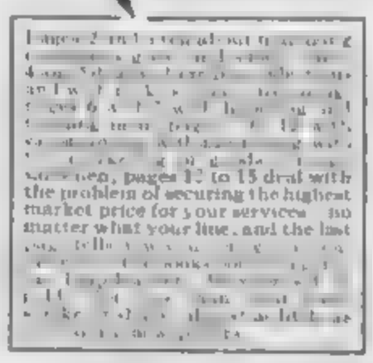
The house was filled from top gallery to stageboxes. The lobby was lined with floral pieces bearing Thais Creighton's name, and the audience was agreeably interested in discussing this. The majority had observed

IF
If these two men only knew that Peter Smith of Kalamazoo had solved the very business problem which baffles them!
Will you accept this Business Book—
if we send it FREE?

Thousands Settled that "IF" Since September 27th

They received the Business Book free. It told them where to find the answers to *hundreds* of their business problems—how this information is supplied by a great institution to increase salaries, positions, profits.

The advertisement shown above appeared as a full page in "*The Saturday Evening Post*" of September 27th. On October 11th, November 1st, 8th and 22nd, December 6th the offer was repeated. Thousands upon thousands of alert business workers, officials and owners sent for the booklet. Many are already on the road to better positions, to doubled and tripled salaries, to profits which come easier and multiply.



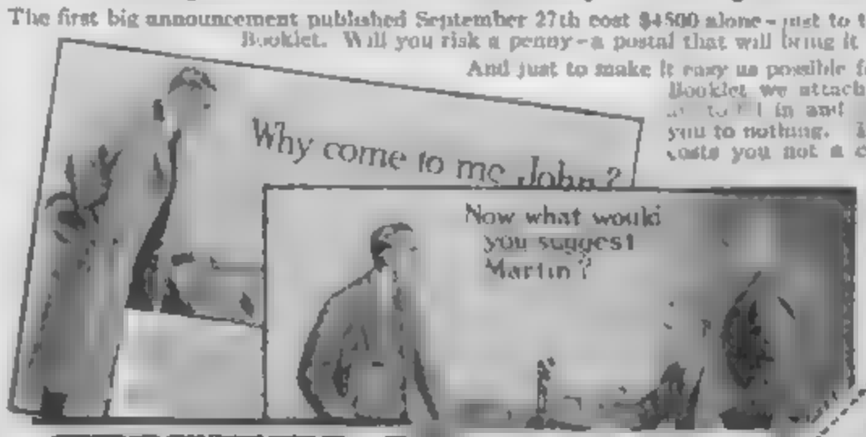
A bigger business—a larger salary

In advertisements shown at the top of this page we told you how you could have a bigger business or a larger salary. Section 2, pages 12 to 15 deal with the problem of securing the highest market price for your services—no matter what your line, and the last section tells how we sent it free.

You, yourself have taken part in emergencies just like these, which occur in every day business life and you have realized that these are just the very things you must be prepared to deal with to get ahead. The free booklet explains SYSTEM's world search for the best answers to every business problem—the way out of each perplexity—the proved plans and methods for increasing sales and cutting costs.

We spent $4500 in one day—will you risk a penny?

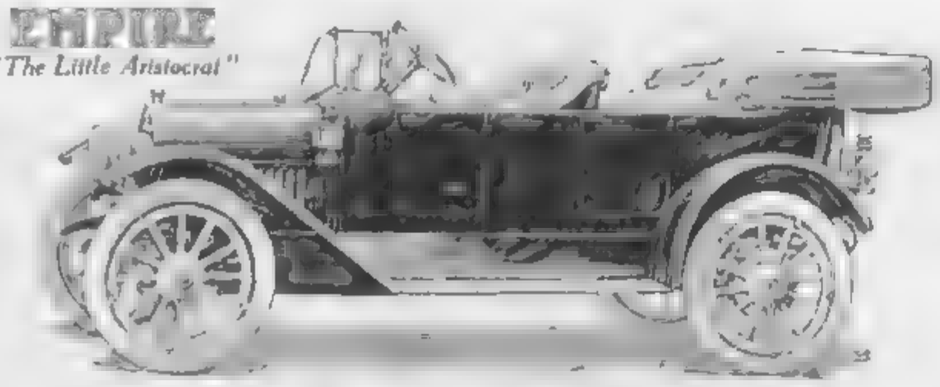
The first big announcement published September 27th cost $4500 alone—just to tell you about this Business Booklet. Will you risk a penny—a postal that will bring it to you—free?



And just to make it easy as possible for you to get this Business Booklet we attach this Coupon, which you [illegible] to nothing. The business booklet costs you not a cent—so if you get nothing out of it

SYSTEM
THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

EMPIRE
"The Little Aristocrat"



Now $900

Completely Equipped, New Series Model 31, 5-Passenger Touring Car, 110-in. Wheel Base

At just $900 the EMPIRE Touring Car offers a marvelous car value. It is more sumptuously appointed than ever. It is *completely* equipped.

This new low price—$50 less than last year's car—is due to our quadrupled output.

Thus "The Little Aristocrat" of motordom establishes a new value standard that instantly appeals to dealers and automobile buyers everywhere.

Completely Equipped $900, including

Demountable Rims	Rain Vision Windshield	Prest-O-Lite Tank	Double Tire Irons
Mohair Top	Tool and Tire Kits	Gas Head Lights	Oil Sight Feed
Top Envelope	Extra Rim	Side and Tail Lamps	Dash Air Adjustment
Unit Power Plant	Stewart Speedometer	Eisemann Magneto	Turkish Upholstery

The trend today is toward lighter cars. For lightness means *economy*, less wear and tear, greater mileage, lower fuel cost, reduced upkeep all 'round. And it was to meet these very requirements that the EMPIRE Car was designed.

This is its fifth year. And despite our four-fold increased facilities, this year's output will again fall short of the demand.

With the "Big Ones"

This is the car that traveled nearly four thousand miles in the great Indiana-Pacific Tour. Traveled with cars many times its weight and price. Traveled over trails never before attempted by any tour. It made a wonderful record.

Its light weight has not meant a sacrifice of power. Oversize axles, steering knuckle, brakes, springs, etc., mean surplus strength—the utmost margin of safety.

This one model only. One policy. One concentration of effort. Built by successful men of large resources. A car that has long won success and popularity.

Write for the 9x12 illustrated book that tells the great story of the Transcontinental Tour. Sent Free.

Enthusiastic Dealers

Dealers everywhere favor the EMPIRE because it has met every demand for a light-weight touring car, while this new price has even increased its popularity.

Dealers in open territory should write for our sales plan which shows how we will help them sell more cars.

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INDELIBLE COPYING PENCILS

While Mephisto Copying Pencils are smooth writing, they hold their points remarkably long—one Mephisto outlasts three ordinary copying pencils. Ask your stationer for Mephisto. Two different grades of lead—medium and hard.

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Moore Push-Pins

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Moore Push-less Hangers

The Hanger with a twist. Made of [illegible] note angle at which nail enters wall. Place ordinary screw eye in back of [illegible] hanger and your [illegible] racks.

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Visible Typewriters [illegible] makes sold or rented anywhere [illegible] allowing rental to apply [illegible] privilege of examination. [illegible]

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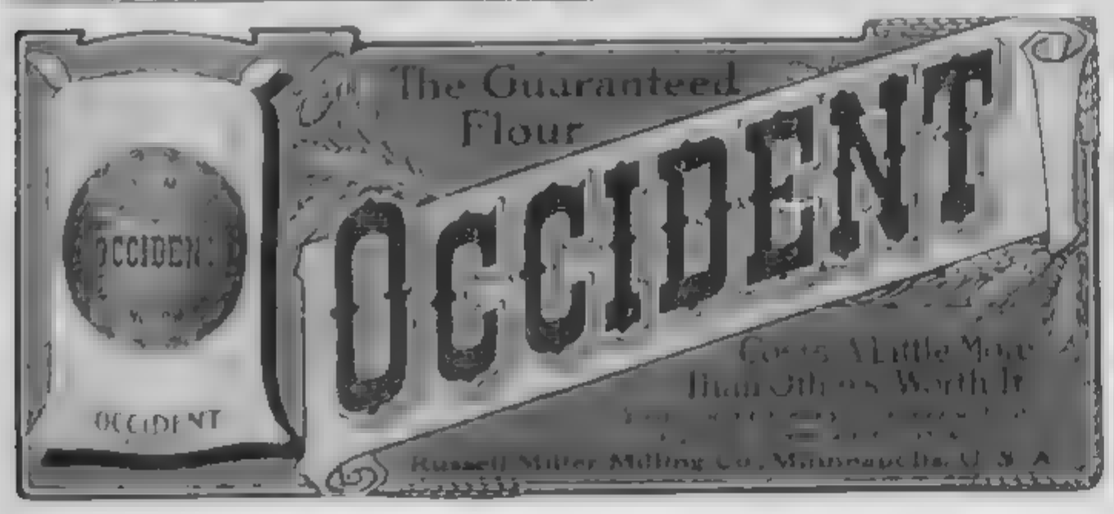
The Guaranteed Flour
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Costs A Little More Than Others Worth It
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Russell Miller Milling Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

the window dedicated to Goldie's fame, and when she entered for her turn she was applauded noisily. Coming down the steep stairs she had slipped, straining one wrist; and in the middle of the reversed buck will and muscles gave way, and Johnny was enraged to see her topple over and awkwardly scramble to the wings.

"Don't let it get your goat, hon! You're all right an' you'll make it up in your solo," consoled Bessie; and Goldie, trembling and wholly upset, dashed out again, avoiding Johnny's accusing gaze.

After her solo buck two big bouquets of violets and gardenias were hurled from a box, and there were William and Mrs. De Shine, defying the Gugenheim's management as they stood up and clapped like mad.

"Let your wig fall off—quick!" hissed Bessie; and as she bowed Goldie artfully loosened the kinky wig, showing wavy golden hair above her black-corked features. She held the flowers and laughed with seeming joy, and then ran off. The orchestra played Mrs. Creighton on. The actress was strung and latticed with spoils that her press agent claimed had once been part of the crown jewels.

Goldie saw the two maids and Rudolph's valet in the second entrance, with others of the great woman's retinue in their rear. Johnny, fascinated, watched his patron undulate across the stage. No one could cow a woman who had queened it so long! With her kinky wig in her hand, Goldie stopped beside Johnny and said:

"My wrist is swelled bad. Could I get some of the dope you used on your foot when you hurt it in Buff'lo?"

"I can't do favors for people as unreasonable as you are," said he. "Serves you right! Ask Lord Rainforth."

Half a dozen persons heard him, and Goldie sped to her room with her head drooping and her eyes burning. Ah, William! William! He would have attended to her bruises.

"I'm goin' to take him, even if he ain't got thirty cents! An' people can talk all they please," she mused.

"Pay the machine off for keeps, 'cause we'll ride on street cars after tonight," she said to William as he helped Mrs. De Shine into the automobile. "An' Monday you got to rustle a job, even if it's plain diggin'. I may have to go on the small time myself, but I'd rather do it than bear what I have."

"I'd split from him when you play your last show tomorrow night, dearie," said the landlady. "You got friends, the same as John Trippit."

"Once mine and in dear old England, these people would be but memories," said William ardently.

"If you only had some money or an act that could get some!" cried Goldie.

William and Mrs. De Shine grinned at each other and at her. Any one could have seen that they shared a delightful secret. It was raining, and with knightly care William helped his ladies over the slippery walk and into the vestibule of the De Shine home. The lock resisted his key; there was no light and he lacked a match.

The landlady tried her key; they consulted and suggested; and just as William was bidden to go to the rear door and waken the maid a closed cab came through Thirty-eighth Street. It hesitated before the De Shine door, and in obedience to some signal from its inner depths swung slowly across the street and prowled, first up, then down. There was no sign of life except an immovable figure on the box. While the trio in the dark vestibule looked, another closed cab arrived, following the route of the first.

A head in a derby hat looked out from the second cab and immediately the first moved off as if undesirous of a parley. It waited in the deepest shadows, while the rain streamed down. There was about this equipage a sinister and sneakish air. It suddenly turned, proceeding once more in the direction of the De Shine house. The pursuing cab lurched swiftly forward, a man jumped out—and the watchers recognized Johnny Trippit.

"Come out of that, you big lobster, an' I'll cave your bean in!" he shouted. The first cab was gravelike in its silence. Johnny dashed at the door, twisted the knob, and as it was flung open roared: "Come out, you British dub, an' start sumpin! Come out!"

"Oh, Bill, he may have a knife!" was shrieked from the interior of the attacked cab; and, to the obvious astonishment of Johnny, the Bounding Bananas hastily emerged. Mrs. De Shine and Goldie also went forth, following William, who realized that it was he whom Johnny wished to meet.

"I am British but not a dub, you inconsequential bounder!" he said. "Now then, start, if you like, and I'll give you what-for, my lad!"

"Johnny Trippit, leave him be!" screamed Goldie, and Bessie and the landlady shrieked a similar request. William doubled his fists and Johnny made ready for trouble by flinging his coat on the wet steps.

"I'm goin' to lick this guy just 'cause he b'longs to the nobility an' I want him to know how they stand with me!" said Johnny. William paused to think of an adequate retort and his opening mouth stopped a left swing. He struck out in his turn; then doubled with a groan and fell. Bill Banana seized Johnny, and the valiant Bessie helped. William groaned from beneath them:

"Foul! I can whip him!"

"Get up an' I'll hand you some that ain't foul, then!" trumpeted Johnny as he tore himself from the panting Bananas. "An' when you hit England you c'n tell m'lord your pa, the marky, how you liked the States!"

"Oh, Johnny, don't! You're twice as strong as him; an' he ain't a lord at all, poor boy—I just made that up to get you goin'! He's William Jaycox, the Australian Boomerang Thrower; an' he can't work, while you got two solid years' bookin'!" wailed Goldie.

"What are you givin' me? Boomerang nothin'! He quit home 'cause the marky wanted him to go into politics an' he said he'd take his with the workin' classes! It's in tonight's paper; but That's Creighton gimme his pedigree, anyway," said Johnny.

"But he can't be! I made it all up," said Goldie. "Aren't you a boomerang thrower, William?"

"Dearie, it's all true! The minute you give him money to blow he handed it to me, an' every mite of the jewelry you took's not mine, but your very own—for he bought it himself. The day after I paid his bill at Gray's he sent a cable, an' he's goin' to take you out o' the profession; an' John's only got himself to thank!"

When she had said this with a beaming smile, Mrs. De Shine assisted William to his wabbly feet.

"I really did try to get into the movies, Goldie, and I saw the other name in a weekly. I couldn't starve, quite, you know; and Mrs. Gray gave me credit because she thought I was an actor," said William humbly. "I know my father'll love you, dear."

Goldie discovered that Johnny had taken William's umbrella and was holding it over her, and that William was resolutely trying to regain it.

"Go 'way!" she cried. "I'd rather get wet than have either of you keepin' me dry! William Jay—er—Rainforth, you really got money, have you?" William nodded hopefully. "Then, as soon as I can get these pendants an' the other junk unfastened, you're goin' to get 'em back. I hate an' detest havin' my sympathy played on, an' lords all look alike to me—yes, an' dancers too!"

"But Goldie!" said William and Johnny at once.

Goldie awed them with one glance from her flashing eyes.

"Bill an' Bessie, I ask you to supper with me at the Grand!" she cried. "Call one of those cabs an' let's get away from all of 'em—Maggie De Shine included."

She got into a cab with the faithful Bananas. Mrs. De Shine, sighing, retired into the vestibule. Goldie peered from the cab window; and she said sternly:

"John Trippit, you inform Levey's Bronx Theater that Goldie Dailey'll dress where she belongs—in the star dressin' room—next week, an' that she'll be there with a lawyer! Do you hear an' understand me?"

"I—I was goin' to tell 'em," said Johnny, and his mien was all submission.

"Goldie!" cried William, supplicating her with his recovered umbrella.

"I hate all men! Drive on!" Goldie shouted.

William allowed the rain to pour on his beautiful evening clothes. Johnny regarded William drearily, while the rain beat on the fawn overcoat he had bought because William wore one. After some moments of meditation Johnny touched his enemy's arm; and William smiled wanly.

"Let's go to the Grand ourselves," said Johnny. "She can't stop us lookin' at her anyway!"

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 16)

"That's all very well," I grumbled; "but he ought to be doing this for me."

Her fingers pressed my arm.

"Listen!" she said.

Mr. Bundercombe's style was breezy and his jokes were frequent. He stood in an easy attitude and spoke with remarkable fluency. His first few remarks, which were mainly humorous, were cheered to the echo. The crowd was increasing all the time. Presently he took them into his confidence.

"When I came down here a few days ago," we heard him say, "I came meaning to support my friend, Mr. Walmsley." (Groans and cheers.) "That's all right, boys!" Mr. Bundercombe continued; "there's nothing the matter with Mr. Walmsley; but I come from a country where there's a bit more kick about politics, and I pretty soon made up my mind that the kick wasn't on the side my young friend belongs to.

"Now just listen to this: As one business man to another, I tell you that I asked Mr. Walmsley, the first night I was here: 'What are you getting out of this? Why are you going into Parliament?' He didn't seem to understand. He pleaded guilty to a four-hundred-a-year fee, but told me at the same time that it cost him a great deal more than that in extra charities. I asked him what pull he got through being in Parliament and how many of his friends he could find places for. All he could do was to smile and tell me that I didn't understand the way things were done in this country. He wanted to make me believe that he was anxious to sit in Parliament there and work day after day just for the honor and glory of it, or because he thought it was his duty.

"You know I'm an American business man, and that didn't cut any ice with me; so I dropped in and had a chat with Mr. Horrocks. I soon came to the conclusion that the candidate I'm here to support tonight is the man who comes a bit nearer to our idea of practical politics over on the other side of the pond. Mr. Horrocks doesn't make any bones about it. He wants that four hundred a year; in fact he needs it!" (Ironical cheers.) "He wants to call himself M. P. because when he goes out to lecture on Socialism he'll get a ten-guinea fee instead of five, on account of those two letters after his name.

"Furthermore his is the party that understands what I call practical politics. Every job that's going is given to their friends; and if there aren't enough jobs to go round, why, they get one of their statesmen to frame a bill—what you call your Insurance Bill is one of them, I believe—in which there are several hundred offices that need filling. And there you are!"

Mr. Ansell and I exchanged glances. The enthusiasm that had greeted Mr. Bundercombe's efforts was giving place now to murmurs and more ironical cheers. One of his coadjutors on the platform leaned over and whispered in Mr. Bundercombe's ear. Mr. Bundercombe nodded.

"Gentlemen," he concluded, "I'm told that my time is up. I have explained my views to you and told you why I think you ought to vote for Mr. Horrocks. I've nothing to say against the other fellow, except that I don't understand his point of view. Mr. Horrocks I do understand. He's out to do himself a bit o' good and it's up to you to help him."

A determined tug at Mr. Bundercombe's coattails by one of the men on the platform brought him to his seat amid loud bursts of laughter and more cheers. Eve gripped my arm and we turned slowly away.

"It's a privilege," I declared solemnly, "to have ever known your father! If I only had an idea what he meant about those reaping machines! You couldn't give me a hint, I suppose, Eve?"

She shook her head.

"Better wait!"

In the excitement of that final day I think both Eve and I completely forgot all about Mr. Bundercombe. It was not until we were on our way back from a motor tour through the outlying parts of the district that we were forcibly reminded of his existence. Quite close to Little Bildborough, the only absolutely hostile part of my constituency, we came upon what was really an extraordinary sight. Our chauffeur of his own accord drew up by the side of the road. Eve and I rose in our places.

In a large field on our left was gathered together apparently the whole population of the district. In one corner was a huge marquee, through the open flaps of which we could catch a glimpse of a sumptuously arranged cold collation. On a long table just outside, covered with a white cloth, was a vast array of bottles and beside it stood a man in a short linen jacket, who struck me as being suspiciously like Fritz, the bartender at one of Mr. Bundercombe's favorite haunts in London.

Toward the center of the field, seated upon a ridiculously inadequate seat on the top of a reaping machine, was Mr. Bundercombe. He had divested himself of coat and waistcoat, and was hatless. The perspiration was streaming down his face as he gripped the steering wheel. He was followed by a little crowd of children and sympathizing men, who cheered him all the time.

At a little distance away, on the other side of a red flag, Henry Jonas, the large farmer of the district, and the speaker on whom my opponent chiefly relied, was seated upon a similar machine in a similar state of undress. It was apparent, however, even to us, that Mr. Bundercombe's progress was at least twice as rapid as his opponent's.

"What on earth is it all about?" I exclaimed, absolutely bewildered.

Eve, who was standing by my side, clasped her hands round my arm.

"It seems to me," she murmured sweetly, "as if dad were trying his reaping machine against someone else's."

I looked at her demure little smile and I looked at the field in which I recognized very many of my stanchest opponents. Then I looked at the marquee. The table there must have been set for at least a hundred people. Suddenly I received a shock. Seated underneath the hedge, hatless and coatless, with his hair in picturesque disorder, was Mr. Jonas' cousin, also a violent opponent of my politics, and a nonconformist. He had a huge tumbler by his side, which—seeing me—he raised to his lips.

"Good old Walmsley!" he shouted out. "No politics today! Much too hot! Come in and see the reaping match."

He took a long drink and I sat down in the car.

"You know," I said to Mr. Ansell, who was standing on the front seat, "there'll be trouble about this!"

Mr. Ansell was looking a little grave himself.

"Is Mr. Bundercombe really the manufacturer of that machine?" he asked.

"Of course he is!" Eve replied. "It's the one hobby of his life—or, rather, it used to be," she corrected herself hastily. "Even now, when he begins talking about his reaping machine he forgets everything else."

Mr. Ansell hurried away and made a few inquiries. Meanwhile we watched the progress of the match. Every time Mr. Bundercombe had to turn he rocked in his seat and retained his balance only with difficulty. At every successful effort he was loudly cheered by a little group of following enthusiasts. Mr. Ansell returned, looking a little more cheerful.

"Everything is being given by the Bundercombe Reaping Company," he announced, "and Mr. Bundercombe's city agent is on the spot prepared to book orders for the machine. It seems that Mr. Bundercombe has backed himself at ten to one in ten-pound notes to beat Mr. Jonas by half an hour, each taking half the field."

"Who's ahead?" Eve asked excitedly.

"Mr. Bundercombe is well ahead," Mr. Ansell replied, "and they say that he can do better still if he tries. It looks rather," Mr. Ansell concluded, dropping his voice, "as though he were trying to make the thing last out. Afterward they are all going to sit down to a free meal—that is, if any of them are able to sit down," he added, with a glance round the field. "Hello! Here's Harrison."

Mr. Harrison, recognizing us, descended from his car and came across. He shook hands with Eve, at whom he glanced in a somewhat peculiar fashion.

"Mr. Walmsley," he said, "a week ago we were rather proud of having inveigled away one of your adherents. All I can say at the present moment is that we should have been better satisfied if you had left Mr. Bundercombe in town."

"Why, he's been speaking against me at nearly every one of your meetings!" I protested.

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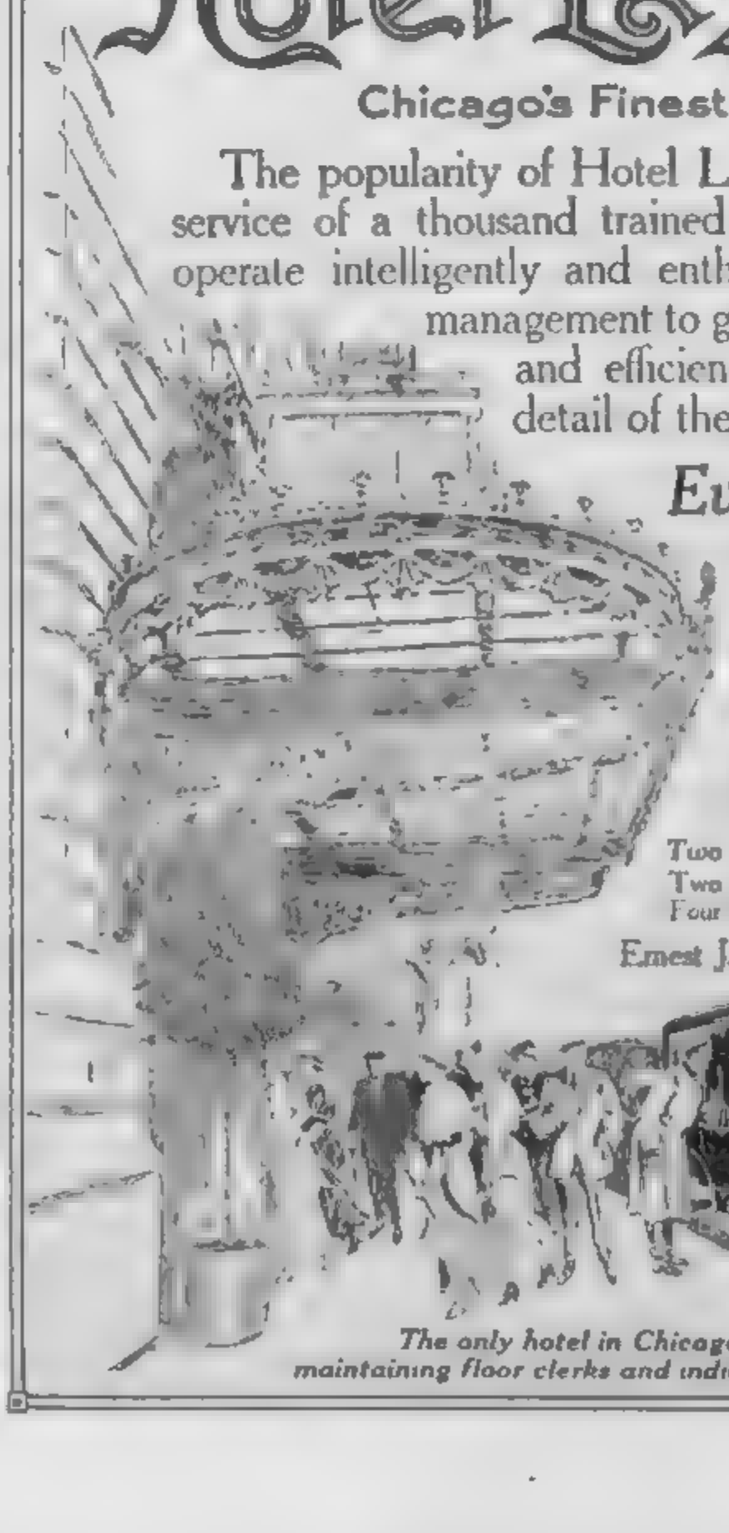

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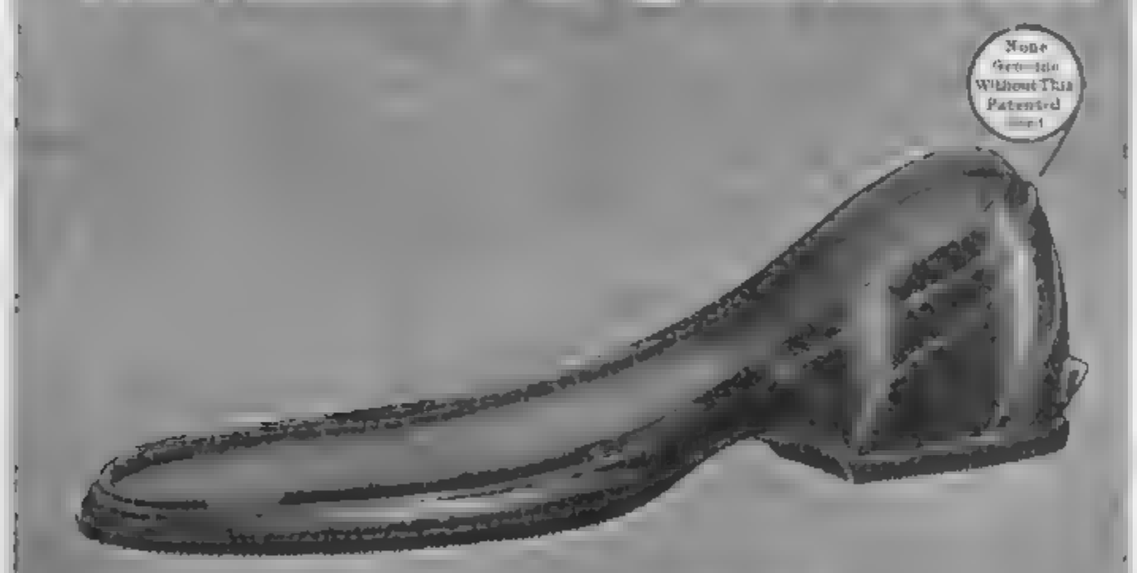

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"That's all very well," Mr. Harrison complained; "but he's not what I should call a convincing speaker. He is a democrat all right, and a people's man—and all the rest of it; but he hasn't got quite the right way of advocating our principles. I have been obliged to ask him to discontinue public speaking until after the election. The fact of it is, I really believe he's cost us a good many more votes than he's gained. All he says is very well; but when he sits down one feels that our people are all for what they can get out of it—and yours are prepared to give their services for nothing."

"What's all this mean?" I asked, waving my hand toward the field.

Mr. Harrison looked at me very steadily indeed. Then he looked at Eve. I can only hope that my own expression was as guileless as Eve's.

"I told you about that hint we were obliged to give Mr. Bundercombe," Mr. Harrison went on. "I suppose this is the result of it. He seems to have bewitched the whole of Little Bildborough. There's Jonas there, who was due to speak in four places today—he will take no notice of anybody. I walked by the side of his machine, begging him to get down and come and keep his engagements, and he took no more notice of me than if I'd been a rabbit!

"There's his cousin, who has more hold upon the nonconformists of the district than any man I know—sitting under a hedge drinking out of a tumbler! There are at least a score of men with their eyes glued on that tent who ought to be hard at work in the district. I am beginning to doubt whether they'll even be in in time to vote!"

"Well, we must be getting on anyway," I said. "See you later, Mr. Harrison!"

Mr. Harrison nodded a little gloomily and we glided off. Eve squeezed my hand under the rug.

"Isn't dad a dear!" she murmured in my ear.

Eve was one of the first to congratulate me when, late that night, the results came in and I found that by a majority of twenty-seven votes I had been elected the member for the division.

"Aren't you glad now, Paul dear, that we brought father down to keep him out of mischief?" she whispered.

Mr. Bundercombe himself held out his hand.

"Paul," he said, "I congratulate you, my boy! I was on the other side; but I can take a licking with the best of them. Congratulate you heartily!"

He held out his hand and gripped mine. Once more he winked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mechanical Flagmen

A MECHANICAL flagman, which will obey orders literally, is the latest suggestion for preventing rear-end collisions on railroads, though there are no signs that practical railroad men are very enthusiastic over such a scheme. The mechanical flagman would take the place of the rear brakeman of a train, who, when the train has occasion to stop on the main line, is expected to go back a quarter of a mile or so and flag any approaching train.

Because brakemen sometimes fail to go so far back as they should, or fail to go out and back quickly, with resulting collisions, the idea has occurred to some inventors to have a machine perform these duties. Such a machine could be in the form of a little handcar or track bicycle, to be carried or hauled at the rear end of a passenger train.

On the occasion of a stop the conductor or some other employee in the last car turns a lever, and the little handcar then drops on the track and runs back two thousand feet by electric power from storage batteries.

As it runs back it unreels a cable connecting it with the train. Flags and lights are carried on the little car to warn any approaching train.

One suggestion adds a plan for dropping magnetized torpedoes on the track at the end of the two-thousand-feet trip, with the idea that these torpedoes would adhere to the track and be exploded by the next oncoming train. When the main train is ready to start, the conductor in the back car turns another lever, and in about a minute the little mechanical brakeman comes running back and snugly nests itself again at the tail of the train—and everybody is happy.

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OFFICE DESKS WRITE FOR CATALOG

OTHER PEOPLE'S SHOES

(Continued from Page 13)

"She's more'n you know she is, too, Miss Ruby—little things that woman does I could tell you about—when she didn't have it so good as now neither."

Miss Ruby dropped her lids until her eyes were as soft as plush behind the portières of her lashes; her voice dropped into a throat that might have been lined with that same soft plush.

"I had a mother for two days—like I said to Mr. Leavitt the other day up in the country—we was talking about different things. I says to him, I says, she quit when she looked at me—just laid down and died when I was two days old. I must have been enough to scare the daylights out of any one. Next to a pink worm on a fish-hook, gimme a redheaded baby for the horrors! Say, you ought to seen Mr. Leavitt fish! Six bass he caught in one day—I sat next him and watched; we had 'em fried for supper. He's some little ——"

"What a pleasure you'd 'a' been to your mother, Miss Ruby! Such a girl like you I could wish my own mother."

"That's just what Mr. Leavitt used to tell me; but, gee! he was a kidder! I—I oughtta had a mother! Sometimes I—sometimes in the night when I can't sleep—daytimes you don't care so much—but sometimes at night I—I just don't care about nothing. With a girl like me, that ain't even known a mother or father, it ain't always so easy to keep her head above water."

"Poor little girl!"

"Since the day I left the Institootion I been dodging the city and jumping its mudholes like a lady trying to cross Sixth Avenue when it's torn up. I—oh, ain't I the silly one?—treating you to my troubles! Say, I got a swell riddle! I can't give it like Leavitt—like Simon did; but ——"

"Always Mr. Leavitt, and now it's Simon yet—such a hit as that man made with you—not?"

"Hit! Can't a girl have a gentleman friend? Can't you have a lady friend—a friend like Miss Washeim, who comes in for shoes three times ——"

"Ruby, can I help it when she comes in here?"

"Can I help it when I go to the country and meet Mr. Leavitt?"

"Ruby!"

Mr. Ginsburg slid himself along the bench until a customer for a AA misses' last would have fitted with difficulty between, and looked at her as ancient Phidias must have looked at his Athene.

"Ruby—I can't keep it back no longer—since you went away on your vacation I've had it inside of me, but I never knew what it was till you walked back this morning. First, I thought I was sick with the heat; but now I know it was you ——"

"What—what you ——"

"I—I invite you to get married, Ruby. I got a feeling for you like I never had for any girl! I want it that mamma should have a good girl like you to make it easy for her. I can't say what I want to say, Ruby; I don't say it so good, but—a girl could do worse than me—not, Ruby?"

Miss Cohn's fingers closed over the shoehook at her belt until the knuckles sprang out whiter than her white skin.

"Oh, Mr. Ginsburg! What would your mamma say? A young man like you, with a grand business and all—you could do for yourself what you wanted. If you was only a drummer like Simon; but ——"

A wisp of Miss Cohn's hair, warm as sunset, brushed close to Mr. Ginsburg's lips; he groped for her hand, because the mist of his emotions was over his eyes.

"Ruby, I invite you to get married; that's—all I want is that mamma should have it good with me always like she has it now. She's getting old, Ruby, and I always say what's the difference if I humor her? When she don't want to move in an apartment with a marble hall and built-in washtubs, I say: All right; we stay over the store. When she don't like it that I put a telephone in, I tell her I got a friend in the business put it in for nothing. You could give it to her as good as a daughter—not, Ruby?"

"She's a grand woman, Abie; she ——"

"Ruby!"

"Oh! Oh!"

In the eventide quiescence of the shop, with the heliotrope of early dusk about them, and passers-by flashing by the plate-glass window in a stream that paused for neither love nor life, Mr. Ginsburg leaned over and gathered Miss Cohn in his arms, pushed back the hair from her forehead and kissed her thrice—once on each lowered eyelid and once on her lips, which were puckered to resemble a rosebud.

"Abie, you—you mustn't! We're in the store!"

"I should worry!"

"What will—what will they say?"

"For what they say I care that much!" cried Mr. Ginsburg, with insouciance. "Ain't I got a ruby finer than what they got in the finest jewelry store?"

Miss Cohn raised her smooth cheek from the rough weft of Mr. Ginsburg's sleeve.

"What your mamma will say I don't know! You that could have Beulah Washeim or Birdie Harburger, or any of those grand girls that are grand catches—I ain't bringing you nothing, Abie."

"We're going to make it grand for mamma, Ruby—that's all I want you to bring me. She'll have it so good as never in her life. You are going to be a good daughter to her—not, Ruby?"

"Yes, Abe. If we take a bigger apartment she can have an outside room and I can take all the housekeeping off her hands. Such nut salad as I can make you never tasted—like they serve it in the finest restaurant!—I got the recipe from my landlady. If we take a bigger apartment ——"

"What mamma wants we do—how's that? She's so used to having her own way, I always say: What's the difference? When poor papa lived she ——"

"Abe, there's your mamma calling you down the back stairs now—you should go up to your supper. I must go too; my landlady gets mad when I'm late—it's half-past six already. Oh, I feel scared! What'll she say when she hears?"

"Scared for what, my little girl? . . . Yes, mamma; I'm coming! . . . There ain't a week passes that mamma don't say if I find the right girl I should get married. Even the other night, before I knew it myself, she said it to me. 'Abie,' she always says, 'don't let me stand in your way!' . . . Yes, mamma; I'll be right up! . . . You and her can get along grand when you two know each other—grand!"

"Your mamma's calling like she was mad, Abie."

"Tonight, Ruby, you come up to us for supper—we bring her a surprise party."

"Oh, you ain't going to tell her tonight—right away—are you?"

"For what I have secrets from my own mother? She should know the good news. Get your hat, Ruby. Come on, Ruby-la! Come on!"

"Oh, Abie, you ain't going to forget to lock the front store door, are you?"

"Ach!—that should happen to me yet. The things a man don't do when he's engaged! If mamma should know I forget to lock the store she'd think I've gone crazy with being in love—you little Ruby-la!"

Mr. Ginsburg hastened to the front of the store on feet that bounded off the floor like rubber balls, and switched on the electric show-window display.

"Abe, you got the double switch on! What you think this is—convention or Christmas week?"

"Tonight we celebrate with double window lights. What's the difference if it costs a little more or a little less? The night he gets engaged a fellow should afford what he wants."

"Abe!"

"There now—with two locks on the door we should worry about burglars! I'm the burglar that's stealing the ruby, ain't I? . . . One, two, three—up we go to mamma and supper. Watch out for the step there! I want her to see my Ruby—finer than you can buy in the finest jewelry store!" cried Mr. Ginsburg, clinging proudly to his metaphor.

Any of three emotions were crowded into his voice—excitement, trepidation, the love that is beyond understanding, or the trilogy of them all.

"Come along, Ruby-la!"

Through the rear of the store and up a winding back stairway they marched like glorified children; and at the first landing he must pause and kiss away the words of fear and nervousness from her lips and look into her diffident eyes with the same rapture that was Jupiter's when he gazed on Antiope.

"Such a little scarey she is—like mamma was going to bite!"

At the top of the flight the door of the apartment stood open; a blob of gas lighted a yellowish way to the kitchen, and through the yellow Mrs. Ginsburg's voice drifted out to them:

"Once more I call you, Abie, and then I dish up supper and eat alone—no consideration that boy has got for his mother! He should know what it is not to have a mother who fixes him *Pfannkuchen* in this heat! Don't complain to me if everything is not fit to eat! In the heat I stand and cook, and that boy closes so late—Abie! Once more I call you and then I dish up. Ab-ie!" Mrs. Ginsburg's voice rose to an acidulated high C.

"Mamma! Mamma, don't get so excited—it ain't late. The days get shorter, that's all. Look! I brought company for supper. We don't stand on no ceremony. Come right in the kitchen, Ruby."

Mr. Ginsburg pushed Miss Cohn into the room before him and Mrs. Ginsburg raised her face from over the steaming stovetop—the pink of heat and exertion high in her cheek. Reflexly her hand clutched at the collar of her black wrapper, where it fell away to reveal the line where the double scallop of her chin met the high swell of her bosom.

"Miss Cohn! Miss Cohn!"

"How do you do, Mrs. Ginsburg? I ——"

"Sit right down, Miss Cohn—or you and Abie go in the front room till I dish up. You must excuse me the way I holler, but so mad that boy makes me—just like his poor papa, he makes a long face if his supper is cold, but not once does he come up on time."

"All men are alike, Mrs. Ginsburg that's what they say about 'em anyway."

"Such a supper we got you'll have to excuse, Miss Cohn. Abie, take them German papers off the chair. Miss Cohn can sit out here a minute if she don't mind such heat. If Abie had taken the trouble to tell me you was coming I'd have fixed ——"

"I am glad you don't fix no extras for me, Mrs. Ginsburg—I like to take just pot-luck."

"Abie likes *Pfannkuchen* and pot-roast better than the finest I can fix him, and this morning at Fulton Market I seen such grand green beans; and I said to Yetta, 'I fix 'em sweet-sour for supper; he likes them so.'"

"I love sweet-sour beans too, Mrs. Ginsburg. My landlady fixes all them German dishes swell."

"Well, you don't mind that I don't make no extras for you? You had a nice vacation? I tell Abie he should take one himself—not? He worked hisself sick last week. I was scared enough about him. Abie, why don't you find a chair for yourself? Why you stand there like—like ——"

Even as she spoke the red suddenly ran out of Mrs. Ginsburg's face, leaving it the color of oysters packed in ice.

"Abie!"

For answer Mr. Ginsburg crossed the room and took his mother in a wide-armed embrace, so that his mouth was close to her ear. His lips were pale and tinged with a faintly green aura, like a child's who holds his breath from rage or a lyceum reader's who feels the icy clutch of stage panic on him.

"Mamma, we—we—me and Ruby got a surprise party for you. Guess, mamma—such a grand surprise for you!"

Mrs. Ginsburg placed her two fists against her son's blue shirtfront, threw back her head and looked into his eyes; her heavy waistline swayed backward against his firm embrace; immediately tears sprang into her eyes.

"Abie! Abie!"

"Mamma, look how happy you should be! Ain't you always wanted a daughter, mamma? For joy she cries, Ruby."

"Abie, my boy! Ach, Miss Cohn, you must excuse me."

"Aw, now, mamma, don't cry so. Look! You make my shoulder all wet—shame on you! You should laugh like never in your life! Ruby, you and mamma kiss right away—you should get to know each other now."

"Ach, Miss Cohn, you must excuse me. I always told him I mustn't stand in his way; but what that boy is to me, Miss Cohn—what—what ——"

"Ruby—mamma, call her Ruby. Ain't she your little Ruby as much as mine—now ain't she?"

"Yes; come here, Ruby, and let me kiss you. Since poor papa's gone you can never know what that boy has been to me, Ruby—such a son; not out of the house would he go without me! It's like I was giving away my heart to give him up—like I was tearing it right out from inside of me! Ach, but how glad I am for him!"

"Aw, mamma—like you was giving me up!"

Mr. Ginsburg swallowed with such difficulty that the tears sprang into his eyes.

"I ain't taking him away from you, Mrs. Ginsburg—he's your son as much as ever—and more."

"Call her mamma, Ruby—just like I do."

"Mamma! Just don't you worry, mamma; it's going to be grand for you and me, and all of us."

"Hear her, mamma, how she talks! Ain't she a girl for you?"

"You—you children mustn't mind me—I'm an old woman. You go in the front room and I'll be all right in a minute—so happy I am for my boy. You bad boy you not to tell your mamma the other night'"

"Mamma, so help me, I didn't know it myself till I seen her come back today so pretty, and all—I just felt it inside of me all of a sudden."

"Aw, Abe—ain't he the silly talker, Mrs. Ginsburg?—mamma! You mustn't cry, mamma; we'll make it grand for you."

"Ain't I the silly one myself to cry when I'm so happy for you? I'll be all right in a minute—so happy I am!"

"Ruby, you tell mamma how grand it'll be."

Miss Cohn placed her arms about Mrs. Ginsburg's neck, stood on tiptoe and kissed her on the tear-wet lips.

"You always got a home with us, mamma. Me and Abie wouldn't be engaged this minute if it wasn't that you would always have a home with us."

With one swoop Mr. Ginsburg gathered the two women in a mutual embrace that strained his arms from their sockets; his voice was taut, like one who talks through a throat that aches:

"My little mamma and my little Ruby—ain't it?"

Mrs. Ginsburg dried her eyes on a corner of her apron and smiled at them, with fresh tears forming instantly.

"He's been a good boy, Ruby. I only want that he should make just so good a husband. I always said the girl that gets him does well enough for herself. I don't want to brag on my own child, but—if ——"

"Aw, mamma!"

"But, if I do say it myself, he's been a good boy to his mother."

"Now, mamma, don't begin ——"

"I always said to him, Ruby, looks in a girl don't count the most—such girls as you see nowadays, with their big ideas, ain't worth houseroom. I always say to him, Ruby, a girl that ain't ashamed to work and knows the value of a dollar, and can help a young man save and get a start without such big ideas like apartments and dummy waiters ——"

"Honest, wouldn't you think this was a funeral! Mamma, tonight we have a party—not? I go down and get up that bottle of wine!"

"*Himmel! My Pfannkuchen!* Yes, Abie, run down in the cellar; on the top shelf it is, under the grape jelly row—left yet from poor papa's last birthday. Ach, Ruby, you should have known poor papa—that such a man could have been taken before his time! Sit down, Ruby, while I dish up."

The tears dried on Mrs. Ginsburg's cheeks, leaving the ravages of dry paths down them; Mr. Ginsburg's footsteps clacked down the bare flight of stairs.

"Abie! Oh, Abie!"

"Yes, mamma!"

His voice came up remotely from two flights down, like a banshee voice drifting through a yellow sheol of dim-lit hallway.

"Abe, bring up some dill pickles from the jar—there's a dish in the closet."

"Yes, I bring them."

Between the two women fell silence—a silence that in its brief moment spawned the eggs of a thousand unborn thoughts.

From her corner the girl regarded the older woman with a nervous diffidence, her small black-satin feet curled well inward and round the rungs of the chair.

"I—I hope you ain't mad at me, Mrs. Ginsburg—you ain't more surprised than me."

A note as thin as sheet tin crept into Mrs. Ginsburg's voice.

"He's my boy, Ruby, and what he wants I want. I know you ain't the kind of a girl, Ruby, that won't help my boy along—not? Extravagant ways and high living never got a young couple nowheres. Abie should

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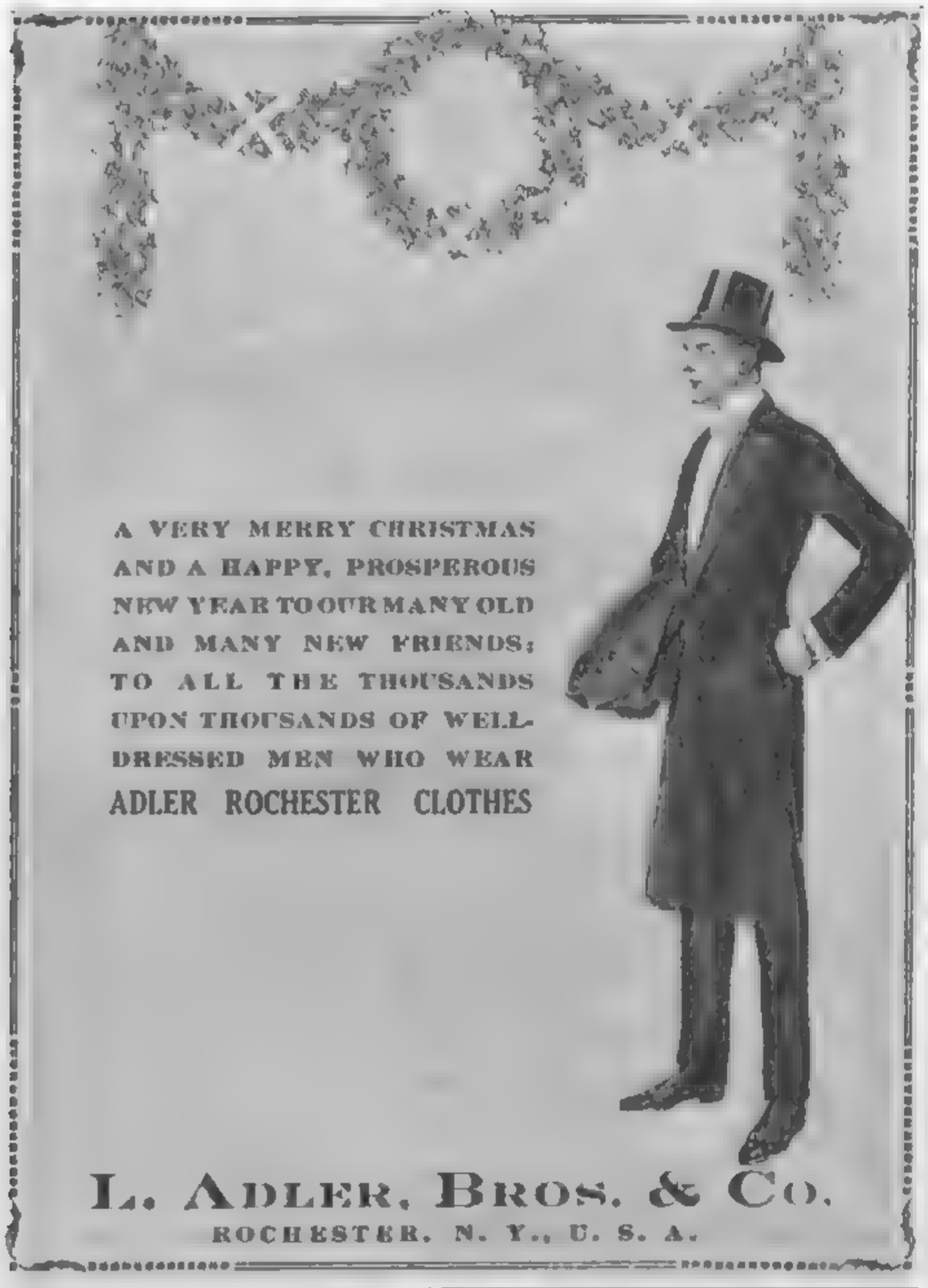
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"You always got a home with us, Mrs. Ginsburg. You won't know yourself, you'll have it so good! If we move you with us out of this dark little flat we—you won't know yourself you'll have it so good!"

"I hope you ain't starting out with no big ideas, Ruby—this flat ain't so dark but it could be worse. For young people with good eyes it should do all right. If it was good enough for Abie's papa and me it ——"

Mr. Ginsburg burst into the kitchen, a wine bottle tucked under one arm and a white china dish held at arm's length.

"Such pickles as mamma makes, Ruby, you never tasted! You should learn how. You two can get out here in the kitchen, with your sleeves rolled up to your elbows, and such housekeeping times you can have! I'll get dill down by Anchute's like last year—not, mamma? . . . Come; we sit down now. We can all eat in the kitchen, mamma. Don't make company out of Ruby—she knows we got a front room to eat in if we want it. Come and sit down, Ruby, across from mamma, so we get used to it right away—sit here, you little Ruby-la you!"

Mr. Ginsburg exuded radiance like August bricks exude the heat of day. He kissed Miss Cohn playfully under the pink lobe of each ear and repeated the performance beneath Mrs. Ginsburg's not so pink lobes; carved the gravy-oozing slices of pot-roast with a hand that was no less skillful because it trembled under pressure of a sublime agitation.

"Ruby, I learn you right away—we always got to save mamma the heel of the bread, 'cause she likes it."

Miss Cohn smiled and regarded Mr. Ginsburg from the left corner of each eye.

"I wasn't so slow learning the shoe business—was I, Abe?"

"You look at me so cutelike and I'll come over to you right this minute! Look at her, mamma, how she flirts with me—just like it wasn't all settled."

"Abie, pass Ruby the beans. Honest, for a beau, you don't know nothing—your papa was a better beau as you. Pass her the beans. Don't you see she ain't got none? You two with your lovemaking! You remind me of me and poor papa; he—he ——"

"Now, mamma, don't you go getting sad again like a funeral."

"I ain't, Abie. I'm—so happy—for you."

"Tonight we just play and tomorrow mamma decides when we get married—not, Ruby? We do like she wants it—tonight we just play. Ruby, pass your glass and mamma's, and we drink to our three selves with claret."

Mr. Ginsburg poured with agitated hand and the red in his face mounted even as the wine in the glasses.

"To the two grandest women in the world! May we all be happy and prosperous from tonight!" Mr. Ginsburg swung his right arm far from him and brought his glass round to his lips in a grand semicircle "To the two grandest women in the world!"

Mrs. Ginsburg tipped the glass against her lips.

"To my two children! God bless them and poor papa!"

"The first time I ever seen mamma drink wine, Ruby. She hates it—that shows how much she likes you already. Eat your dessert, mamma; it'll take the taste away. You like noodle dumplings? Such dumplings as these you should learn to make, Ruby-la."

"Children, you have had enough supper?"

"It was a grand supper, mamma."

They scraped their chairs backward from the table and smiled satiated, soul-deep smiles. From the sitting room a clock chimed the half-hour.

"So late, children! Ach, how time flies when there's excitement! You and Ruby go in the parlor—I do the dishes so quick you won't know it."

"Ruby can help you with the dishes, mamma."

"Sure I can; we can do 'em in a hurry and then go maybe to a picture show, or some place."

"Picture show—nine o'clock!"

"There's always two shows, Mrs. Ginsburg—the second don't begin till then. I always go to the second show—it's always the liveliest."

"Come on, mamma; you and Ruby do the dishes and we go. It's a grand night and for once late hours won't hurt you."

"Ach, you ain't got no time for a old lady like me—in the night air I get rheumatism. Abie can tell you how on cool nights like this I get rheumatism. You two children go. I'm sleepy already. These few dishes I can do quicker as with you, Ruby."

"Without you we don't go—me and Ruby won't go then."

"We won't go, then, like Abe says—we won't go then."

"Abie, if it pleases me that you go to the picture show for an hour—you can do that much for mamma the first night you're engaged; some other night maybe I go too. Let me stay at home, Abie, and get my sleep like always."

"Ah, mamma, you're afraid. I know you even get scared when the bedpost creaks. We stay home too."

"Ruby, for me will you make him go?"

"Abie, if your mamma wants you to go for an hour—you go. If she comes too, we're glad; but many a night I've stayed in the boarding house alone. If you was afraid you'd say so—wouldn't you, Mrs. Ginsburg?—mamma!"

"Afraid of what? Nobody won't steal me!"

"Sure, mamma?"

"Get Ruby's hat and coat, Abie. Good-by, you children you! Have a good time. Abie, stop with your nonsense—on the nose he has to kiss me!"

"Ruby, just as easy we can stay at home with mamma—not?"

"Sure! Aw, Abe, don't you know how to hold a girl's coat? So clumsy he is!"

"Good night, Ruby. I congratulate you on being my daughter. Good night, Ruby—you come tomorrow."

"Good night, mamma—tomorrow I see you."

"Good night, mamma. In less than an hour I be back—before the clock strikes ten. You shouldn't make me go—I don't like to leave you here."

"Ach, you silly children! I'm glad for peace by myself. Look! I close the door right on you."

"Good night, mamma; I be back by ten."

"Good by, Abie."

"What?"

"Good night, children!"

When the clock in the parlor struck eleven Mrs. Ginsburg wiped dry her last dish, flapped out her damp dish towel and hung it over a cord stretched diagonally across a corner of the kitchen. Then she closed the cupboard door on the rows of still warm dishes, slammed down the window and locked it, reached up, turned out the gas, and groped into her adjoining bedroom.

Reflected light from the Maginty kitchen lay in an oblong on the floor and climbed halfway on the bed. By aid of the yellow oblong Mrs. Ginsburg undressed slowly and like a withered Suzanne, who dared not blush through her wrinkles.

The black wrapper, with empty arms dangling, she spread across a chair and atop of it a black cotton petticoat, sans all the gentle mysteries of lace and frill. Lastly, beside the bed, in the very attitude of the service of love, she placed her shoes—expressive shoes: swollen from swollen joints and full of the capacity for labor.

Then Mrs. Ginsburg climbed into bed, knees first, threw backward over the footboard the blue-and-white coverlet and drew the sheet up about her. A fresh-as-water breeze blew inward the lace curtain, admitting a streak of light across her eyes and a merry draft about her head. The parlor clock tonged the half-hour.

Silence for a while—then the black rush of a train; an intermittent little plaint like the chirrup of a bird in its cage; the squeak of a bedpost, and a succession of the unimportant noises that belong solely to the mystery of night.

Finally, from under the sheet, the tremolo of a moan—the sob of a heart that aches and, aching, dares not break.

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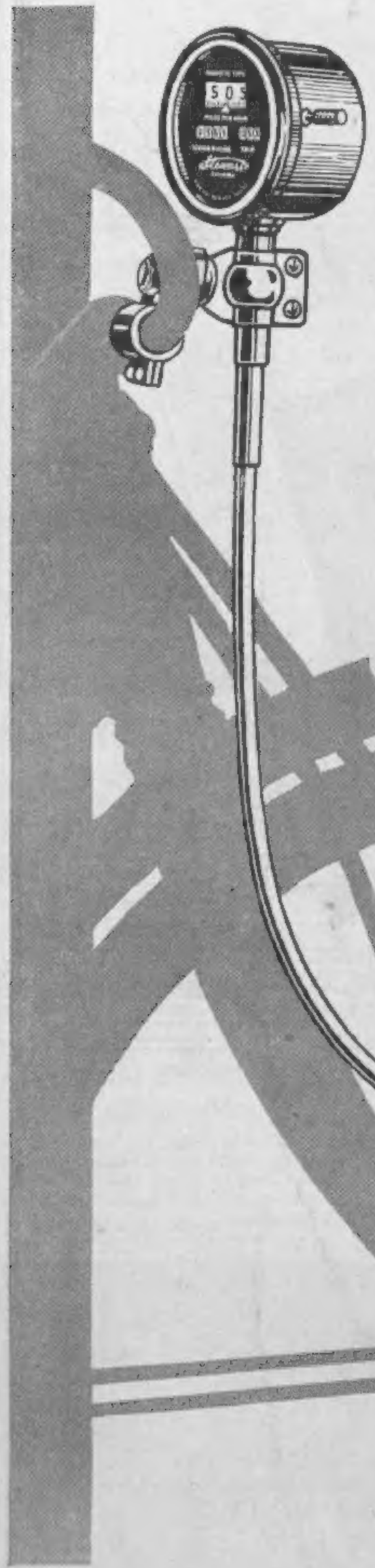

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